# CORONET

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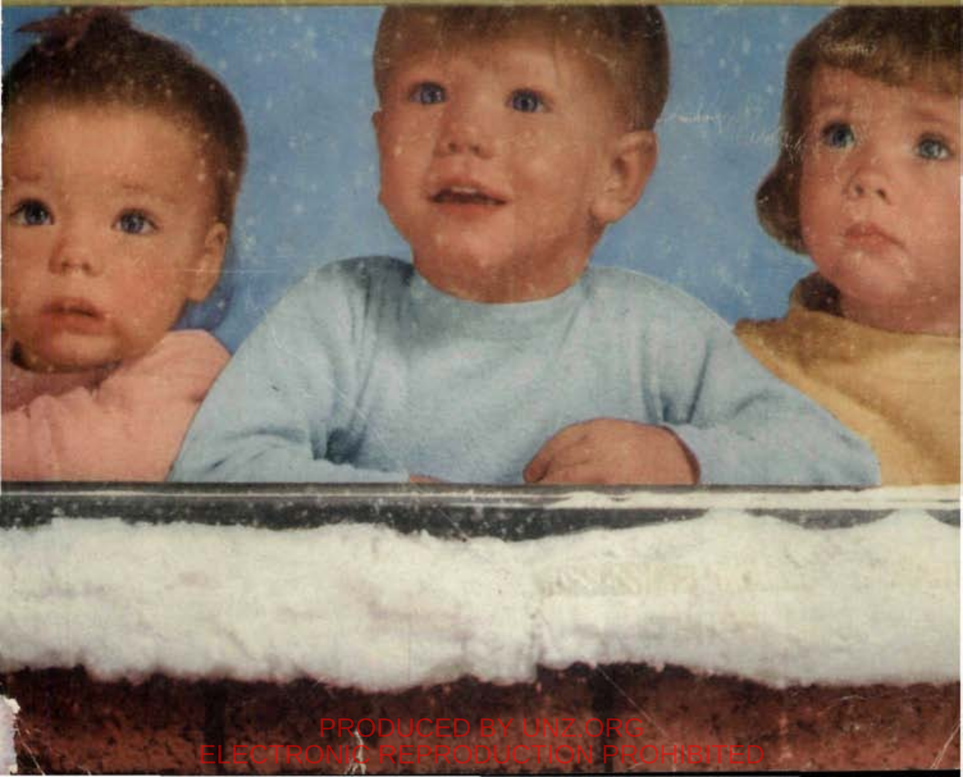
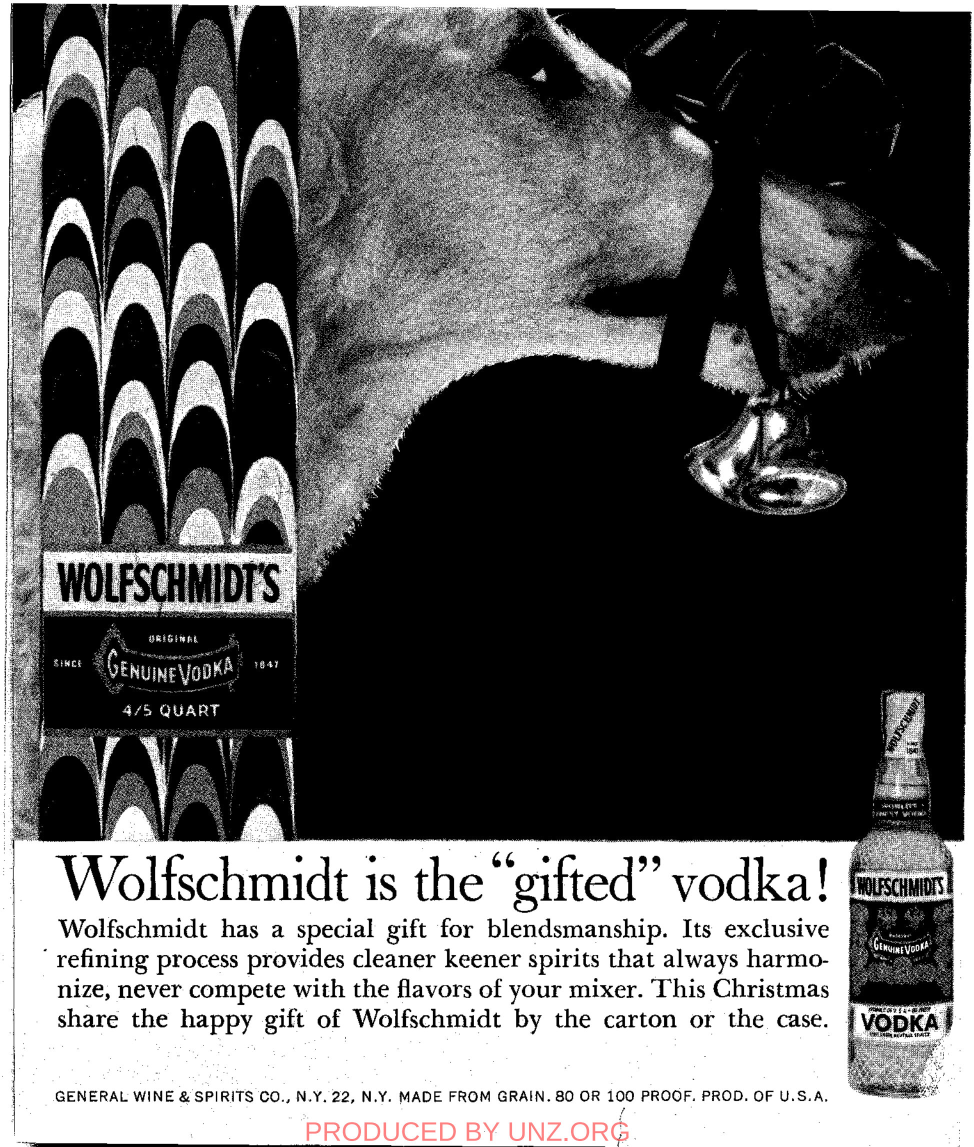
A Bold New Plan to Conquer Cancer!

"The Glory of Growing Old" by famed author Sophie Kerr

Book Digest: The zaniest family since "Life with Father"

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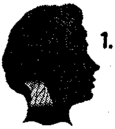
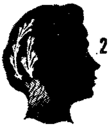
**BETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR ASPIRIN WITH BUFFERING**

## How Tension Headaches Start



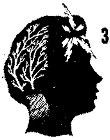
**1. Tension**

Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.



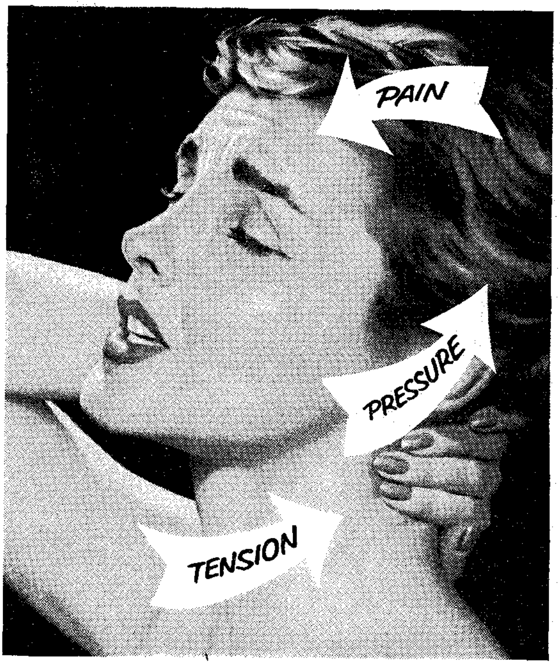
**2. Pressure**

Tension puts pressure on nerves.



**3. Pain**

Tension and pressure cause headache pain.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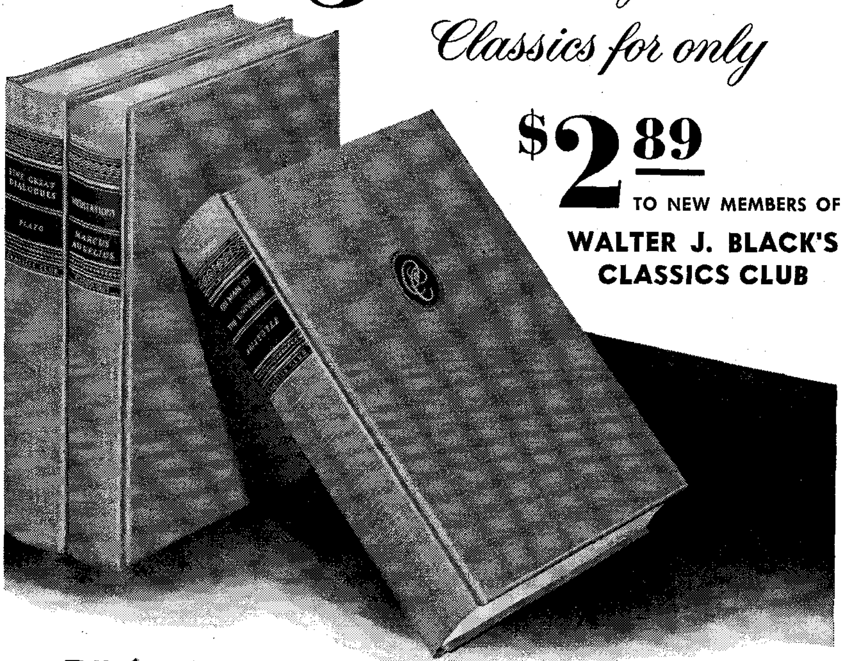

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*—Continued on Next Page*

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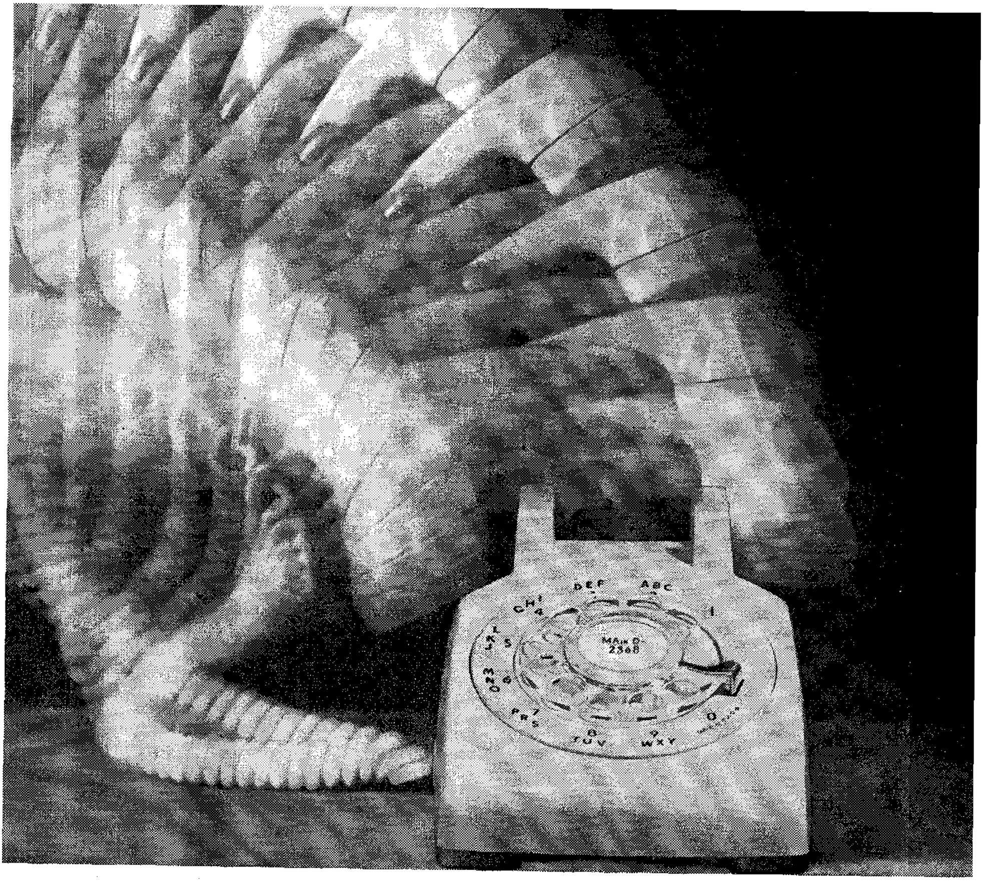

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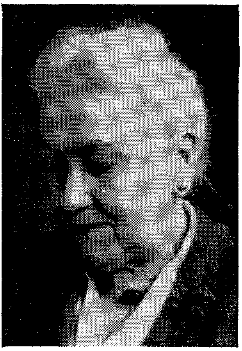

Kerr: ring in the new.

WHEN THE CLOCKS strike midnight to end 1959, Sophie Kerr, the author of "Wise Words from an Old Lady," page 113, will be celebrating her 79th New Year's Eve. Born in 1880, she can look back to quiet teenage parties in the Gay '90s or to noisy celebrations of the Roaring '20s. More likely, she will be looking ahead to 1960, for when Sophie Kerr rings out the old, she insists on ringing in the new. "The whole point of being old," she says, "is to hold on to what you *do* have . . . you must choose what you will take along with you as you go." She herself has taken along the reputation of being one of the most successful women magazine writers in the U.S. She has sold over 500 articles and stories plus more than a score of novels and serials.

Born on Maryland's Eastern shore, the younger daughter of a nurseryman who wrote for horticulture magazines, she sold her first story before she was 21. "I was walking on air," she recalls, but adds that in those days magazines not only paid less money but only paid it *after* the article was published—which sometimes didn't happen for many anxious months. Writers were less lonely then, she says. They got to know editors personally, whereas literary agents usually act as liaison between writers and editors today.

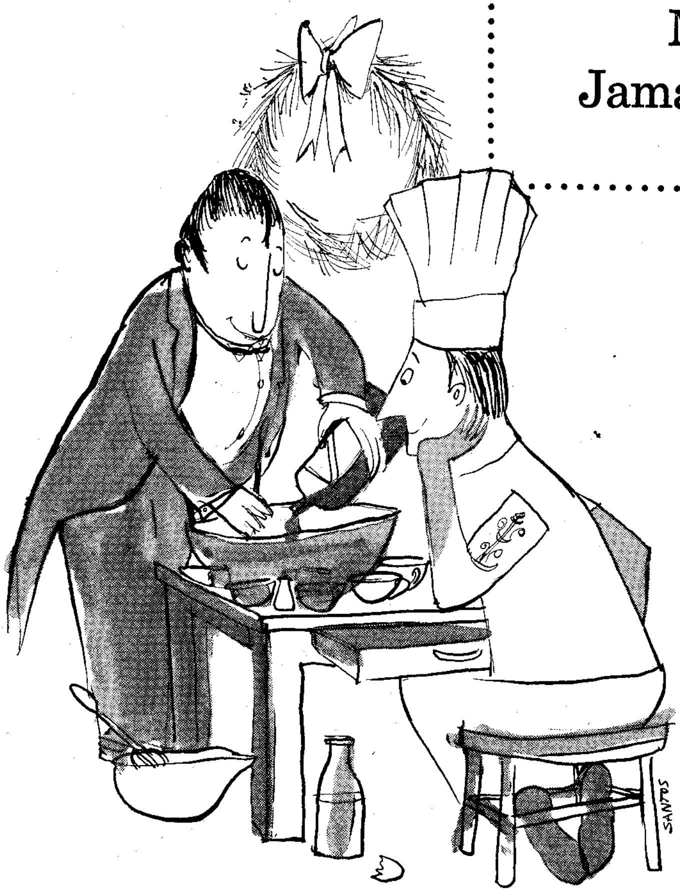
Sophie Kerr knows magazines from the inside as well as from out; for a decade, beginning in 1908, she was assistant editor and then managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* before she became a full-time free-lancer. She now inhabits an elegant brownstone in Manhattan's historic Murray Hill section. Though she has lived most of her life alone—she was married from 1904 to 1908—she is too sociable to be lonely; her white hair and easy smile are a familiar sight in the artistic and political circles of New York.

She feels most old people "attach too much importance to emotional values—and these are bound to fail you in some respect . . ." She writes when she "has something to say that is true and needs to be said." We think her article on page 113 fits that description.

The Editors

**CORONET** is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

# Traditionally, eggnog *demands* Myers Jamaica Rum!



No need to flout tradition. Use your cherished recipe or a handy eggnog mix, but either way be sure to include the *essential* eggnog ingredient, Myers Jamaica Rum. You will know Myers by its unique russet color and smoldering taste, tinged with Jamaica sunshine. The holiday gift wrap, too, is tasteful.

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# CORONET

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# all about you

*Tapping hidden strength; tip for the jobless; why they marry young*

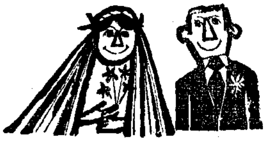
Personnel Office

## REWARDS OF PATIENCE

When out of work, most people are usually faced with the choice of taking a lesser position or waiting until a job equal to their old one turns up. It's better to wait, according to a study by Harold L. Sheppard, Louis A. Ferman and Seymour Faber, through grants made by the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations of the University of Michigan and Wayne State University. Ferman reported: "A downward status change may be more damaging to the self-esteem and morale of a worker than the sheer fact of being unemployed. The worker who remains unemployed may hope to find a new job comparable to his former one, but the one who accepts a lower status position has his hopes and expectations dashed." The study covered 500 former employees of the Packard Motor Co. in Detroit.

## YOUNG LOVE

What traits are considered by teenagers to be the most important in a marriage partner? For the answers, researcher Fred Zubrack queried 713 pupils, ages 13 to 20, at Haddon Heights High School, New Jersey. In order of importance, students picked: emotional love, emotional maturity, agreeable personality, same religion, physical attractiveness, common interests, financial responsibility, intelligence and family background. Fifty of the students said that emotional love meant only physical love. Selection of emotional maturity in second place shows a typical teenage paradox, says Zubrack. He points out that to many adolescents maturity means not a developmental state, but a condition to be reached as soon as possible.



Feeling insecure in the period of rapid physical and emotional change, they may see emotional maturity as a panacea for their present inadequacies.

## PAL PARENTS

Can a parent go too far in trying to be pals with his children? Two eminent child specialists introduced a note of caution on the subject in recent interviews. Dr. Benjamin Spock, Professor of Child Development at Western Reserve University Medical School in Cleveland, said: "I think it's fine

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# all about you

(continued from page 8)

when parents are pally, as long as they're still acting like parents, too. Some have tried to be just friends, because they are afraid their children won't love them if they control or correct them. . . . The children end up not respecting their parents and not loving them much . . . you can bring up children perfectly well without being a pal," continues Dr. Spock. "If a father hates athletics or carpentry, there is no reason for him to torture himself by pretending he's enjoying these." Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher, director of the adolescent unit of Children's Hospital in Boston, says, "I think it is fine to offer companionship, not to be standoffish or authoritarian, but to maintain a degree of authority and behavior appropriate to one's years. Be a companion, but don't try to be a contemporary."

## GRUNTS AND GROANS

The grunts, shouts and groans that often accompany physical exertion may really pep up performance, according to studies made by Drs. Michio Ikai, professor of physiology at the University of Japan, Tokyo, and Arthur H. Steinhaus of Chicago. The researchers found that the use of such sounds helps people to overcome mental inhibitions which cause them to hold back their full strength. In tests on athletes, made by measuring the strength of the right forearm under tension, a grunt or a shout was found to cause an average increase in strength of about 15 percent. The sound of a starter's pistol brought an average increase of over ten percent in 25 subjects. Why do people hold back on their full strength? Dr. Ikai says that for most of us "the expression of strength is associated with physical or mental pain or other discomfort, including no doubt, the warnings of danger imposed by overprotective parents and friends in early childhood."

## COUCH COLLABORATION

Do psychiatrists and the people they treat usually agree or disagree on the final result of their sessions together? Dr. Francis A. Board asked a number of psychiatrists to name patients whom they thought they had cured or failed to cure. The patients named were asked what they thought.

Of 88 patients who answered, 49 had exactly the same opinion on the outcome of their treatment as did their analyst; seven of these 49 agreed therapy had failed, while the remaining 42 agreed therapy had been a success. Fifteen more of the 88 patients said they could not evaluate the result of their therapy, leaving only 24—slightly over a fourth—who actually disagreed with their therapist on whether their treatment had been a success or failure.

# *A special message to women about arthritis*

*If you're a busy housewife, watch out for arthritis. Here's what many doctors recommend for relieving the pain of sore, stiff or inflamed joints.*

Why does the most severe form of arthritis strike *three* women for every man?

This and many other baffling questions still surround our country's top crippler. Doctors believe, however, that the natural changes of the female body are related, in some mysterious way, to the high rate of arthritis among women.

For instance, this disease may come on during the monthly period—or during or after the menopause. And, arthritis sometimes vanishes during the months of pregnancy.

But doctors attach far more importance to daily living conditions as the trigger for arthritis. The physical and mental strains of running a home and caring for a family allow little time for complete relaxation.

When diagnosed early, doctors are well prepared to control arthritis and prevent serious disability. *That's why you should see your physician promptly when you notice persistent pain in and about your joints.*

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# Broken-nosed buckaroo

"I'M NOT A GLAMOR BOY; I have big ears, prominent teeth and a broken nose," says Earl Holliman, star—and 20 percent owner—of CBS-TV's Western series, *Hotel de Paree*. Apparently the "busted beak" look is no handicap. Holliman turns in some bang-up performances on the Friday night horse operas.

"It's a childhood dream come true," says Holliman. "I've wanted to act since I saw my first movie at six." But he's had a rough time making the dream a reality. Born September 11, 1928, near Delhi, Louisiana, he was given for adoption when he was a week old. "My folks were backwoods people; my father had died six months before, leaving my mother with seven children," he recalls. A bout with yellow jaundice reduced him to four pounds—"virtually a candidate for the undertaker"—but his foster parents, oil worker Henry Holliman and his wife, took him anyway and nursed him to health. Holliman died when Earl was 13, and he went to work to help his foster mother.

He tried to crash Hollywood at 15—and failed, then returned to graduate from high school. After a hitch in the Navy, Holliman studied drama in California. He worked in an aircraft factory and spent his days off stalking casting directors. "I used to be a real wallflower, but I got up an act to sell myself to studio heads," he says. He crashed the Paramount lot by blithely telling the gateman, "I have an appointment with the barber."

Holliman's persistence finally won him a small role—paying $70—in a Jerry Lewis picture. "Joining the union cost $150," says Holliman, "so they let me play a marine in *The Girls of Pleasure Island* to earn the money. I finally saw the barber, to get a crew cut, but my sandy mop came out in bangs. I elbowed my way near the director; he liked my 'off-beat' looks and built up my part."

Sixteen movies later, Holliman is acting with Lewis again, as co-star of *Visit to a Small Planet*. He also has a pleasant singing style and records for Capitol records. Hazel-eyed bachelor Holliman (6′, 160 pounds) has adopted three homeless dogs. "Sundance, my TV character, appealed to me because he's basically inarticulate except with his mongrel," says Holliman. "He's sort of an ex-juvenile delinquent of the West."

—MARK NICHOLS

Earl Holliman: ex-wallflower.

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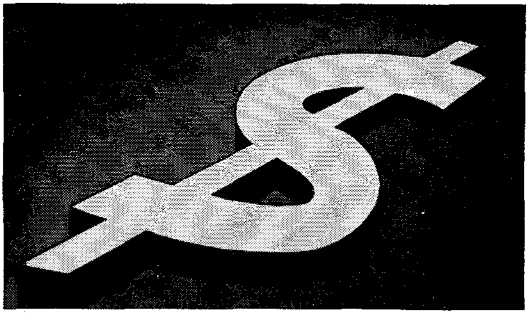

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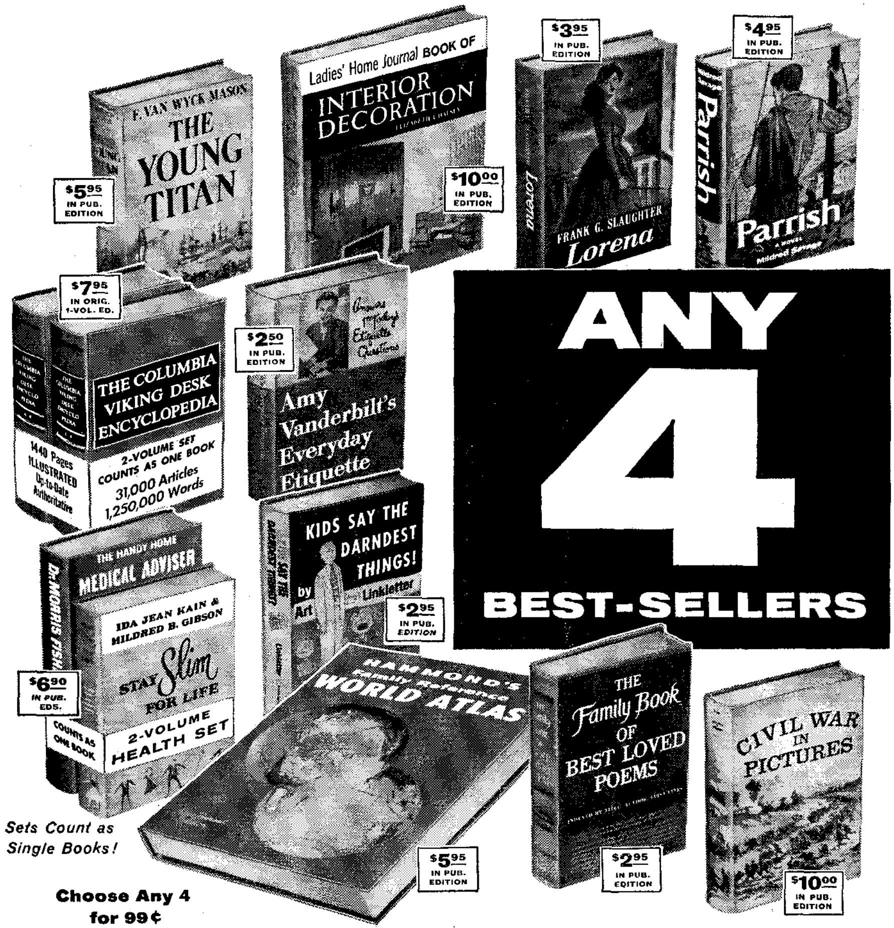

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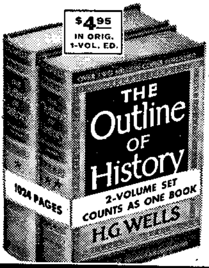

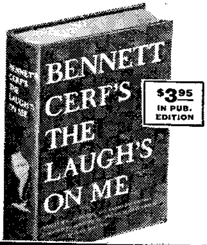

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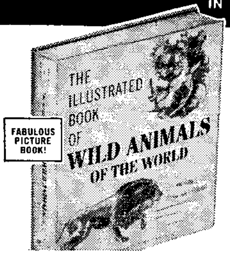

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# Robert Ryan—hero and "heel"

"I'VE PLAYED more heroes than villains in my 21 years of acting," says **Robert Ryan.** "But most people seem to remember only the heels." His portrayal of the vicious racist in *Crossfire* first brought the lean (6′3″, 194-pounds), brown-eyed Ryan to the attention of movie fans in 1947. Hollywood has kept him busy ever since.

Ryan, who is 46, says he always regarded himself as a character actor. His current movie, *Odds Against Tomorrow*—a melodrama in which he portrays a bigot and co-stars with Harry Belafonte and Shelley Winters—pays free-lancer Ryan 20 percent of the profits. A meticulously thorough actor, he looks "for the one motivating factor" behind each part. His favorite assignment was that of the aging prize fighter in *The Set-Up.* "I hate Westerns," he says.

Education, not acting, is Ryan's favorite topic of conversation. He and his wife are part owners of Oakwood Elementary School in the San Fernando Valley, which they helped found eight years ago. "The other schools were overcrowded," he explains. "Oakwood has cost me $40,000, but education is too important to count costs." The private, non-sectarian school's curriculum accents tolerance. "We celebrate Christmas and Chanukah," says Ryan, who was reared as a Catholic. His wife, writer Jessica Cadwalader, is a Quaker.

Son of a prosperous Chicago contractor, Ryan took boxing lessons to combat boyhood "non-aggressiveness." Ultimately he became Dartmouth's undefeated intercollegiate heavyweight champion.

Ryan smiles, but movie-goers remember his sneers.

Graduating into the 1932 Depression world, Ryan put his muscles to work as a sand hog, sewer-builder and miner. He decided on an acting career after directing a private-school play, and set out for Hollywood in 1938 to enroll in Max Reinhardt's dramatic workshop. There he met Jessica, then an aspiring actress. His performance in Clifford Odets' play, *Clash By Night,* won Ryan an RKO contract. Today he lives quietly in Beverly Hills with his wife and three children: Timothy, 13; Cheyney, 11, and Lisa, eight. "I hanker to play St. Francis," says Ryan. "But I'm too tall and too old now."—M.N.

# she knows only hunger . . .

**Pietra Tramontano, Italian, age 6. Father dead. Mother struggles to support Pietra, her two little sisters and aged grandmother. Only income $10.00 per month. Live in poorest quarters in small village. Child knows only hunger and privation. Sad, wistful. Never owned a doll. Case urgent. Help to Pietra means life itself, hope, love . . . to a whole family.**

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# An actor to watch

TWO IMPORTANT movies, *Ben-Hur* and *The Best of Everything,* now in release, establish blue-eyed Stephen Boyd, 31, as an actor to watch. Boyd portrays the villainous rival of Ben-Hur in the former; and a magazine editor in the latter, a modern romantic story.

"Director William Wyler felt I, as Messala, should have dark brown eyes, since Ben-Hur (Charlton Heston) is blue-eyed. He had me outfitted with brown contact lenses that made me feel I was underwater," Boyd recalls.

Wyler cast Boyd in the $15,000,000 Roman epic because he remembered Steve's menacing portrayal in *The Man Who Never Was* in 1956. Boyd has since acted in other movies: *Island in the Sun, The Bravados* and *Woman Obsessed.*

His father, a truck driver named Millar, is a Canadian who married an Irish girl and settled in Belfast, where Stephen was born William Millar on July 4, 1928, the youngest of nine children. He changed his name because "it didn't flow." "I took Boyd, my mother's maiden name, but obviously I couldn't use William with it," he explains.

This genial, auburn-haired actor has had a rocky, on-the-road career. Boyd started acting at age eight on Belfast radio. As an adult he traveled to Canada and the U.S. in search of experience. "I managed to make a living in low-paying art theaters," he says, "because I lived frugally."

Determined to try all media, Boyd went back to London to try television; this led to a movie contract with 20th Century-Fox in the U.S. where studio officials are grooming him as a new Kirk Douglas. Like Douglas, he has a deep cleft in his chin; at 6′1″ he weighs in at a muscular 165 pounds.

Stephen Boyd: candid Irishman.

Boyd's good manners, candor and quick wit—the latter aimed at himself—win many friends. At home, he often strums a guitar and sings folk songs—from a 2,500 song repertoire. During the filming of *Ben-Hur* in Rome last year, he met and wed Mariella Di Sarzana, a talent-agency executive, but the marriage lasted only a few months.

As befits a man who has spent his entire career improving his work, Boyd is serious about acting, but not self-conscious. "George Bernard Shaw once told me," he says, " 'to study international acting, go to an Irish pub.' "—M.N.

**The Inside Story of What Happened to America's Favorite Dramatic Radio Show.**

# REMEMBER "The First Nighter"

## from "The Little Theatre Off Times Square"?

by Tom Francis

A FEW DAYS AGO, the label on a bottle of my wife's hand lotion suddenly brought back a rush of memories from the heyday of radio.

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During the thirties, the "First Nighter's" sponsor, Italian Balm, was America's favorite hand lotion. But World War II brought its manufacture to a stop. One ingredient from Persia was almost impossible to obtain during the war years. Another ingredient, glycerine, was needed for munitions rather than hand lotion.

So there was *no* Italian Balm to be sold because the Campana people refused to use substitutes. The "First Nighter" stayed on the air though—selling other Campana products.

When the war was over Italian Balm returned to druggists' counters and to the "First Nighter." But television was now rapidly replacing radio and in 1951 the "Little Theatre Off Times Square" closed its doors. During the war a flood of cosmetic lotions made of substitute non-critical ingredients came on to the market. Italian Balm users switched to these. After the war, many apparently still thought Italian Balm was no longer being made.

During the thirties women had sworn by Italian Balm because they believed it was better than anything else. Recently, a Medical Journal report proved they were right—that Italian Balm was and is *still the best.* The Journal stated "Campana Italian Balm is better for chapped hands than all other products tested . . . heals faster . . . protects better . . . does more for wrinkles, dry skin . . . than even pure lanolin."

After I happened on this report, I asked my wife why she used Italian Balm. Had she heard that doctors recommended it as best? No, she said, she used it because she remembered Italian Balm from the "First Nighter" days. *She also remembered* her mother using it. And, in my wife's mind, doctors' opinions are fine . . . but mother knew best.

It's nice to know that thousands of others must believe that "mother knew best" and are rediscovering Italian Balm. Druggists today report a constantly increasing demand for this "war casualty" that wouldn't die.

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## THEATER

Water lesson: teacher Bancroft and pupil Duke.

SOME OF Broadway's heartiest applause these days goes to television veteran Patty Duke, 11, who movingly portrays the blind, deaf-mute role of young Helen Keller in **The Miracle Worker.**

Determined to play the undisciplined, handicapped Helen, Patty studied blind behavior months before her successful audition for William Gibson's play. But producers were worried about her height (51¾″) and stipulated she must forfeit the part if she grows two inches.

In *Miracle Worker,* Patty wrestles fiercely with Anne Bancroft, who plays Miss Keller's teacher, Annie Sullivan. Their battle of wills sends chairs, dishes and water flying. Says New-York-born Patty, "If the heavy clothes of 1887 didn't hide our shin guards and elbow pads, I'd be black and blue."

Acting since 1955, Patty has appeared in over 40 TV dramas and five movies. But she says of her Broadway debut, "This is the greatest part I've ever had."—M.N.

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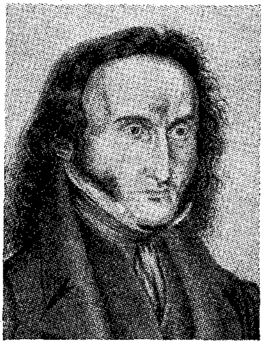
# Paganini—the "Devil's Disciple"



Paganini: wizard of the strings.

FRIGHTENED but fascinated, women whispered that Nicolo Paganini had sold his soul to the devil to become the world's most dazzling violinist. Physiologists, seeking a clue to his musical wizardry, noted the extraordinary flexibility of his shoulder tendons, the left shoulder standing high above the right, and his ability to bend arms and fingers like a contortionist. Musicians tried futilely to find the explanation in the peculiar manner in which Paganini moved his bow and the unorthodox tuning of his instrument. But when questioned, the maestro alluded mysteriously to a musical secret which he said he would divulge only after he retired.

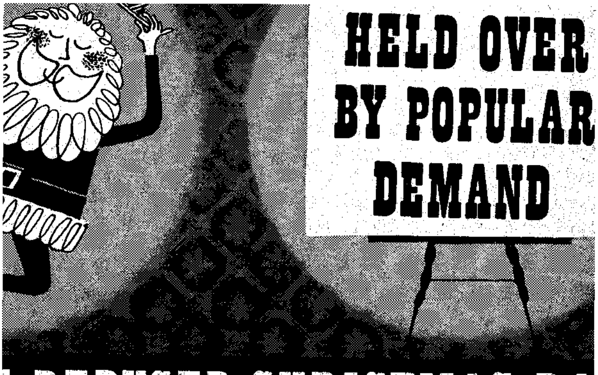
Indeed, Paganini's technical feats bordered on the miraculous. Playing solely on the G-string, he produced music that reached over three-and-a-half octaves with the tone and volume of a cello. So lightning-like were his fingers that this one-string playing gave the effect of both melody and harmony.

Some of Paganini's famed contemporaries shuddered at the vulgarity in his programs. In playing encores, for example, he would mimic the voices of animals and the sounds of other instruments. But no one disputed his genius. Schumann, Chopin and Liszt drew inspiration from his compositions. "I heard an angel sing," said Schubert, and Berlioz exclaimed, "No man ever felt so deeply." Huge throngs stormed Paganini's concerts, though the admission price was often tripled. And the legend of his life added to the lure of his music.

First taught by his father, who on occasion withheld food to goad him into further practice, Paganini made his debut in 1793 at the age of nine, playing an original composition. A succession of tours throughout Italy followed. He was 16 when he ran away from his father's merciless exploitation and struck out on his own—concertizing, gambling his earnings away and collecting mistresses with the ardor of a Casanova. Then he vanished for three years. Whether he spent the time in prison for a crime of passion (as he liked to imply) or in amorous dalliance (which is more likely) has never been definitely established. When he returned, it was only to pursue once more his wildly Bohemian life. At the courts of Italy he played his compositions with such diabolic charm that some of the elegant ladies fainted but revived sufficiently to invite him to become their paramour.

Paganini was almost 40 when he tried to settle down. The woman

(Continued on page 26)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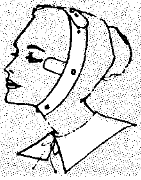

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001

*Music, cont.*

who captivated him—figuratively making *him* her slave—was a young, undistinguished singer. He built her into an important concert personality and spent all his money to satisfy her hunger for gowns and diamonds. When he left her to tour the European capitals, he took with him the son she had borne him. A changed man, he now thriftily saved his money, shunned ovations and spent all his time between concerts with the child.

By this time, Paganini already was suffering from the tuberculosis of the larynx which eventually almost destroyed his power of speech. His appearance became increasingly ghastly. But to his fans this only added to the myths which surrounded him. Scandalous business deals darkened his last years. One night in 1840, as he lay ill in bed, he watched the full moon rise, reached for his Guarnerius, played a few melodies and breathed his last.

Because he was an agnostic, the Church refused him a religious burial. For years, the coffin bearing his remains traveled from city to city, secreted in the bottom of sailboats or hidden on rickety carts. Not until 1896 was Paganini's body laid to permanent rest in Genoa, his native city.

—Fred Berger

## CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

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Bach, St. Matthew Passion: Stich-Randall, Kmentt, Wöldike, Vienna State Opera Orch.; Vanguard BG 594/7, *BGS 5022/5
Beethoven, 9th Symphony: Fricsay, Berlin Philh.; Decca DXA 157, *DXSA 7157
Brahms, Violin Concerto: Menuhin, Berlin Philh.; Capitol *SG 7173
Chopin, Ballades: Graffman; RCA Victor LM 2304, *LSC 2304
Gilbert & Sullivan, The Yeomen of the Guard: Sargent, Pro Arte Orch., Glyndebourne Festival Chorus; Angel *3596 B/L
Handel, Arias: Oberlin, Baroque Chamber Orch.; Decca 9407
Handel, Water Music: Van Beinum, Concertgebouw; Epic LC 3551
Wanda Landowska: Memorial Edition; RCA Victor LM 2389
Mozart, Concert Arias: Rita Streich, Bavarian Radio Orch.; Deutsche Grammophon *DGM 12012
Mozart, Piano Concerto in D Minor: Matthews, Swarowsky, Vienna State Opera; Vanguard VRS 1040, *VSD 2028
Prokofiev, Peter and the Wolf: Ustinov, Karajan; Angel 35368
Puccini, Gianni Schicchi: Gobbi, De Los Angeles, Rome Opera; Capitol *SGAR 7179
Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez; Torroba, Suite "Guitarra Española": Tarragó; Columbia ML 5345
Shostakovitch, Piano Concerto No. 2: Bernstein, N.Y. Philh.; Columbia ML 5337
Verdi, Force of Destiny: Milanov, Di Stefano; RCA Victor *LSC 6406
Walton, Partita; Mahler, Symphony No. 10: Szell, Cleveland Orch.; Epic LC 3568, *S BC 1024

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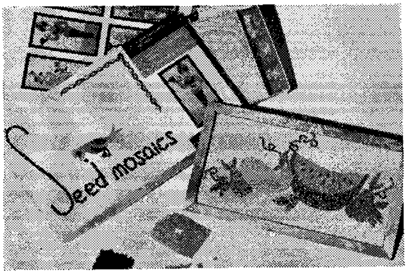
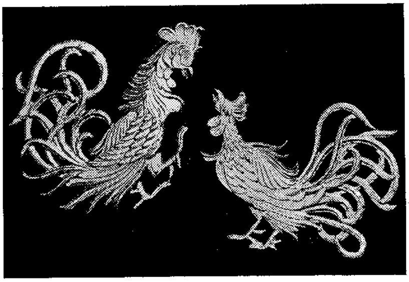
# PRODUCTS ON PARADE

edited by Florence Semon

**Battery-powered** shaver is good travel item. Will operate for months on just one battery. Self-sharpening rotary cutting blades with trimming edge give clean close shave. Swiss import. By Edwards. $12.50 pp. Electric Shaver, CT, Bon Marche, Seattle 11, Wash.



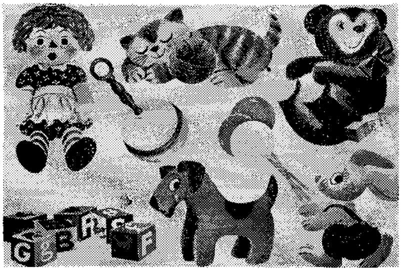
**Anyone** can make a beautiful mosaic picture by placing colored seeds with glue on a numbered picture panel, all included in this kit. Choice of Dutch maid, toy soldier, Aztec fish or still life. Complete kit, $3.95 pp. Seed Mosaics, C-1, 141 W. 24th St., N.Y. 11, N. Y.



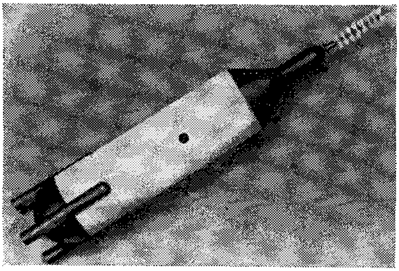
**Something to crow** about. Fighting Cock wall plaques can be used with modern, traditional or Early American décor. Made of heavy aluminum with golden finish. Each is approximately 14″ high. $5.95 pr. pp. The Three Texans, Dept. C, P.O. Box 6873-A, Dallas 19, Tex.

**Storage** for Christmas decorations. Heavy cardboard chest has 2 lift-out trays which hold 96 large or 300 small ornaments. Space below for light sets, under-tree items, etc. 27″ long, 18″ wide and 12″ deep. $3.50 pp. Parsnip Hollow Products, Dept. C, East Haddam, Connecticut.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.



**Press** these figures on baby's furniture or wall of room for gay nursery décor. Set of 8 figures of washable, colorfast vinyl; tallest is 13″ high. Easily removed when desired. $1.98 set; 3 sets, $4.98 pp. Quality House, Dept. COR-1, 80-16 214th St., Jamaica 27, New York.



**New push-button** toothbrush is battery operated and does a fine job of cleaning teeth and massaging gums. Colorful rocket-shaped plastic case. $2.98 (battery not included). Extra brushes 3 for 95 cents pp. Whirlee Inc., 3092 Y Steinway St., Long Island City 3, New York.

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# PRODUCTS ON PARADE

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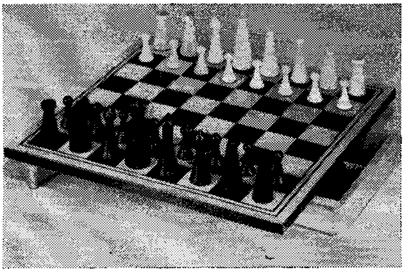
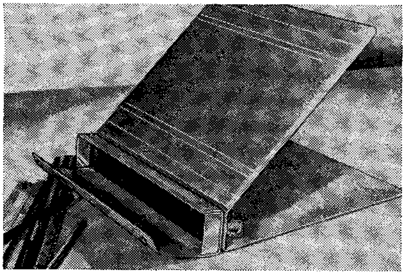
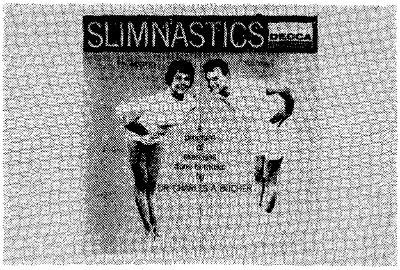


**Check** this chess set. Board has sliding drawer to store chessmen and legs so that it stands like table. Scandinavian chessmen are 3″ high; board is made of select hardwood. Tablette plus 32-piece chess set, $11.72 pp. The Mart, COR-1, Box 41, Woodland Hills, California.

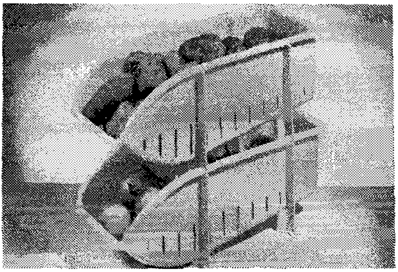
**The boot** is footwear news. Of satin Lastex, it hugs your foot and is perfect for lounging or with slacks. Foam rubber inner sole. Red royal blue or black with corduroy trim. Small (5-6), medium (6½-7½) and large (8-9). $3.23 pp. Barilen, 24-B, 11 E. 47th St., N.Y. 17, N. Y.



**Loose leaf binder** has built-in box for pencils, rulers, etc. Of simulated leather; available in 2- or 3-ring binder. Choice of red, black, navy or tan color. Useful for students, engineers, salesmen, etc. $2.50 pp. Saul Gordon, C-1, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.



**Slimnastics** record for men and women is pleasant way to reduce. Carefully designed exercises to music and voice instruction make it fun. Illustrations of exercises on inside of cover. Monaural L.P. $4.98; stereo, $5.98 pp. G. Schirmer, C-1, 3 E. 43rd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



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CORONET

**by Senator Richard L. Neuberger**
(Dem.—Oregon)

# Let's build a "crash program" to beat cancer!

When cancer suddenly struck this Senator,
he realized gratefully that research, for which he'd
voted funds, was saving his life and
might save the lives of 45,000,000 other Americans

WHAT IF WE KNEW, without the slightest doubt, that a foreign foe intended to attack us with nuclear missiles or germ warfare? What if we also knew, with equal certainty, that some 30,000,000 of us would perish in agony from this assault, while 15,000,000 more would suffer great pain or be permanently maimed?

A menace of these ghastly proportions does imperil 45,000,000 Americans today, although not in the form of hydrogen warheads or lethal gas. It often gives even less warning than these. The name of the menace is cancer. From the cruel ravages of this disease, two out of every three American families in every avenue and echelon of society are destined to suffer painfully.

The American Government would spare no effort or expense to repel any military attack that threatened 45,000,000 of us. Our Federal Treasury would be emptied, if necessary, to pay for armaments and weapons. Our vast private wealth and resources would be thrown into the fray.

Yet, despite the terrible threat of cancer, we spend far less on research into its causes and possible cures than we do, for instance, to build half a dozen B-58 bombers. Our annual expenditure for doughnuts more than triples what we spend in search of an answer to the curse of cancer. Nor does our total outlay for lifesaving cancer research compare with what we spend on cigarettes or liquor or radio and television repairs or even chewing gum.

What is the reason for such glaring inequities?

I think I can answer that from my personal experience. It's because we all believe, down deep, that it will never be ourselves who will get cancer. It's always the other fellow. I know. I once had such feelings myself. I don't now and for a good reason: I am a cancer victim.

I always had intellectual convictions that cancer was a dangerous enemy, and I've spent a good part of my Senatorial career successfully fighting for more funds for Government cancer research. But now my feelings about cancer come from my own bitter, personal experience; and it wasn't all bitter, at that. I'm one of the lucky ones. My cancer was caught early—an accident, you might say—I'd gone to my doctor about something else entirely, and he found the growth I'd never noticed. There was no pain, no warning. My doctor's skill was responsible, of course, but it was just luck that I visited him. And it was luck that my cancer, which began in my testicle and had spread to a minor degree to the edges of my lungs, was one of the kind that responds to the new ways of treatment available.

One of my vivid nightmares is to recall the mixture of incredulity and fear which swept over me when our family doctor told me I had cancer. I just could not accept his terrifying words. This just could not be me.

And then, later, as I came out from under the anesthetic, following surgery, the doctors told me that they confidently expected me to recover. While I stared at them in doubt, they explained that my tumor had been diagnosed as a type "sensitive" to radiation. Further, the doctors added, cobalt and high-voltage X-ray therapy, developed in recent years, could destroy the tiny but potentially lethal metastases which, even then, lurked on the outer edge of each of my lungs.

I CAN TELL YOU that the cancer victim is frequently the loneliest person in the world. He feels that nothing can help him. Friends, family, doctors, associates all seem without power to check the malignant growth that perils his life. He wishes, desperately and profoundly, for some miraculous cure which will bring a reprieve.

In the weeks and months of radiation therapy which followed, I lay beneath the X-ray cone for a few minutes every weekday and blessed the long line of men and women whose findings in medical research, over the decades, were helping to save my life. Several well-known doctors wrote me letters saying that funds, for which I had voted in the U.S. Senate, had paid for perfecting the very radiation equipment being used in my own treatment. And when such letters came, I could only think in terror of what the outcome might have been for me if such equipment had not been developed.

I recall one dramatic conversation I had with the radiologist treating me, which demonstrated my personal reliance on the results of medical research.

"The spread to the lung of the type of tumor which you have can be destroyed permanently if an adequate number of roentgens (a measure of X rays) can be conveyed to the lesions," the doctor had said. Then he added:

"With cobalt or high-voltage X ray, we know we can deliver to your lungs—safely and tolerably—enough roentgens."

"What if you didn't have these things?" I inquired.

"With the early X-ray equipment we often failed," the doctor said, "because the skin and tissues of the patient were damaged too severely before the necessary dosage could be administered internally."

I wondered what my fate would have been if I had suffered from the same malignancy a few years earlier.

At the recent Senate hearings on appropriations for the National Cancer Institute, our Government-supported research center, Dr. I. S. Ravdin of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine told a gripping story which filled us all with hope. In the early 1920s, a noted doctor visited the William Pepper Laboratory of Clinical Medicine in Philadelphia and lunched with Dr. Alfred Stengel.

"How is your son Tom?" Dr. Stengel asked his friend.

"I wish young Tom were dead," his friend said, his voice heavy with sorrow. "He has diabetes. He is 13 and yet he isn't any bigger than a normal boy of six. He can't possibly live and grow up."

Dr. Stengel replied, "Tom, you ought not to talk this way. Next month, next year or the year after, someone has got to come up with a solution for diabetes."

Within 24 hours of that prophetic conversation between the two physicians, the discovery of insulin that could be injected into human beings was announced. It brought life and hope to sufferers from diabetes all over the world. Young Tom was the second patient ever treated with insulin in the U.S. Today he is married, has five children of his own and is himself a distinguished doctor. Yet what would have been his destiny if medical researchers had not been delving for years for an answer to diabetes?

My wife Maurine and I visited the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston, where Dr. Sidney Farber and his associates have some 376 children under treatment for cancer, many of them victims of the dreaded cancer of the blood and bone marrow, leukemia. We saw the agonized stare of parents who cannot believe their beloved child suffers from this incurable disease. Yet, these poor, little leukemia victims, who used to survive an average of only three or five months, now live almost two years. One boy was kept alive and vigorous for eight years through chemical agents.

A major breakthrough has not been achieved in leukemia, but researchers are on the frontier of important advances. Dr. Farber believes that the annual screening of some 40,000 chemicals for the treatment of cancer offers the brightest prospect for a startling, new discovery. A universal blood or urine test for cancer is another goal.

But progress depends entirely upon findings in laboratories. Money is needed to train researchers, to build facilities and furnish grants for their operation. Last year, the American Cancer Society spent over $13,000,000 for cancer research. Much of the remainder of the Society's $30,000,000 of voluntary donations went for service to cancer patients, supported the nationwide program of education to acquaint Americans with the danger signals of cancer and to persuade them to have annual physical checkups.

Out of the $75,000,000 budget of the National Cancer Institute, about $68,000,000 went into some phase of research. About $4,000,000 was spent in cancer research through the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund, the Sloan-Kettering Institute and various pharmaceutical firms. Impressive gains have been made but the blank wall of cancer still stands.

How can we breach that wall?

Most scientists in the vital field of cancer research believe there is a direct relationship between the number of men and women engaged in their work and the time when a cure finally will be found. Listen to Dr. Howard A. Rusk, distinguished medical editor of *The New York Times:*

"When will the scientific breakthrough come to solve the riddle of cancer? No one knows. What we do know, however, is that the more scientists who are at work on the problem in laboratories all over the world, the greater are the odds for solution and the quicker that solution will come."

And Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall of the University of Chicago, who retired about a year ago as president of the American Cancer Society, says: "Some people ask in good conscience, 'Isn't there a limit to the funds that could be spent fruitfully on cancer research?' Of course there is a limit, but we have not nearly reached it!"

SO WHY NOT a genuine "crash" program of cancer research? Why not place half a billion dollars—the cost of 25 B-58 bombers—at the disposal of the National Cancer Institute for grants in a realm where countless lives might be saved? Dr. Leonard Scheele, ex-Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service, once told me that half a billion dollars could be used constructively for cancer research. He suggested that the sum be carried over from year to year until fully expended, thus permitting continuity in vital projects which now have only annual duration. "In addition," said Dr. Scheele, "a considerable portion of the amount should be dedicated to the training of new scientists in the health field—just as a major share of our military budget is for the training of fliers, navigators and other fighting men."

Half a billion dollars may seem like a lot of money *per se,* but not when we relate it to the lives of 45,000,000 American victims of cancer. It comes down to only slightly more than $10 per life—per irreplaceable human life.

When I speak of a "crash" program for cancer research, I have in mind the determined Federal action that took place in 1940 after Dr. Albert Einstein had sent his historic letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, with its warnings of Nazi experiments in nuclear fission. The all-out "crash" program to crack the atom followed immediately, with over $2 billion spent through the top-secret Manhattan Project. Scientists later claimed that 50 years of research were compressed into four or five years as a result of this unstinted effort.

Why, then, are we capable of such a "crash" program when the menace is a foreign foe, but not when it is deadly cells running wild through our own bodies?

Yet even the increase in funds for the National Cancer Institute, from nearly $22,000,000 (in 1955) to $110,000,000 (for this year), has not been accomplished without the most persistent sort of Congressional activity. The national administration has refused to recommend budget increases for cancer research despite the fact that illustrious supporters such as Senator Robert A. Taft, Senator Arthur H. Vandenburg and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles all have succumbed to cancer within the last seven years.

Furthermore, cancer recognizes neither border nor breed nor birth. It can strike down the millionaire on Park Avenue and the tribesman in his Congo hut. Our Government spends more than $3.4 billion a year in foreign aid to strengthen our alliances with other free nations. Yet imagine the world-wide thrill if some scientific breakthrough were to liberate mankind from the terrifying menace of cancer! This is why Senator Lister Hill has promoted an Institute of International Health, to help place the necessary funds at the disposal of scientists anywhere on earth who can contribute to the control of cancer and other diseases. The sole test would be medical findings rather than national allegiances.

We look back now with pity on the recent era when pneumonia was almost always fatal, when children were struck down from diphtheria and scarlet fever, when infected throats in childhood often meant lethal Bright's disease in later years. What will be the emotions of the next epoch of mankind as it looks back upon our frequent helplessness in the face of cancer? Will it mourn that so many men, women and children in our era perished needlessly because they lived a little too soon—before the "crash" effort which at last brought cancer to bay?

What ought to be done? I favor a five-point program:

1. The sum of $500,000,000 for

the National Cancer Institute, to be distributed in grants for cancer research to any medical school, clinic, hospital, pharmaceutical house or private physician where a promising lead had been developed.

2. Increased support through private giving to such voluntary groups as the American Cancer Society and the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.

3. Forgiveness of 50 percent of loans under the National Scholarship Act to any medical student or other scientist who will spend at least five years in medical research. This should be accompanied by grants to medical schools for the construction of research facilities.

4. The international pooling of medical discoveries through an Institute of International Health, as well as the calling of an International Medical Year in 1960 to parallel the recent International Geophysical Year. Surely the study of a killing disease is as important as the study of rocks, ice and sea water!

5. Take our Red Cross hospital ships out of mothballs and send them overseas, staffed with American doctors and nurses and sanitary technicians, to help undeveloped nations under our foreign-aid program to fight cancer and other diseases. In many less fortunate nations, infant mortality is shockingly high and blindness affects a large segment of the adult population, to some degree. These people would rather keep their babies or have reasonable vision than have their streets paved.

I may be unduly conscious of the urgency of such programs because the results of medical research have saved my life. When we were discussing in the Senate late last June the appropriations for the National Institutes of Health, I told my colleagues that I owed my very presence in the marble chamber to findings sponsored by the National Cancer Institute. The Democratic majority leader, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, who suffered a massive coronary attack in 1955, declared that he could say the identical thing about discoveries made possible through the research grants program of the National Heart Institute. Because cancer and heart disease recognize no aisle between the political parties, our Republican colleague on the other side of the chamber, Senator Kenneth Keating of New York, said to Senator Johnson and to me:

"If the appropriations for medical research have had any force in bringing about both of those results or either of them, they have surely proved their effectiveness. I shall certainly support this increased amount for medical research."

Will increased expenditures result in finding a cure for cancer? The American Cancer Society points out that earlier diagnosis and advances in treatment have increased the cancer cure rate from one out of every four cancer victims to one in three. To the cancer patient, like myself, such things are more than mere numbers. They are survival—the chance to breathe anew, to walk in the woods, to revel in the affection of family and friends, to see the glories of the sunrise and to drink in the wonders of the starlit night.

I'm happier to be alive than I've ever been. Having cancer has changed all my attitudes, all my values. When you're facing the terrible threat of this foul disease, you suddenly discover what's important. The petty discomforts and irritations that used to bother you disappear; and so do ordinary ambitions and attitudes. I don't think I'll ever cease being grateful to my wife for just being my wife; I know I'll never again consider a piece of legislation primarily on its politically partisan aspects.

As a cancer patient, I want to help others who have suffered or who may suffer this disease. I want to encourage them and their families as I was encouraged and supported by cancer progress. I want more: I want to see us lick this disease the way we've licked the infectious diseases. I sincerely believe the world would be more electrified by a breakthrough in cancer than it was by a rocket landing on the moon. As a U.S. Senator, I'm more convinced than ever that we should economize in any other sphere of government than funds for the research program of the National Cancer Institute—because economy at the expense of human life is the worst extravagance of all. ♛

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## A note from the Editors

*If you agree with the need for an all-out attack against cancer, write to your Representative or Senators, urging them to vote for legislation as proposed by Senator Neuberger in his* CORONET *article, "Let's Build a 'Crash Program' To Beat Cancer!"*

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## EXPLANATIONS EXTRAORDINARY

A HOUSEWIFE WAS having difficulty with her gas bills. It seems every month after she mailed her check she was notified she had sent either too much money or not enough. After a few months of this, it appeared she and the gas company would never agree on how much she owed.

The problem was finally solved when one kindly soul in the company's office checked into the payments and sent her a little handwritten note that read:

"Please pay the amount. You have been paying the date."

—EARL JEROME

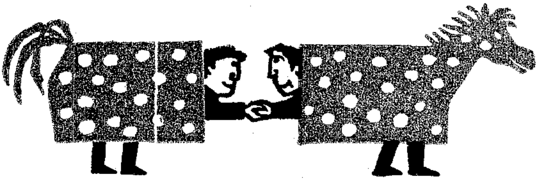
THE STORY OF a sad-faced fellow so touched the merchant's heart that he filled a large sack with groceries and said, "These are on me—hope they help."

Misty-eyed, the fellow started out, then turned back.

"Need something else?" asked the merchant.

"Yes," was the reply, "You forgot my trading stamps."

—*Wall Street Journal*



# GRIN AND SHARE IT

A NEW GIRL at a travel agency was given $30 and sent after stamps. The agency was a few blocks from the post office; half an hour was more than enough time for her to return with the stamps.

By mid-morning everyone was wondering what had happened to her, and by late afternoon it seemed clear she had fled with the cash. Just before 5 P.M., however, she returned with a box of paper packets and some change. Wearily she sat down, took off her shoes and began massaging her feet.

"I had to go all over town," she said, "to find enough stamp machines to get $30 worth."

—GEORGE FUERMANN *(The Houston Post)*

WHEN THE YOUNG DOCTOR went to pick up his sports car he exploded upon being handed a bill for $38. "All I wanted was a tune-up," he moaned.

"It's like this, Doc," said the mechanic, "we had to call in a specialist."

—CHARLES RUFFING

THIS AD APPEARED in the Lost and Found column of a Los Angeles newspaper: "Lost—thick glasses. Finder please advertise in LARGE PRINT!"

—MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

MY NEPHEWS, Tom, age five, and Bill, age eight, were visiting us on vacation. Each morning when asked what they wanted for breakfast, the answer was "Pancakes." This went on for three mornings.

On the fourth morning, I prepared the pancakes without asking what they wanted, and as I placed them before the boys, I was met with: "What! Pancakes again?"

—ROSE H. KORN

CONVICTED OF HIS SIXTH traffic violation and barred from driving for one month, an Ipswich, England, man listed his occupation as "Driving Instructor."

—GEORGE ANTONICH

JUST BACK FROM exploring the possible opportunities in Alaska, a California businessman was giving one of his friends a glowing account of the new state's tourist and vacation attractions, especially the winter sports like skiing, skating and hunting.

"Sounds fine," said the friend, "but what do they do up there in the summer?"

"Oh," replied the returned traveler, "they go swimming that day."

—ANNE WEEKS

IN ANDERSON, INDIANA, a concern posted this notice: "All persons using our drive as a lovers' lane kindly observe these rules: Participants park on the right, spectators on left."

—*American Mercury*

A MIDWESTERN MILKMAN was taken aback one morning when he found this note: "Dear Milkman, We don't want milk every day. We want milk like this: Today we want milk. Tomorrow we don't. And the next day will be just like the day before and the day after tomorrow."

—CARL MORELY

THIS LETTER APPEARED in the "Letters to the Editor" column of a Canadian newspaper:

"Sir,—I read with trepidation that the Church of England is omitting the word 'obey' from the marriage service in their new Prayer Book.

"May I ask if this new Church law is retroactive?

(Signed)
Worried Husband"

—E. WIRTH

MY 11-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER Judy is in the habit of getting up early each morning to raid the pantry for cookies, candy or sweets. Recently, I sent her to visit a relative in New York and warned her about eating sweets in the morning.

Judy thought this over a minute then retorted indignantly, "Do you mean I'll have to have breakfast on an *empty stomach*?" —MRS. SAM SECKLER

A MAN TOOK his young son out for a walk and after a few blocks noticed the boy was having difficulty keeping up with him. "Am I walking too fast?" he asked. "No," the youngster replied, "but I am."

—BUCK HERZOG *(Milwaukee Sentinel)*

THE WOMAN GOLFER faced a downhill lie five yards short of a wide stream. "Which club do you think I should use?" she asked her partner. "A seven," came the reply. The lady looked at the scene again: the ball, the stream, the distant green. "No, I think I'll play it safe," she said. "I'll just carry it across." And she did.

—MARTHA AMES

WHEN MY DAUGHTER was quite small she spent hours with her coloring books and crayons. One day she brought a picture for my inspection and approval. It was a bowl of goldfish, the whole thing painted blue.

"Why didn't you paint the fish gold?" I asked her.

She looked at me in amazement and with great patience, explained, "I couldn't get my hand inside the bowl." —JANET SANDFORD

AT THE HEIGHT of the baseball season my husband called in from outdoors one evening to ask me the time. I answered that it was ten to six. From the background came the voice of my small son, "In whose favor?" —MRS. DAN PAVICH

JIMMIE'S MOTHER greeted him on his return home from his first day at school.

"Well," she asked, after a big hug and kiss, "what did my little man learn in school today?"

Jimmie smiled proudly and said, "How to whisper without moving my lips." —FRANK FORDE

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**Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.**

# Scholarship to adventure

by Fred Warshofsky

Armed with $60 and zeal,
300 French honor students win the privilege of
studying the world's remote places

IN THE SUMMER OF 1955 a young man crawled across an ice floe in the frozen wasteland of Labrador and carefully sighted down the length of his harpoon gun. He squeezed the trigger and a seal squealed in agony and flopped awkwardly on the ice. Bernard Saladin d'Anglure, a 19-year-old French student, leaped to his feet and ran toward his kill. Behind him came Itua, the leader of the Eskimo band and his son Putuliq. The three men squatted beside the dead seal and Itua swiftly gutted and cleaned it. Then, looking at the Frenchman, he said: "You fine hunter now."

For Bernard the hunt was the high point of a fantastic adventure that carried him 4,000 miles from his native France to fulfill his obligation to the strangest and most demanding scholarship in the world.

Bernard Saladin d'Anglure was but one of 300 young Zellidja scholars who each summer travel across the world in bold attempts to come to grips with life. Armed with a meager 30,000 francs (about $60) and a letter of introduction, which states in four languages that they are Zellidja scholars, the young Frenchmen undertake torturous journeys that they hope will teach them something of the world in which they live.

Most scholarships are designed to provide students with sufficient money to pursue their studies with minimum hardship. Not so the Zellidja grants. The meager pittance offered is literally an invitation to hardship, a challenge to the student's ingenuity, courage and strength. It taxes to the utmost limits his physical and intellectual resources, for the student must not only survive in a world of total strangers, but he must also make a detailed study of that world. A Zellidja scholarship, by virtue of its niggardliness, is a ticket to adventure, near-starvation and arduous work.

Since the inception of the grants in 1937, almost 2,500 young French students, between the ages of 16 and 19, have traveled to 67 different countries on five continents covering a total of over 6,000,000 miles. They have pedaled bicycles down jungle paths in Africa, emptied bed pans in Albert Schweitzer's hospital, served as dock wallopers in Hong Kong, sweated in the oil fields of Texas and climbed the Alps and the Andes. Yet this strange passport to privation is the most eagerly sought and highly prized scholastic grant in France.

Claude La Roche, now an engineering student at the Sorbonne, spent three months preparing his project—A Study of the Ancient Castles of the Vosges—for submission to the selection committee. "It was a book of about 12 pages. I remember I drew each letter as carefully as Michelangelo must have painted the Sistine Chapel," he recalls.

Zellidja scholars go to unbelievable lengths to complete their projects. Claude Nedjar financed most of his trip to Japan with an unusual assortment of jobs en route. Among them were 12 days spent in Yugoslavia as a lifeguard, three weeks as an apprentice riveter in a Saigon shipyard and 27 days as a net puller on a fishing trawler.

One of the most incredible Zellidja adventures was the 1954 journey made by a 19-year-old medical student named Bernard Fintz. With his certificate of introduction and small store of francs tucked in a money belt he set off from his native Strasbourg to study the elephants of India. He hitchhiked to Algiers where the Indian consul general refused him a visa because he did not have a return ticket to France. The resourceful youth made a slight change in the title of his project (The Elephants of Africa) and headed south. An Arab truck driver picked him up on the edge of the Sahara Desert and the youth was on his way to the heart of Africa and his elephants. Fintz struggled through two tornados, a flash flood and a wild flight from a tribe of fierce nomads.

The Zellidja scholar must be prepared to forego even the simplest of pleasures and follow a set of rules that would make any student cringe. For example: "Attention is drawn to the absolute obligation of the scholar to travel alone; this increases the obstacles and leaves more time for reflection and observation. In order for a voyage to contribute to the formation of character it is necessary that it be something other than mere pleasure. It must be prepared with care, realized with method; it is necessary, finally, that the scholar analyze and record his impressions in a report."

There is also a little reminder that scholars are not permitted to travel by any means more luxurious than third-class transportation.

The Zellidja system has paid handsome dividends for France. In every part of the French world, Zellidja laureates are prominent in all fields of endeavor. Some hold high government posts, others are well-known writers, scientists, doctors and lawyers. Many have gone into their professions as a direct result of the Zellidja scholarships. Michel Vallet lived with the wild Tuareg tribes in North Africa as a student. Today he is a high-ranking officer in the Tuareg branch of the French Army. When Bernard Padieu journeyed to

Dr. Schweitzer's hospital for his project, the work being done there made a lasting impression on him. Padieu went on to study medicine and is now doing cancer research.

The austere character of the scholarships has remained unchanged since the idea first originated with a tough-minded, youth-conscious French industrialist named Jean Walter. Convinced that the French educational system depended too much on books, Walter, who died two years ago in an automobile accident, determined to offer to the student of France: "a chance to come into direct contact with life."

But it was not enough simply to give a young man a handout and tell him to see life. Character was built through hard work, a phrase the millionaire knew from first-hand experience. As a young man he had refused a plush executive post in his family's steel mills and bummed his way to North Africa. He toured Morocco on a bicycle and uncovered a fantastically rich vein of zinc ore in Zellidja, Morocco. The mine formed the cornerstone of a great industrial empire. Twenty-three years ago, Walter marked the occasion by offering the first of his niggardly, yet greatly sought scholarships. (The first trips were made in 1938.)

In the beginning there was opposition from parents. The strait-laced French refused to permit their sons to roam the world without money, proper care or supervision. Only five students accepted the scholarships that year. When the war ended, Walter knew it was the people who had to be rebuilt. And he saw the future of France in its youth.

He presented his scholarship plan to the Ministry of Education in May of 1945. It had proven highly successful in the pre-war years and, reasoned Walter, it would go a long way toward helping the youth of France during this desperate period of rebuilding. Louis François, the present Minister of Education, was excited by the idea and he began to hammer away at the Ministry. Walter marshaled his forces and exerted pressure. After months of persistence the scholarships finally became a part of the educational system of France.

In 1949, Walter insured the perpetuation of the scholarships by incorporating the National Foundation of Zellidja Scholarships and capitalizing it with a fund of 200,000,000 francs (about $600,000).

The growth of the Foundation since the war has been phenomenal. In 1946, 60 youngsters embarked on Zellidja voyages. Two years later, the figure more than doubled and now 300 students are selected annually to confront life.

In November, the competition begins as youngsters in the graduating classes of high school and from the last two years of technical and teaching schools all over France seek the Zellidja grants. Eventually two from each class eligible are elected by their classmates to submit proposed projects in addition to those students considered exceptional by the heads of their schools. A special committee of university professors screens the entries and sends about half of them to the Selection Committee of the Foundation. This body, headed by Monsieur Le Inspecteur General François, includes some of the most famous members of the Académie Française such as Jules Romains and André Maurois. They reduce the number to 300, then send the chosen group off on its back-breaking studies as Zellidja scholars. Fifty scholars from the previous year are also chosen to go out on their second trip.

When the students return they must prepare and submit reports on their trips. The subjects are as varied as the imagination of youth will permit. Over the years Zellidja scholars have pried into every corner of the world and studied: "Life Among the Laplanders," "Hollywood, Paradise of the Artificial," "A Month in the Russian Countryside," "The Work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer," "The Architecture of the Dahomey Tribes" and countless other subjects.

Monumental in scope, the reports necessitate a prodigious amount of work. They run to thousands of hand-lettered and illustrated pages and consist of three sections: the itinerary, a thesis on the field of study and finally an expense account. In addition to the adventurous accounts of travel and the great mass of academic knowledge the reports often prove to be of great practical assistance to the French government. For instance, Georges Pariente's report on "Transportation in America" is being studied very carefully by French engineers.

In many cases the last section of the reports also makes for fascinating reading. There was, for example, the expense account submitted by Jean-Claude Rebours, a science student who choose for his journey the back alleys of Paris and a study of the Parisian *clochards* (beggars and bums). His expenses were $19.35 spent for 14 Camembert cheeses, 20 loaves of bread, six bags of French fried potatoes and 190 glasses of wine downed to keep up with his bibulous companions.

Each year the reports are displayed for a month in the library of the Académie Française. The Zellidja trustees then judge the reports and hand out 50 prizes. The top award is about $100, the second prize is $80, the third $70; the fourth through the 50th are about $60 each. The awards, of course, carry with them the stipulation that the money will be used by the students again next year in another convulsive effort to starve, sweat and work while confronting life. To date no one has refused.

## HOME IS THE SHOPPER

*When she comes home from shopping,*
Her husband's big lament
Is not that she's exhausted,
Only that she's spent!

—MAY RICHSTONE (*American Legion Magazine*)

Three times he's received last rites, six times told he'd never ride again—but Jockey Neves always comes back to defy doctors and odds

# The booter they couldn't bury

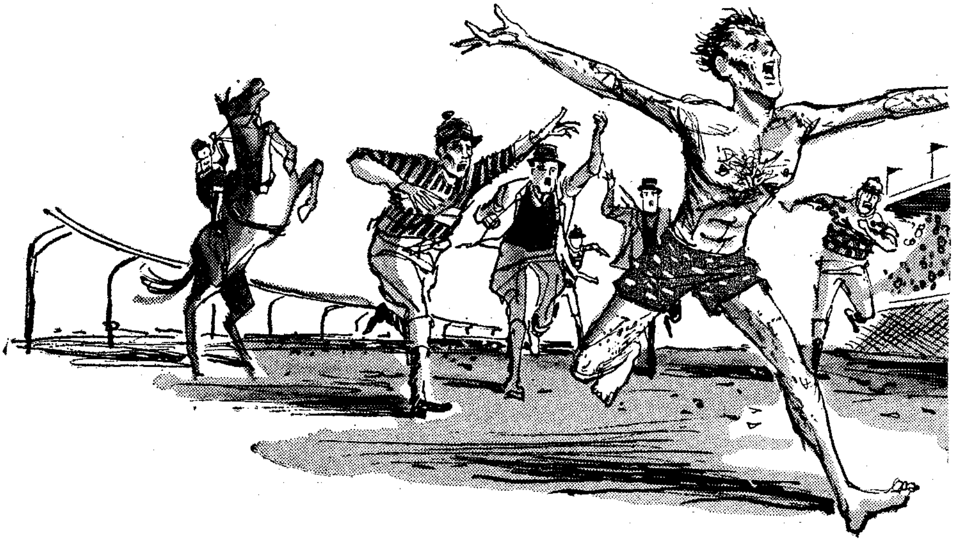
by Al Stump

THE RACE-TRACK ANNOUNCER, his voice thick with emotion, asked the crowd at Bay Meadows, California, to stand. "Will you all say a silent prayer for Ralph Neves?"

Men and women wept as the announcement finished: "We regret to tell you that, as a result of the accident in the last race, Jockey Neves is dead."

Thirty minutes earlier, the fiery, popular little rider had been pitched headlong when his front-running mount had tripped and fallen at the first turn. In an instant, the four horses directly in back had churned over the fallen mount, grinding "Pepperpot" Neves in the turf.

Doctors worked to find a trace of life until they were certain it was hopeless. Fifteen minutes passed, then 20. All respiration had ceased; there was no pulse flicker or heart-



beat. Wrapped in a sheet, the body was sent by ambulance to nearby Mills Memorial Hospital.

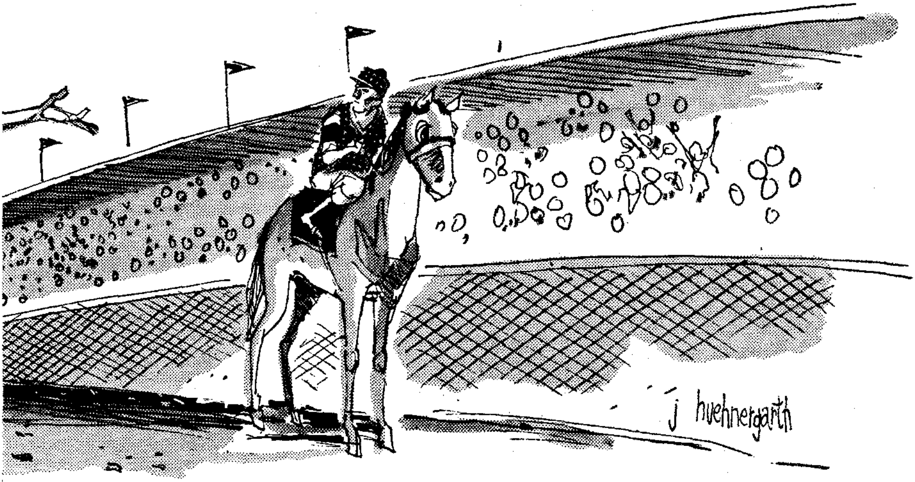
But, about 40 minutes after the announcement of Neves' death, the 20,000 race-goers leaped back to their feet—here came The Pepperpot, galloping down the track in front of the stands!

He was blood-caked and he wore his racing silks, and chasing him were jockeys, attendants and officials of Bay Meadows. He ran—black hair streaming, skinny arms beating the air—until he could run no more. When at last he dropped, it was precisely at the first-turn spot where his mount had gone down.

The strangest legend in sports was born that day in 1936.

More than once Ralph Neves seemingly has come back from the dead. He has inspired statesmen and poets to write about him. Today—at 41, still riding in top form, one of the all-time big winners of the American turf, with $10,000,000 in purses to his credit—he's "the booter they can't bury." Not even when the official record says otherwise.

"Medically, you can't explain Ralph," says Dr. Horace Wald, of San Francisco. "Nonprofessionally, I'd say he's alive because he enjoys life too intensely to give it up. He simply refuses to quit." At Bay Meadows, when they checked him over, they found the 109-pounder in a state of deep shock and hysteria, his body torn and battered. Neves could only explain that he had awakened in the "cold" (deceased body) room at Mills Memorial Hospital, with an identifying tag around his neck. "Something made me jump up and run out the door into the



Blood-caked, arms flailing the air, the "ghost" came galloping down the track.

street. I found a taxi and got back to the track. I had the crazy thought that I should run down the homestretch so that they would know I could ride again—so I did."

Of Portuguese-American stock, an orphan who did not go past the seventh grade, Neves placed five horses in the money and clinched the Bing Crosby $500 prize as leading rider of the meeting, a day after he had "died."

Three times, after shattering spills, Neves has received the final rites of the Catholic Church. Six times, specialists have told him he'd never again sit in a saddle. Once, in 1942, a wheel chair was ordered on the logical theory that Neves never again would walk—two of his lumbar vertebrae having been crushed almost beyond repair. Twice he has broken his back. His skull has been cracked, one leg fractured, his lower body paralyzed, his hipbone smashed and his ribcage caved in. In 1953 his sixth cranial nerve was paralyzed causing his left eye to cross and resulting in double vision.

Last May 31, he suffered a spectacular fall at Hollywood Park before 64,000 horrified spectators. Rounding the final turn into the stretch, his mount, Rhin, clipped the heels of the horse ahead. As Rhin fell Neves shot over his head, somersaulted along the track for 30 feet and lay still as a broken doll.

This time there could be no doubt of the ending. His wife, Midge, and his three children were summoned and gathered at his bedside. Monsignor Thomas Moran administered absolution and extreme unction.

Five days later, opening his eyes, he asked for (a) his family (b) a cigarette (c) a radio.

"You're the toughest cuss I ever treated," a startled doctor told him, after the operation.

"Yes, and I'll be the *oldest* tough cuss, too," answered Ralph. A trim little party with inky hair, snapping dark eyes, olive skin and handsome Valentino features, he tells you, "It's easy to quit in bed. But I'll never quit on myself. If I did, after I'm dead, what would I have to be proud of?"

EXPERTS HAVE STOPPED trying to understand Neves. There are other stout hearts among the midget jockeys who risk their lives 800 to 1,000 times a year. Yet, the most beaten-up of all reinsmen, Neves has withstood worse falls than recently have killed six of his California competitors—Johnny Glisson, Freddie Smith, Leroy Nelson, Raul Contreras, Red Polichio and Jackie Westrope. "I marvel at him," says his noted fellow jockey Eddie Arcaro. "He's hung together with stitches, tape, metal braces and a courage that just isn't believable. I've seen him on his back, suspended in a sling, wearing a cast from neck to toes. Everyone else had given up. But Ralph only grinned and said, 'See you soon at the starting gate.' He always has."

A reply by Ralph to priests who were visiting him one day when he was "dying," offers an answer. "You have God, always," they reminded him.

"Yes," whispered Neves, "but God can't help a guy who's short."

The Franciscans, thinking he referred to his height of five feet, one inch, hastened to assure him that size had no bearing on Heavenly compassion. Neves was too weak to straighten them out. In track talk, a horse who lacks the spirit to go a required distance is "short."

Never to fall short in life is important to Ralph, who ran away from an orphanage at 13. For a long time he lived on handouts. Today, despite his jinx, he's "happier than a colt in clover"—with a $50,000-a-year income, a ten-room house in Pasadena, California, a prospering Pasadena restaurant, wild favor with the fans (he's the one jock you never hear booed) and the ranking of the fifth-winningest active American rider, with over 3,000 victorious races behind him.

In his youth, Neves was a moon-howler and a ladykiller. Unmanageable, he ran through two wives and $200,000 and set a national record for suspensions by track stewards. Now, married to a demure brunette from Nova Scotia, Ralph has become a settled family man.

Financially, he could quit now. "But I'd be no good to myself or my family," he says earnestly, asking with his eyes that you understand. "Racing educated me. It took time, but it made me a whole man. I love the job very much; it's all I know how to do and I'm respected for it. The risk? I never think of it."

Midge Neves, his wife, who is tiny, too, says nothing. But, caught off guard, her eyes are haunted. "The last time Ralph cracked up," says a woman friend, "the lights stayed on in her bedroom for five nights. I pity her."

Logic may be lacking in the Pepperpot's amazing ability to survive anything, yet there is background for it. Ralph's immigrant parents separated when he was an infant in San Francisco. He was reared at St. Vincent's School for Boys, an orphanage in San Rafael. He was in the seventh grade there and best known for dice shooting and chewing tobacco when he went over the wall one night in 1930. He trudged through the hills until he found an empty shack in an oak forest. Kids who came there to play brought him bread and apples. Venturing out when the police search for him had ended, he became a caddy at the California Golf Club. At 95 pounds, he staggered under the weight of a bag of clubs, and one of the members sent him to see J. R. (Hard Luck) Barney, a horse-trainer, with the note: "Teach this imp to ride before he starves to death."

"A boy around a race stable in those days was a nothing. He was swapped back and forth like the animals," relates Ralph. "No one heard your prayers or sent you to school. You saw men drunk and dirty and you expected to get whipped twice a week, just for being a runt. I began to swing back at everything that swung at me."

His first apprentice riding job, in 1934, was at peon's wages: $15 a month the first year, $20 the second. One day at Longacres in Seattle, in 1937, Neves drove into a hole which suddenly closed and was thrown amongst slashing steel hoofs. Within minutes he walked back to the jocks' room, refusing to use an ambulance. There a broken knee was set and 20 stitches taken.

Hoping to bring home a point to "the reinsman who couldn't be killed," Judge George Schilling of Bay Meadows once took Ralph to a funeral parlor. There lay the body of a jockey recently killed at Tanforan track. "How does he look to you?" asked Schilling. Casually, Neves replied, "Asleep."

Damon Runyon, however, skeptically wrote, "There's a phantom on the Coast, it's alleged, who can outlive 50 Kilkenny cats. If this apparition ever appears in the flesh, the drinks are on me."

Before long, Runyon was told to set 'em up. Enlisting in the wartime U.S. Cavalry, Ralph took a fall which pulverized his fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae. Fort Riley (Kansas) surgeons could only fuse what was left of his spine. To walk again was out of the question, they said; he would sit, stooped, in a wheel chair the remainder of his days.

But the medics did not tell him this. Positioned in a sling, paralyzed from the waist down for six months, he had trouble enough.

Hanging there, Neves one day tuned in on Clem McCarthy's radio broadcast of a race at Belmont Park. Said McCarthy: "This program is dedicated to a gallant little man who was injured not long ago. Sadly, doctors report that he will never walk again."

"Poor kid, I wonder who it is," mused Neves sympathetically to the soldier in the bed next to him.

"His name," McCarthy went on, "is Ralph Neves."

When the paralysis subsided, it became necessary to tie him down. One night, while the hospital slept, he crept from bed—and fell on his face. Persisting, he arranged with other GIs to stand him on his feet, to push him forward when his will faltered, to catch him when he dropped. After 90 days, he could shuffle the length of the room.

His hunched back seemed the insoluble problem. In bed, Ralph tirelessly pulled and manipulated the cords of the pulleys supporting his sling—as if they were reins. His hands had had a magical touch in encouraging horses. Perhaps they could help him. After lifting himself thousands of times, he began to feel a new looseness in his back.

From wheel chair to crutches to canes, Neves tediously progressed. The doctors watched in wonder. Released from the hospital in September, he went straight back to the track. "Some people didn't believe it was me, I was so thin," he recalls.

In November, two months after his discharge, Neves rode again. And, aboard Button Hole, he completed the miracle by flying down the Bay Meadows stretch to win by half a length.

"But I was still so weak in April," he says, "that I fell off Pearl Alma and fractured my hip. That *did* finish me. Or so they said. I was back in action in six months."

Neves finds his inspiration within himself. In the black hours, The Pepperpot can always smile, toss a quip, express compassion. Some time ago, when he was on crutches, he had friends drive him to the home of an 11-year-old who had lost an arm in an accident. "We're a fine pair," joked Ralph. He took the boy into the yard and tossed a baseball to him, continuing the game of "catch" until the youngster realized he could still take part in games.

In the spring of last year, he made his latest headline at Hollywood Park. Rushed to Centinela Hospital with an intracranial hemorrhage and basal skull fracture, Ralph briefly regained consciousness. Before the surgeons began four hours of brain surgery—with little chance held out for recovery because a splintered bone had severed a main brain artery—he beckoned a doctor to bend over him. "Spell my name backwards," he said.

"Neves?" said the doctor, "Why . . . it's seven."

"Sure, lucky seven. I'm a lucky guy," said Ralph.

Shortly thereafter he was back at the race track.

## LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS

I SOMETIMES THINK that books on how to raise children should be written by children.

Waiting in line at an ice-cream stand, I noticed two boys, about seven and two. The older was holding tightly to his little brother, who was announcing emphatically to all the world, "I want *vanilla!* I want *vanilla!*"

Unfortunately the vanilla machine had broken down. Knowing how my own two-year-old would react to a crisis like that, I wondered how the older boy would handle the situation. Without flinching, he ordered two strawberry cones and handed one to his little brother. "Here you are," he said cheerfully. "Pink vanilla!"

—MRS. RALPH CROSSAN, *(Family Weekly)*

LATE FOR A luggage ad picture-shooting assignment, my attractive young secretary and I, each carrying two empty suitcases, dashed into a travel agency to get the final props needed for the picture—a handful of travel folders. When we asked the clerk if we could have them, he sized us up suspiciously for a moment. "Where to?" he asked.

"Anywhere," I said. "Please, we're in a hurry."

Casually, the clerk picked out an assortment of folders from the rack behind him and tossed them onto the counter. "Relax," he said. "There's plenty of time. You honeymooners are all alike."

—RON BUTLER

My son is dead. The pain is agonizing. But he will always remain a shining spirit, who, having passed this way, made life richer for us all

# In memory of Mike

**by Dorothy Jay Blackmore**

YOUNG MICHAEL, just turned eight, his body aglow with health and energy, his spirit aflame with hopes and dreams, is dead. My beautiful gifted child is dead—hanged by his own hand at home in a freakish, unforeseeable accident that was no one's fault—found minutes too late by his father, who would have given his life for him.

I have encountered disappointment and heartache and sadness in my life. Who has not? But now, at last, I have learned what it means to be acquainted with grief.

Not long after the disastrous accident in our family, a friend of mine, who is herself the mother of four stalwart young sons, sat next to me at a small dinner gathering. As we spoke of Mike, she used the well-worn phrase which all those caught in grievous situations must soon learn to expect from the lips of sympathizers. Said she: "I simply could not have borne it."

I don't remember now what I said to her, but I know what I was thinking: "My dear, being human, you will one day be faced with the sheer necessity of bearing the unbearable. The question is not *if* you will bear it, for no detour around disaster is possible. The only question that counts is *how* you will bear it."

My own hurt began with a great, instantaneous, overwhelming blow. My little boy died on a Saturday afternoon. He had spent the morning in robe and slippers stationed in front of the television set, intent on the newscasts which traced the minute-to-minute progress of the newly launched Pioneer rocket winging its way moonward.

Lunchtime found him, still pajama-clad, his blue eyes sparkling with excitement, regaling me with a breathless account of his personal vision of the future.

My husband came home from his golf game in time for lunch with the family, and after the soup and sandwiches were cleared away, I put on my coat to go marketing. Mike had returned to the television set and as I passed through the living room, I reminded him that he'd been indoors all morning. "Don't you want to go out on your bike for awhile?" I asked.

He jumped up quickly, remembering the shiny red bike in the garage—just two days old and especially precious because he had earned half of the money to pay for it.

An hour later, my shopping done, I turned the corner onto our street and felt my heart grow numb at the sight of an ambulance, its red light flashing soundlessly, parked in front of our house.

I mounted the steps to the front porch and my husband came through the door to meet me.

"What is it?" I whispered.

He stretched out his arms to me. "It's Mike," he said. "He's dead!"

The light wavered around me and my knees refused to hold me up.

"Are you sure?"

He nodded without speaking, and the shifting darkness mercifully closed in.

Later I listened, as if he were telling me about someone else, while my husband unfolded the simple, incredible account of a child's life extinguished and a family torn apart . . . all in the span of a few minutes.

Shortly after I left, Mike had dressed and run down to the basement playroom, while five-year-old Julie cornered her daddy in the living room for a game of hide-and-seek. Not hearing any sound from the playroom, my husband wondered if Mike had already taken his bike and gone out. He stepped to the head of the stairs and called his name. There was no answer.

He started down the steps, and halfway down he saw Mike . . . hanging from a rope draped over the exposed pipes. He leaped down the stairs and lifted him down quickly and easily—there wasn't even a noose in the rope, just a big loop carelessly knotted. He breathed into his mouth and desperately tried every way he knew to revive him, but Mike was past help.

We can't know exactly what happened. Mike had always climbed everything in sight from the time he was a toddler. With his strong physique he could shinny up a rope, hang by his heels or chin himself on a high bar without apparent effort. He was utterly fearless. He loved to experiment, to try something new, to see what he could do.

Where his imagination had led him that fateful afternoon, what he was rigging up with his boxes and ladders and ropes, what he was trying to do . . . we can only surmise. The doctor said the rope caught him at the exact point where applied pressure would have caused nearly instant loss of consciousness.

Ours had been a close family, but that closeness took on a new emotional dimension as we clung together literally and figuratively.

Small Julie missed her big brother acutely, and her immediate need opened many doors that might otherwise have remained closed. The day after Mike died, her kindergarten teacher came to see me. A wise and tender person, she gently insisted that Julie must come back to school immediately, lest returning at all grow more difficult with each day's delay.

I knew she was right, and because I would have given my right arm to help my little daughter, I spruced her up on Monday morning and took her to kindergarten. Her small companions instinctively took her in, talked to her, played with her and comforted her.

Having taken this initial step, my own retreat was cut off. I couldn't shut the door against the world without shutting it against Julie, too. Julie wept frequently for Mike and she asked a steady stream of questions. But with the passing of time, Julie continued to help us along in the inimitable way of a child, her very presence silently denying that life could be meaningless.

It was slow, hard going at best. When the great initial effort to meet the emergency was over, when Julie was settled back at school and my husband had returned to his job, the empty spaces of the day pressed in upon me, and I could not let remembrance rest.

I LEARNED that pure emotional hurt has two sides. One is the sense of crushing loss that lays a silent, leaden weight upon the mind and heart, too deep for tears or speech. The other side lies close to the surface, acutely sensitive to the smallest sound or sight that evokes a tender memory. Finding a pair of incredibly battered little-boy shoes under the bed, seeing the school flag at half-mast, hearing a little sister croon softly to herself as she rocks her doll, "Too bad, too bad . . . so sad, so sad." These are the things that twist the heart and will not be denied relief in tears, but strangely enough, I've learned not to shun these poignant encounters. Somehow the tears they start offer a channel through which grief can seek and find a measure of relief.

Since time immemorial, the sorrowing have been assured that work, and lots of it, offers the safest, fastest route to recovery. But it's really not that simple. I very soon discovered that domestic busyness not only offered no cure for depression, but frequently served to intensify the strain. I would tackle the laundry, for instance, and be acutely conscious of no further need to search all pockets fore and aft for rocks, rubber bands, occasional caterpillars and other ill-assorted treasures . . . or start to set the table and reach for the fourth plate before I remembered.

Thinking about it, I remembered how I'd always resolved that when my boy grew up, I'd never warp his happiness or hamper his progress into manhood with a mother's clinging, possessive love. When the time came for him to strike out alone, I'd love him enough to let him go. Now, in death, too, I knew I ought to let him go free, recognizing at last that whatever might be right for me, it was horribly unfair to him to bind all memory of that shining, buoyant spirit in dark and silent thought. He deserved better at my hands.

I talked with my husband about the problem that night, and together we arrived at the obvious conclusion —work for the hands to do would never be enough. There must be work for the mind, too.

I surveyed my own situation and knew I couldn't and shouldn't leave Julie at this juncture to go out to work. Since I have always enjoyed writing and aspired to do more of it, I laid out a schedule that specified two hours each morning were to be devoted to literary composition.

Fired with determination, I sat down at the typewriter the next day and was surprised and dismayed to discover that it was not possible for me to concentrate for more than about ten minutes at a time.

Every time I came reluctantly back to the typewriter, and every day I made myself stay a few minutes longer, until finally, one morning I became so absorbed in the story I was plotting that I almost forgot to go after Julie at kindergarten. That day I turned a corner.

Not everyone who experiences sorrow would wish to try writing as a form of healing therapy, of course, but everyone can reactivate some interest from the past . . . and it ought to be a really absorbing interest that demands diligent study and total concentration.

I think an important step toward recovery is the gradual, growing awareness that grief, having exacted so high a price from us, does leave something of value in exchange.

The Bible says simply ". . . in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

For many weeks after our little boy died, our mailbox overflowed with helpful, tender letters of love and sympathy from friends and acquaintances. Each one brought its measure of comfort.

I remember one letter in particular from an old friend who has known me since childhood. Her oldest son, a handsome boy, full of life and the love of flying, was killed in a plane crash when he was 19. When she wrote to me, "Will it help a little to know that we have walked each step with you?" she spoke my language. For what it is worth, compassion is now mine to give.

One also discovers that when all retreat is cut off and he must stand and face life's crises, a certain strength beyond his own will brace his spirit, making him equal to what would otherwise be an impossible task. This "something added" has been called many different things by many different people. I call it "the grace of God."

Another lasting value sorrow leaves in its wake is a sharpened ability to sort out the things that *really* matter in the long run. Seeing life shorn away in a single moment, we recognize the terrible stupidity of merely enduring the present in a state of harassed frustration while we work furiously toward an elusive "someday" when we expect to unwrap our personal happiness like a box of chocolates and select a piece to enjoy. Now is the time to define—in black and white—the heart's best desires for the future. Today is the day to begin, in however small a way, to fulfill those hopes and dreams, ruthlessly taking a measure of time and money and energy from something else that doesn't really matter.

I would not deny the undeniable. Michael is dead. The hurt is deep and the loss is hard . . . but it doesn't end there. He tasted life's sweetness and sadness in his eight brief years, uncovered a whole new world of experience for himself and for us, loved and was loved in return. Suppose his brilliance and beauty had never been ours. Suppose we had somehow missed each other altogether in this life. That would have been the deepest tragedy of all.

Not long after Michael died, some of his friends sought to give tangible expression to their love by establishing a charitable fund in his name, asking his father and me to use the money for whatever type of lasting memorial we might care to choose.

The gifts came streaming in, generous personal checks, dollar bills tucked into notes of sympathy, nickels and dimes and quarters from Mike's third-grade classmates. When it was all gathered together, it was not a great sum, but we knew it was enough to make a difference to someone, somewhere.

In due time, with the help of the Family Service agency in our city, the gifts made in Mike's memory found their way into a special fund for meeting the medical expenses necessary to correct the physical defects and imperfections of children who would otherwise remain "unsuitable for adoption."

And so it is that the love which flooded our lives with Mike's coming remains with us, though he is gone . . . and still overflows to help another small child somewhere step over the threshold to home and family and a lifetime of love.

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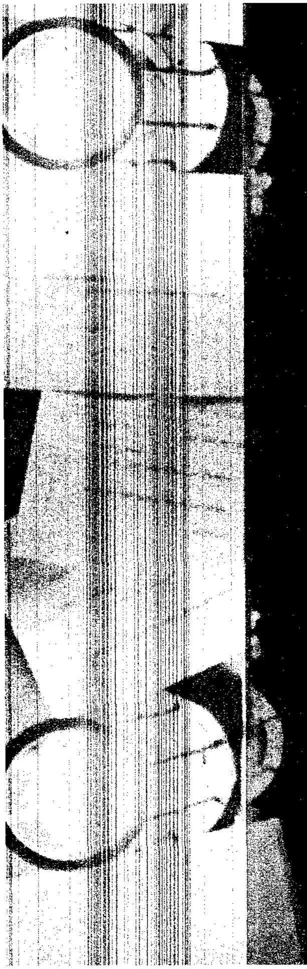
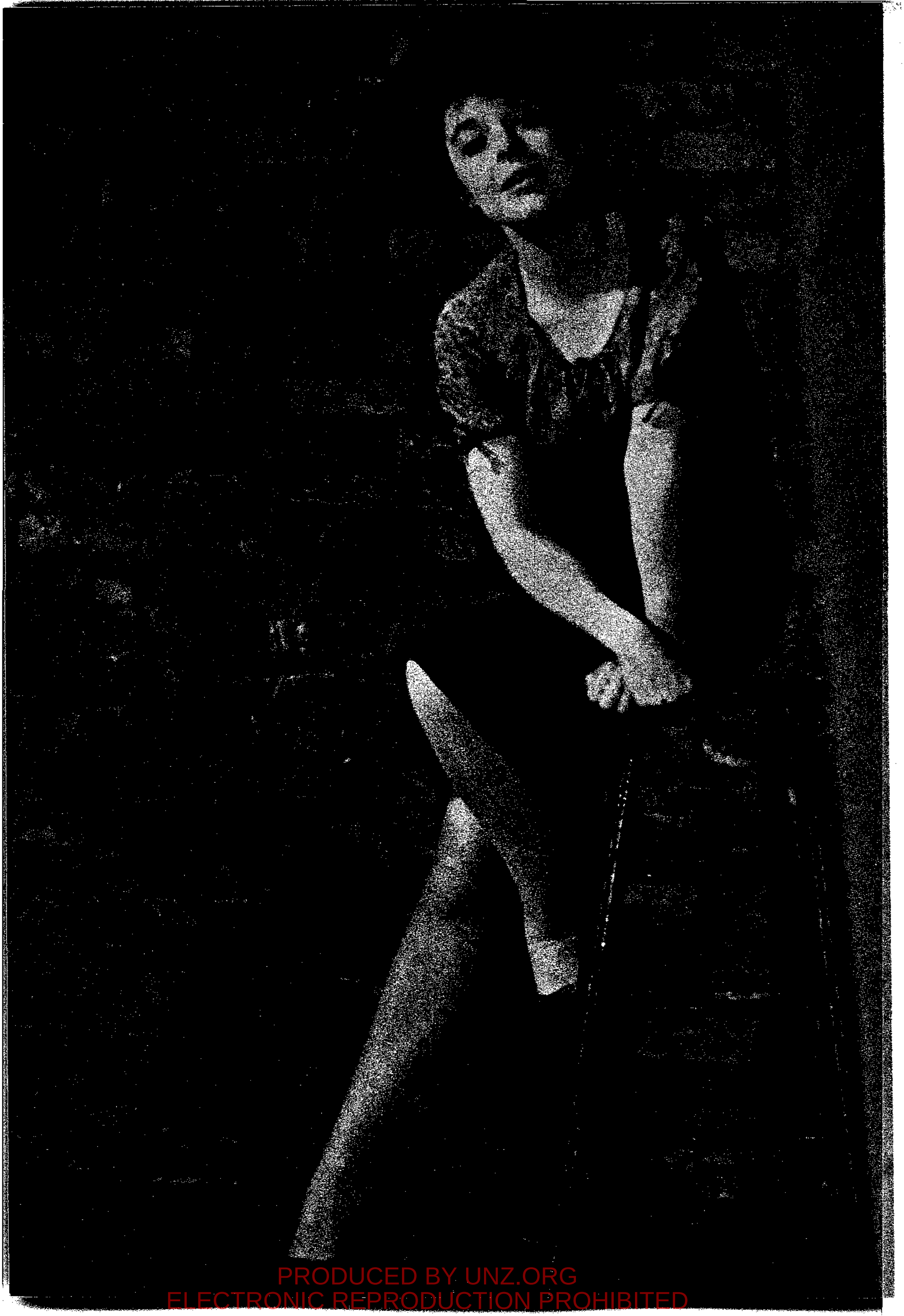


# Stardom bound

Opening Night is a twin-paneled mirror of glitter—and glittering dreams. Outside, basking in the reflection of the crowds, strut the spotlighted celebrities. But backstage, alight only with her own hope, sits the ingénue, nervously applying her make-up. To her this role could be the open-sesame to fame—or just another experience credit. For the six girls on the following pages, one dynamic part—in theater, ballet, television and movies—provided the chance to show their mettle. They seized it and discovered the horizons of new opportunity.

**Text by Mark Nichols**

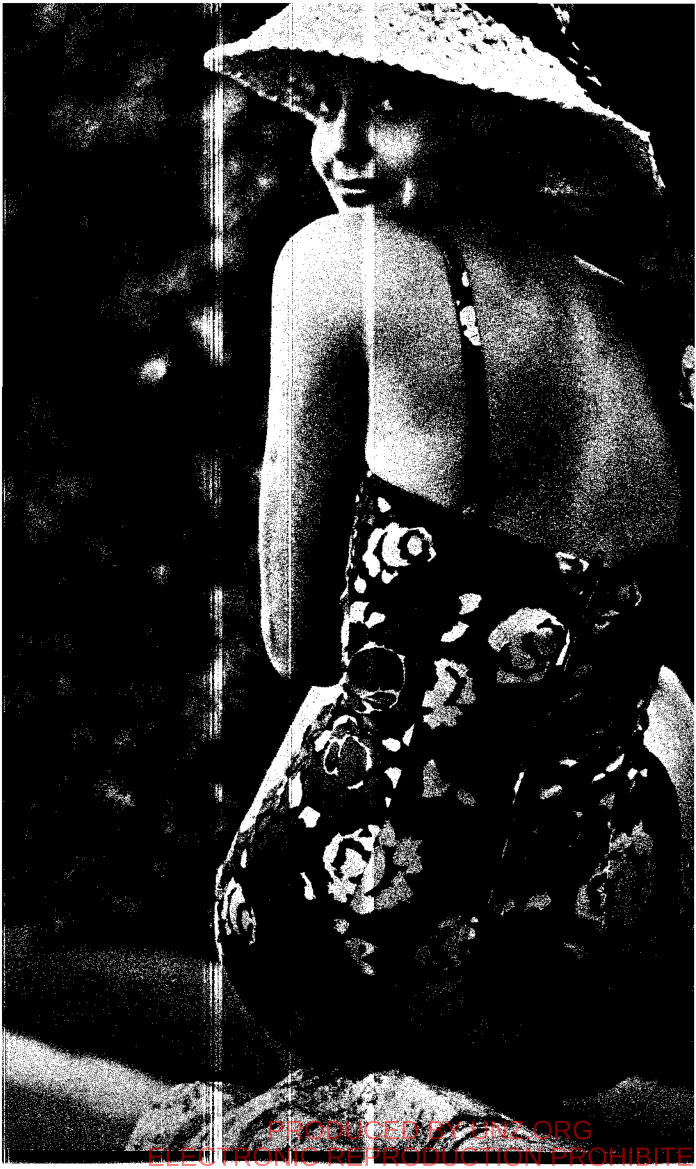


# ANNE BANCROFT

Shortly after she opened on Broadway last season in William Gibson's play, *Two for the Seesaw (right,* with Henry Fonda), critics exulted over dark-eyed Anne Bancroft (5′6″, 120 pounds) as "a female Marlon Brando" and "a young Magnani." Born in the Bronx to Italian parents, Anne (real name: Anna Maria Italiano) at the age of three sang on the streets to entertain WPA workers. Now 28, she still retains a childlike curiosity and questions everything in a "constant search for my identity." Anne turned to psychoanalysis and Broadway after Hollywood made poor use of her talents in 15 movies and her marriage ended in divorce. She delivers a stunning performance as the teacher of young Helen Keller in Gibson's new hit play, *The Miracle Worker*. Still studying at the Actors Studio, Broadway's newest star says: "I don't care particularly about money or acclaim; I only want to act."

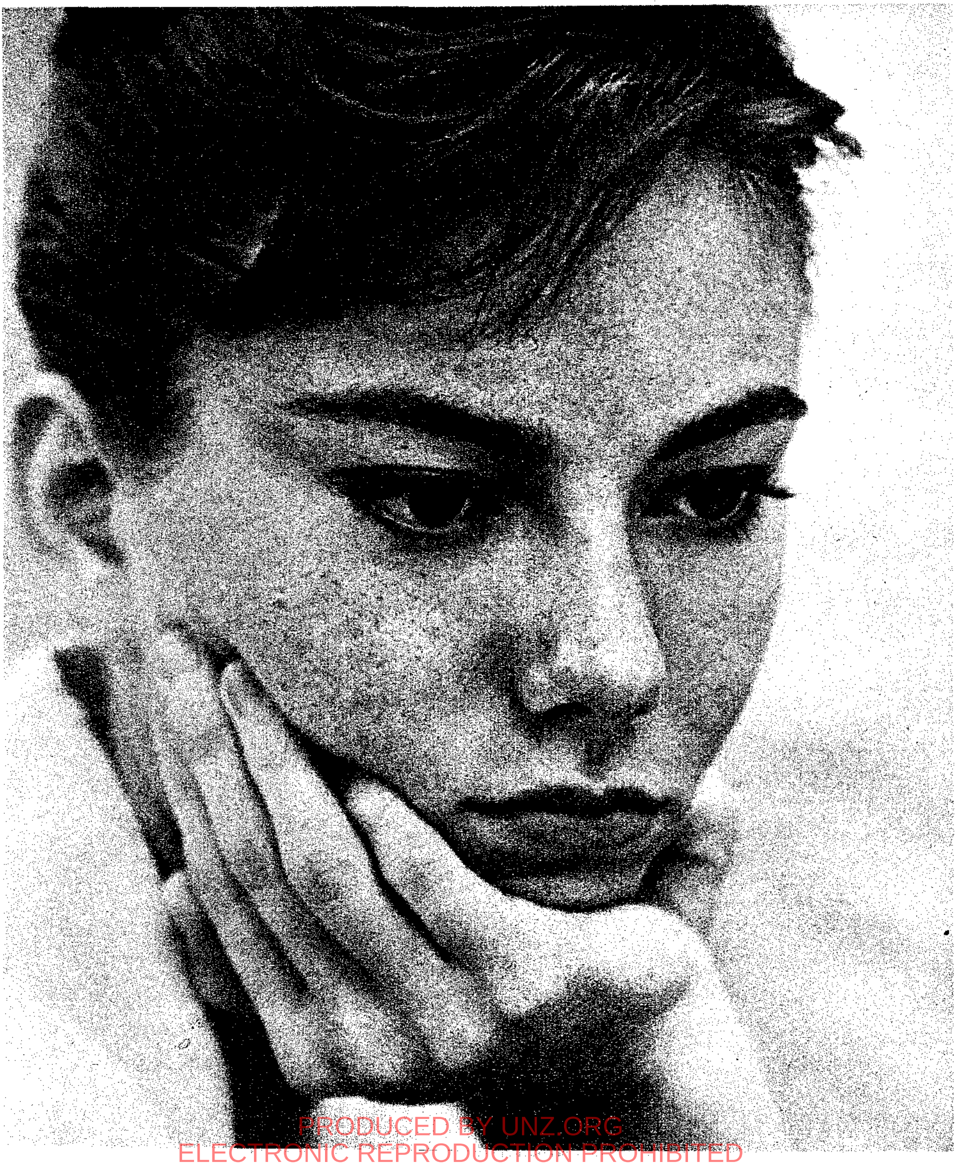
# ALLEGRA KENT

A soloist with the New York City Ballet Company at 22, Allegra Kent scored her greatest success in *The Seven Deadly Sins (below)* as the dancing half of a split personality. She studies three hours daily to reach the perfection which ballet master George Balanchine assures her is "just inches away." Married to photographer Bert Stern, this slight (5′4″, 103 pounds), California-born ballerina collects sea shells, reads adventure books and dreams of searching for gold in far-off places. "I can face reality," she says, "but not completely."



# CONSTANCE TOWERS

"She's the 'perfect lady' type—with fire," says director John Ford of poised, even-tempered Connie Towers. Ford, who enthuses about everything Irish, "may have been swayed" by her Irish heritage in casting her—a virtual unknown—as the feminine lead in his $5,000,000 Western, *The Horse Soldiers*, says Connie cordially. Pleased with the results, Ford has signed her for a second horse opera, *Captain Buffalo*. As a singer, this Whitefish, Montana, blonde (5'7", 120 pounds) toured the supper-club circuits until her big break materialized. Daughter of a prosperous drug executive, Connie says, "I've always had a feeling of security and independence." She is married to Panama businessman Eugene McGrath and commutes between homes in Panama, Hollywood and New York. She recently recorded *(right)* her first album, "Constance Towers Sings to the Horse Soldiers."



# DONNA ANDERSON

Convinced that the lithe, 15-year-old dancer he saw at a Hollywood ballet-class recital had "a special quality," producer-director Stanley Kramer signed her to a contract and arranged for her to study with a drama coach. Five years later, feeling Donna Anderson was ready, Kramer cast her as the childwife of a naval lieutenant (played by Tony Perkins, *above)* in *On the Beach*. Her unaffected style of acting justified Kramer's faith; and he has already chosen her next movie, *Inherit the Wind*. Building up her self-confidence has been this 5′5″, 112-pound girl's biggest problem, and she credits Perkins and Kramer with helping her over the hurdle.

# HAYA HARAREET

Israel-born Haya Harareet's impatience with superficial conversation led to her big chance—the role of Esther in *Ben-Hur*. Director William Wyler, meeting her at the Cannes film festival, said, "I've always wanted to visit Israel." Haya retorted: "All you Americans say that, but you never come." Months later, seeking a spirited girl for the $15,000,000 spectacle, Wyler remembered Haya—and tracked her down. Daughter of a customs man of Polish descent—Haya (meaning "animal") Neuberg acquired a Hebrew name, Hararit ("mountain") at school; MGM changed its spelling for easy pronunciation. She served in the Israeli Army *(right)* and is still in the reserves. Married to an engineer in 1951, she was divorced last January. "Honest Haya" dismays studio press agents by telling interviewers, "I'm 5'6" and weigh 130 pounds—that's a lot, isn't it?"

# ANNETTE FUNICELLO

Brown-eyed, brunette Annette Funicello was dancing the lead in *Swan Lake* at a California dance school recital in 1954 when Walt Disney first saw her. He invited her to audition as a Mouseketeer for his TV *Mickey Mouse Club* and signed her to an exclusive contract. Subsequently Annette, now 17, graduated to romantic leads on Disney's *Elfego Baca* and *Zorro* series, developed into a singer of best-selling-record proportions and made her first movie, *The Shaggy Dog*. This relaxed teenager enjoys a "pals" relationship with her Italian-born parents and her two younger brothers. Watching her on TV is a proud family pastime *(above)*. She loves stuffed animals *(right)* and having her own telephone, which buzzes constantly with boys asking for dates. Now that she has her own Thunderbird, Annette sighs contentedly: "Who could ask for anything more?"

by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

# LOSE 5 LBS. IN 6 DAYS WITH

HERE AND THERE in my various wanderings, I have always been impressed by the slender form and active grace of the average Oriental—Hindu, Japanese, Chinese, Malayan—all of whom are rice eaters.

Of course, I have known some overplump Orientals—including the rajah of what used to be a fabulous principality in India. On his first visit, he walked all around my New York apartment, trying, as he explained, "to find a chair that will fit me." That gentleman stuffed himself with the richest kind of European meals. *No rice for him.*

For centuries rice has been the basic diet of millions of Asiatics. Today it provides 80 percent of the calories that nourish half the people of the world—their bulwark against death by starvation. Quite a few, of course, are only barely alive. But it is doubtful if some would be living at all, were they dependent on some other forms of starch, instead of rice.

For rice, unlike many other carbohydrates, also contains protein. For this reason it has more of a tendency to "stay with you," and give you a sense of well being. Besides protein, rice also contains calcium, phosphorous and iron.

Because of these qualities, rice makes a perfect basis for the six-day reducing diet presented here. It adds up to only 1,078 calories a day. But you'll suffer no discomfort or nervous tension—since you won't be bedeviled by hunger pangs. The diet should help you lose at least five pounds in six days. And you may do better than that if you cut down on spices and your intake of liquids. Of course you should check with your doctor before embarking on any diet.

Medical research increasingly supports the belief that rice is food conducive to health. While there is no absolute evidence to connect the facts, there is a lower incidence of cancer and high blood pressure in countries where rice is the major part of the daily diet.

Dr. Walter Kempner, of Duke University, has acclaimed a rice-fruit and no-fat diet as being of paramount aid in the treatment of certain heart and kidney conditions. Dr. Kempner also advocates rice as the basis of a general reducing diet. He has also written a pamphlet called *Friendship on the Rice Diet.* I am certain that stomachs overladen with heavier starches and with fats must be vulnerable to bad temper as well as to lethargy. I've observed that all over the world.

According to Dr. Kempner's chief premise, the health value of rice is founded upon the fact that it contains no cholesterol—which many doctors believe dangerous to the heart, kidneys and blood circulation.

Russian scientists are so "sold" on the nutritional value of rice that the Soviet Government is now developing large areas for its growth. This is a change from the traditional notion in some parts of Russia that rice should be used only for holiday desserts, heavily sugared. Yet in South Russia—the Caucasus—rice has always been freely used as an adjunct to *shashlik*—lamb chunks marinated in pomegranate juice, impaled on skewers and broiled.

Rice was not indigenous to North America and the story of how it grew to success in this country involves another of those "chance" occurrences which embellish the pages of history. Rice was first introduced here as a possible crop in 1647 in the colony of Virginia. The experiment failed after several years and was abandoned. Then in 1694 a ship from Madagascar put in for repairs at Charleston, South Carolina, after severe damage in a storm at sea. Before the ship departed, the captain presented a gift of rice seed to a Charleston family in gratitude for "kindness and hospitality" received. From that gift rice agriculture and the rice industry grew to its present large proportions. Today the U.S. cultivates the finest kinds of rice. California is the newest area for vast rice-farming. Some of the crop is even exported.

Earliest records of rice date back 5,000 years to China. Ancient Hindu priests offered rice to their temple gods at religious ceremonies. Closer to our own times is the conjecture that rice from Africa or Arabia was introduced into Europe by the Moors during their conquest of Spain.

If you have home-cooked meals, you'll want to know about the various kinds of rice on the market. Best of all is the *unstripped* long-grain rice. But it's hard to obtain. So a good bet is regular long-grain rice, not unstripped. Wash two cups of raw rice in a sieve under cold running water till the water runs clear. Cook the rice in two-and-a-half cups of boiling water for about ten minutes. Then lower the heat and continue cooking for another ten or 15 minutes. Don't oversalt it.

Pre-cooked rice carries cooking directions on the package. But I advise cutting down on the amount of butter prescribed. Brown rice is uniquely flavorsome. However, it takes longer than white rice to cook. Short-grained rice, being rather sticky, is best for sweet dishes—excluded from this diet. For your purposes rice should be fluffy—each grain separate—which is easy to achieve with long-grain rice. The count for a scant ¾-cup serving is about 100 calories.

You may also care to experiment with a newcomer—large-grain yellow rice grown in Italy. It takes a bit longer to cook, but has a distinctive flavor.

One of the chief virtues of rice as the basic ingredient of our diet is the fact that it tastes wonderful with low-calorie "trimmings." It doesn't need rich sauces, gravies or butter. Japanese and Chinese dishes served with rice are low in fat content. One helping of chicken, beef, mushroom, shrimp or vegetable chop suey averages under 100 calories.

If you like Chinese food, you can substitute these for the more usual American dishes I list in my menus. Doing so will cut 50 calories off of your count for liver or fish. Thus you can indulge in a small pat of butter on your rice or an extra helping of fresh or diet-pack fruit or a tablespoon of sweet raisins.

You have a wide choice of low-calorie meats and fish. At either lunch or dinner you may suit your taste with a four-ounce slice of rare roast beef—no gravy and all fat removed; or an all-beef frankfurter split and broiled. Add mustard or a spoonful of tomato ketchup if you wish. A small slice of roast veal is another alternative. As for fish, the menu's range is plentiful—a slice of broiled cod or half a medium-sized lobster or a four-ounce helping (four generous tablespoons) of canned or fresh crabmeat or the same amount of canned dietetic tuna (100 calories).

Perhaps you have a hankering for clams or oysters. They make a wonderful combination with rice and low-calorie vegetables, and here's the calorie count: 12 small raw clams total 150 calories; eight medium-sized oysters count up to a mere 100 calories. Anyone who enjoys shellfish can arrange a splendid mixed-fish plate by carefully counting calories—and going slow on the cocktail sauce.

Vegetable lovers will be surprised to find what a delectably novel meal can be designed around the basic cup of rice, with two such vegetables as broccoli, cauliflower, mushrooms, carrots or summer squash. All are low in calories and contain riboflavin—sometimes called vitamin G—present in all green leafy vegetables (as well as in eggs, whole grains and poultry).

My Japanese friends here think I am "tetched in the haid" when they discover I honestly delight in a bowl of room-temperature rice with nothing but soy sauce, cold spinach and a small helping of "pickled" vegetable. They protest that only the poorest folk in Japan make a lunch of such fare, to which I say, "Why shouldn't I eat like poor Japanese—they work harder than I do."

You may not want to limit your-

## THE "NO HUNGER" RICE DIET

| | |
|---|---|
| **BREAKFAST** | |
| 1 cup tomato juice | 50 |
| ¾ cup puffed rice with 6-ounce skim milk | 163 |
| 1 egg, poached or soft-boiled | 75 |
| 1 slice whole-wheat toast | 60 |
| 1 small pat butter | 50 |
| Coffee or tea (no cream or sugar) | 0 |
| Breakfast total | 398 |
| **LUNCH** | |
| ¾ cup cooked rice with 1 teaspoonful soy sauce | 100 |
| 6-ounce slice broiled breast of chicken or medium patty of lean hamburger | 150 |
| Medium helping spinach and 6 stalks asparagus | 30 |
| Coffee or tea (no cream or sugar) | 0 |
| Lunch total | 280 |
| **DINNER** | |
| ½ cup clam broth | 0 |
| ¾ cup cooked rice with 1 teaspoonful soy sauce | 100 |
| "Geisha Girl" salad—bean sprouts, watercress, 1 canned pimento, ½ cucumber, 1 tablespoon dressing | 87 |
| 5 ounces poached scallops or ½ cup canned tuna well drained | 100 |
| Small fresh pear or ½ cup any dietetic canned fruit | 50 |
| Coffee or tea (no cream or sugar) | 0 |
| Dinner total | 337 |
| **BEFORE BEDTIME** | |
| 6-ounce glass skim milk | 63 |
| Day's total | 1,078 |

self to so simple a lunch. But if you have a refrigerator, try the very easy and delightful "pickled" side dish made as follows:

Shred about two cups of Chinese or regular cabbage. Cut a cucumber lengthwise, scoop out the seeds and slice thin. To the cabbage and cucumber add a few slices of raw white turnip. Mix with two teaspoons salt and let stand three days in refrigerator.

While we are on the subject of recipes, here's the best dressing for that *"Geisha Girl" salad* I mention in my menus. You *can* use a scant tablespoon of regular French dressing, but this special dressing is intriguingly different: combine one teaspoon prepared horse-radish with a teaspoon soy sauce, a tablespoon of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sherry and two teaspoons of olive oil. You can vary the greens in the salad by using shredded lettuce, escarole or endive—all high in vitamins and essential minerals—all low in calories. Add slices of tomato, cucumber and raw apple.

Don't forget to put in some finely snipped parsley (the old classical Greek ingredient for skin beauty), also finely chopped celery leaves or watercress and grated radishes.

Vary your breakfast cup of tomato juice, if you wish, by substituting a half cup of orange juice, half a fresh grapefruit or unsweetened pineapple juice. Personally, I like to dilute my juice drinks with an equal quantity of water.

Finally, for healthier eating, I suggest you obtain one of the pocket-size booklets that tell how many calories are contained in every item of food and drink. When you have recourse to this information, you will have broader latitude in your menu selections. After any dieting, the road to lasting health is the road that leads to new eating habits that will *keep* you healthy.

## REVERSE ENGLISH

A RADIO PANEL was seeking to draw some statement from poet Robert Frost that could be interpreted as an indictment of "the increasing pressure of conformity" in the U.S.

"I don't feel any such pressure," insisted Mr. Frost. "I think we're the freest people that ever were free."

"But surely you have encountered *some* limitations on your personal freedom," one of the panel suggested.

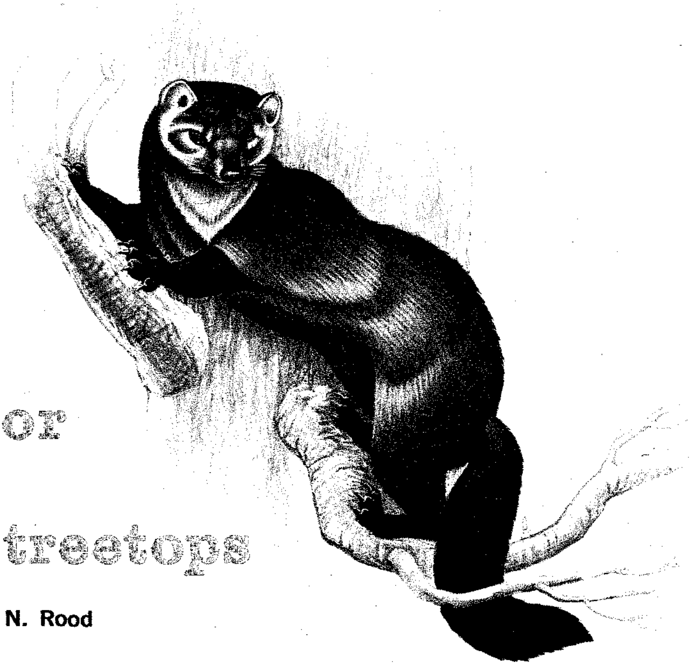
Mr. Frost thought this over carefully and finally conceded with a smile. "Well," he said, "I *am* awfully limited by the dictionary."

—*Wall Street Journal*

IT HAS LONG BEEN COMPOSER IGOR STRAVINSKY'S custom to adhere to a rigid schedule. This was proven quite forcibly on one occasion when his publisher urged him to hurry the completion of a new composition.

"Hurry!" he cried angrily. "I never hurry. I have no time to hurry."

—E. E. EDGAR



# The terror of the treetops

### by Ronald N. Rood

Cunning as a fox, fierce as a wolverine, the fisher—*a privacy-loving hobo who almost* became extinct—is hitting the comeback trail

THE ONLY FISHER I ever saw was chasing a red squirrel in the treetops. It went through the branches after that chickaree like a big black ribbon. Picked off the squirrel in the third spruce."

My backwoods Vermont neighbor paused and eyed me as if daring me to question whether the nimble squirrel could be caught by an animal ten times its size. But I had heard enough about the "fisher-cat" to know this was not only possible, but was a regular occurrence. Few animals of our northern forests are big enough, canny or quick enough to escape the determined pursuit of this wily hunter.

It will run down a rabbit in fair chase. It can follow the pine marten—itself a destroyer of squirrels—to the treetops, where a breath-taking race occurs at top speed with the same final results. The fisher is North America's fastest tree-traveling mammal.

Despite its name, the fisher doesn't care to chase after fish. Though a good swimmer, it prefers its fish in the form of a salmon or dried smelt washed up with the debris along a lake shore.

Although often called the black fox, black cat or pennant's marten, the fisher is neither a fox nor a cat. It's a relative of the skunk and the wolverine. It has the weasel's inquisitive look, with a narrow face and small, rounded ears perked-up in deep fur. About a yard from nose to tail-tip, with a dark, silky coat, it is low-slung, slender, catlike. Unlike cats, however, its claws cannot be retracted. Its magnificent tail, which makes up about a third of its length, is bushy like that of a fox.

An angry fisher is a terrible foe. Its tail lashes back and forth in rage. The sharp, curving claws dig into the ground or tree trunk as it tenses for battle. Its back arches like that of an outsized cat and with a hissing growl it flies at the enemy.

The size of the fisher's antagonist seems to make little difference to this lithe eight- to 18-pounder or its mate. If the animal is large, such as a raccoon or a fox, it may feint it out of position for a better advantage or throw caution aside and wade into direct combat. Preferring to run from a dog, it rarely comes out second if cornered; it can lick almost any kind of dog. Even the little weasel finds his darting reflexes no match for his larger cousin's blinding speed. His only hope for safety lies in a frantic dash for a mouse-hole. There is no authentic record of an unwounded fisher ever attacking a human being.

What the fisher seems to want most in this world is to be let alone. The Indians sometimes called him the Solitary One, and told legends of his prowess. If there's another fisher in an area of less than 80 or 100 square miles, one of them moves on to where it's not so crowded.

FOR ALL ITS INDIVIDUALITY, the fisher is a creature of habit. Trappers know that it travels in a great circle through its territory, making the rounds to the same spot every few days. Every now and then it stops at certain old logs or stones on its course and solemnly deposits a musky secretion from special glands near the tail. These seem to serve as a communiqué to other fishers especially during breeding season.

In March or April, there is a change in the attitude of these independent animals. The female, who has just given birth to the young which were conceived last year, leaves them while she goes to seek a mate. A whirlwind courtship and mating of perhaps a single encounter or just a few days begins the life of a new generation. She steals back to the babies she has just left, taking care not to let the male come near them, for he seems to have no qualms about consuming them on the spot.

Following this brief spring romance, the embryos within the mother go through a strange cycle.

Instead of developing in normal fashion, they form several cells and remain, in suspended animation, until the following winter when they resume their growth. The result is one of the longest gestation periods known for mammals, equal to that of some whales and exceeding that of man—from 11 months to almost a year.

One to four, usually three, young are born the following year. Helpless and naked, blind for seven weeks, they are hidden in a hollow tree or stump. They depend completely on the periodic visits of their dark-furred mother, who remains closer to the den area during this period. In mid-summer, though still small, they begin to hunt as a family group. As autumn approaches the youngsters drift off to establish territories of their own. They may catch a sleeping grouse in a fir tree at night or run down a snowshoe hare during the day.

The fisher is a moderate eater. Extra food is carefully stored, to be consumed on its next visit. Even nuts and fruits may be taken as an alternative when meat and fish are hard to come by.

The most unusual item of food—and one greatly relished, oddly enough—is an animal molested by few other creatures—the porcupine. The fisher makes quick work of the quill pig by flipping him over and attacking the vulnerable underside. Or he may burrow under a porcupine in a snowdrift, coming up from below. The fisher may get a faceful of quills for his trouble or he may pick up several dozen in his chest or forepaws during the fight. Strangely, these spines usually do little damage to him even when they work their way to the bone. They seem to localize without festering.

In some parts of the U.S. the fisher has helped check the porcupine population.

Needful of a large individual territory and unable to compete with guns and traps, the fisher was for a while on the verge of extinction. Twenty years ago it was described as a vanishing species, on the downward trail with the American bison, the whooping crane and the trumpeter swan. The fisher's demise was being hastened by the fact that its thick, lustrous dark fur sometimes commanded more than $200 for prime female pelts, making it one of our most valuable furs.

To save the fisher from extinction, the animal was given complete protection in the mid '30s in Maine, New York and New Hampshire. Also, a period of farm abandonment made more wild land available. More recently, the fisher fur market dropped and the skins fell to a tenth of their former value.

With the odds turned in his favor, he has begun to respond—but slowly. In fact, it is the fisher's low birth rate, plus his need for a large private territory that probably prevented him from overrunning the woods in the first place.

No one can say yet how successful the campaign for his return will be. Professor Malcolm Coulter, assistant leader of the Maine Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit which has worked closely with this problem, points out that results at present are encouraging.

For a long time, people portrayed all predators as ruthless killers—"vermin" to be exterminated at any cost. But conservationists have learned through the years that you can't kill off one species without endangering the whole balance of nature, sometimes even throwing it out of gear.

Attempts have been made to raise fishers in captivity on a fur farming basis. But these have not proved very profitable. Accustomed to the expanse and solitude of the forest, the fisher breeds with indifference in captivity, if at all. The female is nervous and edgy when her kits are born. An automobile backfire or a barking dog may make her rush to the box and kill them in a flash. In addition, she can be bred only over a two or three day period; if this time passes, she will not mate again until the following year.

Apparently the slow methods of natural reproduction plus trapping of fishers and reintroducing them to their old haunts, seem to be the only means of restoring their rightful inheritance. With luck, the time may not be far distant when the "black cat" of the northwoods comes back to many of our northern states and Canada.

## DEFT DEFINITIONS

BUFFET DINNER: when the hostess doesn't have enough chairs for everyone. —*Mueller Record*

ANTIQUE: a fugitive from the junk yard with a price on its head. —KENNETH J. SHIVELY, (*Quote*)

ALIMONY: the fee a woman charges for name dropping. —DAN BENNETT

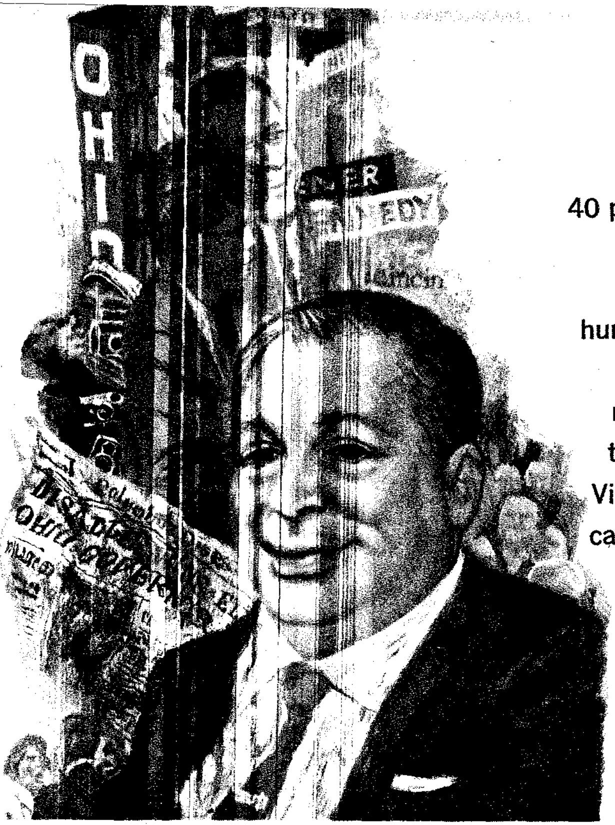
JOURNALIST: a newspaperman who has his own typewriter. —HAROLD COFFIN

PRACTICAL NURSE: one who marries a wealthy patient. —EARL WILSON

ORTHOPEDIST: a marrow-minded doctor. —BURT DANIELS

SEXTON: a man who minds his keys and pews. —GEORGE HART

IMPUDENCE: the trait that enables a man sitting in a bus to flirt with a woman who is standing. —*Keever Komments*



He's lost
40 pounds and his
mustache.
But his pixy
humor, drive and
courage
may make him
the Democratic
Vice-Presidential
candidate in '60

## MIKE DISALLE:
# Buckeye governor with bounce

by Calvin Kytle

NINE YEARS AGO the roly-poly ex-Mayor of Toledo, Ohio, came to Washington, took a job that 20 other men had turned down and proceeded to wisecrack his way into the hearts of his countrymen.

"The President," he said, patting his impressive belly, "told me he wanted a man with guts. He got one."

The man was Michael Vincent DiSalle, and the job he took was that of Price Stabilizer under Harry Truman. During the height of the Korean War, he did what smart politicians said was impossible: he kept the lid on prices and ended up as one of the bright hopes of the Democratic party. He put a ceiling on raw cotton in defiance of the powerful Congressional cotton bloc. He stuck to meat controls in the face of stampeding livestock men. He said no, again and again, and he made his opposition like him.

Pressure only brought out the jokes: "Suppose I'm fired. The worst that can happen to me is that I'll have to go back to Toledo. I like Toledo."

Now 51, Mike DiSalle is back in Ohio, but not Toledo, and has just finished a first hectic year as Governor of the state. He's also in a key position to say who gets most of Ohio's 64 votes at the Democratic national convention in July; Symington, Kennedy, Humphrey, Meyner and Williams have been courting him actively. Should he go to the convention as a Favorite Son, which seems probable, he himself could easily get tapped for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

A LOT OF OHIOANS will tell you that DiSalle has changed. That his appearance has changed is undeniable. He's shaved the whimsical mustache. He has also shed 40 of his one-time 215 pounds. No reporter nowadays can honestly call him squash-shaped or liken him to Winnie-the-Pooh. But Ohioans say he's changed in other ways; they point out that DiSalle was conspicuously sobersided on the stump last year. They say that as Governor he is no special protector of the little man. The main reason: his tax measures have added two cents to the price of a pack of cigarettes and a like amount to a gallon of gasoline.

DiSalle insists that he hasn't changed at all. "The people who say that I've changed are mostly the ones who never knew me very well."

Until his election as Governor, most Ohioans knew DiSalle chiefly from the publicity he got during his two years in Washington. Probably no politician in recent years has been received more warmly by the press or been covered more fully.

To Washington reporters this unpretentious, tubby little man seemed made to order for human-interest stories. They reported his administrative actions, but what figured most often in the headlines was his humor. ("They tell me cotton is not a commodity but a theology," he was quoted as saying after he'd stood up to the Southern bloc. "I don't believe it.") His courage, his resilience, his good sense somehow got obscured.

The real Mike DiSalle is, or has been, a fine corporation lawyer and successful businessman; a serious student of political science; a conscientious administrator; and, above all, a passionate believer in the democratic process. The fact that he also has a natural sense of humor is almost incidental.

His humor is spontaneous and he invariably turns it on himself. He is, in truth, a soft-spoken man, whose mildness some people mistake for weakness. He dresses conservatively in department-store suits, generally in need of a pressing, and his shoes are often unshined. "I take my work seriously," he says, smiling, "but never myself."

Since taking office, Mike (*everybody* calls him Mike) has worked an average of 16 hours a day, seven days a week. He's up every morning at 6:20, has a light breakfast, and is usually at his desk by 7:30. If he manages to make it home for dinner, he goes back to the office until 10:30 or 11 at night.

Probably the saddest thing in his life is that he can no longer cook or eat the macaroni with clam sauce and the spaghetti he loves. He runs quickly to fat, but the last time he was sick was when he had his tonsils out, 30 years ago. Despite his current Spartan routine, he has never been more cheerful. "I'm doing what I like," he says. "If I get five or six hours sleep, it's enough."

Friends have suggested that maybe he wouldn't have to keep such long hours if he didn't insist on reading every paper before signing it. When the new cigarette tax act was brought for his signature, he proceeded to read it carefully, even though kidding newsmen kept reminding him that every minute was costing the state $43. Suddenly Mike pointed to a printer's error that had escaped the attention of both the Lieutenant Governor and the Speaker of the House. Had he signed it without correcting it, the act would have been nullified.

DiSalle did two things on taking office last January that immediately dramatized his philosophy of government. He introduced circulating cabinet meetings, each meeting being held in the office of a different department. And he opened all these meetings to the press.

"Take the mystery out of government," he says. "That's the way to build public confidence in it. The other day five Democratic Senators came in, mad as fury. The newspapermen sat in. It was the most candid discussion I bet they've ever heard. I've invited the press secretary of the opposition (Republican) party to participate in my press conferences. I don't believe that happens any place else.

"In the past the governors have always issued the orders to the party and the Legislature," Mike says. "I'm trying to get us to operate in the open. People tell me, 'It looks bad if you say you want something and you get beat.' I've been beaten before and it didn't hurt long."

Of the several causes that DiSalle lost in his first round with the Legislature, failure of his bill to abolish capital punishment undoubtedly disappointed him the most. "As a lawyer," he says, "I've seen an innocent person get the death sentence because a witness who wasn't even there misidentified him. I've seen a simpleton boy get the chair for a sex crime that aroused the community, while organized gangsters went free because they were well financed and well represented."

Working in the Governor's mansion in Columbus are nine convicts, eight of whom have been found guilty of murder. "My family has nothing to fear from these men, even though five of them sleep under the same roof with us," DiSalle says. "I find great doubt surrounding their convictions. I have become attached to many of them. I ask myself, 'What would society have gained if that man had been electrocuted?' I answer 'Nothing.' "

On capital punishment, DiSalle

has even been opposed at home. "My wife said to me, 'If some sex maniac attacked your daughter, you'd want to kill him.' I say, 'Yes, but that's what makes it wrong.' I wouldn't become nearly so aroused if it was someone else's daughter. Justice has to have an even hand; it shouldn't be swayed by emotion."

The popular support he might have won by his stand on capital punishment was lost by introduction of his labor reform bill and passage of his various tax measures.

His labor racketeering bill shocked AFL-CIO leaders, who were outraged at the bill's severity; it would, for instance, impose prison sentences of ten to 30 years for embezzlement of $20 or more. Although the bill would give ten years to a union leader who accepted a bribe, it provided no punishment for his briber.

DiSalle admits that the bill was tough. "This is not directed against the labor movement but against individuals who would take advantage of it. I was with labor in opposing right-to-work legislation, but I wouldn't accept one penny of campaign contributions from labor. I didn't want anybody to be able to say that my position was a bought position; nor did I want anybody to be able to come to me later and say, 'You should drop your fight for labor reform because we financed your campaign.'"

Actually the labor reform bill was so extreme, it had almost no hope for passage. Now DiSalle will have time to work out a bill that labor will accept.

At no time during the storm did he lose his sense of humor. When he appeared before a House committee to testify on behalf of his labor reform bill, the chairman asked members to be brief with their questions and not "tax the Governor's time."

"That," said the Governor, "will be the only thing we haven't taxed."

The day after his sales-tax bill passed, *The Columbus Citizen* ran an eight-column, page-one streamer: "Mike's Got to Go." Mike, however, is confident that voters will return their support once they understand that the $311,000,000 increase in revenue was absolutely necessary to get the state out of the red (he says he inherited a deficit of $10,000,000 to $15,000,000) and to provide minimum services.

DiSalle also has been criticized for bypassing the experienced, smooth-working delegation from Cleveland's Cuyahoga County in favor of two relatively untried Assemblymen as Speaker of the House and Senate majority leader. The result was to antagonize a faction that represented 25 percent of the state's voters and to make it extremely difficult to exert party discipline. DiSalle's intention, however, was quite clear. This was the first Democratic legislature in 11 years. He simply did not want it and the party stamped with Cleveland's brand of boss politics.

Ever since he was first nominated for Governor in 1956 (he lost to Republican C. William O'Neill by 427,885 votes), DiSalle has been trying to rebuild the Democratic party. He appointed his own state chairman and began to build from the grass roots. Some evidence of his success: in 1958, Democrats ran for offices that had been uncontested for years. Only five seats in the lower house were uncontested whereas in 1956, 20 seats had gone by default.

He does not scorn the use of patronage. "Right after the election we called party leaders from all over the state into an open meeting in Toledo. First time in anybody's memory this had been done. We said we were going to give jobs to Democrats, but they would have to be qualified."

WHAT LITTLE TIME DiSalle has for recreation he spends with his family. He has a boy and four girls, the eldest of whom is 28-year-old Antoinette. Old-timers in the state's employ have observed that under Mike the mansion has come to look more like a home and less like a formal tea party setting.

His only hobbies now are reading and book collecting. He owns 70-odd books by Horatio Alger, mostly first editions, and keeps a couple of people in New York on the lookout for more. "They're very simple books," he explains. "Truth always wins and the good boy always gets along. They remind me of some things I never want to take for granted." He is also fond of contemporary biographies of presidents and was especially delighted recently to run across a biography of Millard Fillmore.

"People ask me why I'm interested in people like Fillmore. Well, I learn a lot from them—for one thing that, regardless of background, when a man becomes President, he always tries to live up to the responsibility."

The eldest of seven children, DiSalle was born of Catholic parents on Sullivan Street in New York City on January 6, 1908. His mother and father came from the Italian village of Vasto. His father, Anthony, was a punch-press operator. When Mike was three, Anthony's factory moved to Toledo and the DiSalles moved with it. Thrown out of work at the bottom of the Depression, Anthony started his own electroplating business in his back yard. Today the firm grosses more than $1,000,000 a year.

Mike didn't speak a word of English until he was five. "Until I started school there was no need to speak English. You can't imagine what it's like, going to school and not being able to say a word to the other kids. I suppose that's what drove me to the library so early.

"When I was in the fifth grade we were asked to write a composition on what we wanted to be. I wrote that I wanted to be a public official." When he was 25, a fledgling lawyer scarcely two years out of Georgetown University, he ran for clerk of the Toledo municipal court and was soundly licked.

In 1937, he ran successfully for the state House of Representatives. He was defeated when he ran for the State Senate. In 1942, he was one of two Democrats elected to the Toledo City Council and was reelected four times. He was twice vice-Mayor and was in his second term as Mayor when Truman asked him to be price boss.

It was as vice-Mayor in 1946 that he set his precedent for sticking his political neck in the noose of tax reform. Toledo was broke. The voters had rejected ten bond issues to pay teachers' salaries and other expenses. Mike chaired a committee sponsoring a one percent city income tax on corporations and individuals. The CIO demanded a $2,400 exemption for a married man with one dependent and forced a city-wide referendum. But the tax was passed and five years later Toledo had raised more than enough money to pay off $14,000,000 and to increase services.

In 1949, Toledo was locked in one of the country's bitterest labor disputes. For seven months, a panel of 18 citizens, six each from industry, labor and the public, had tried to bring peace. It looked hopeless until DiSalle asked the labor representatives to write down what they thought management's rights were, and management representatives to make the case for labor. At that moment, the Citizens Labor-Management Committee—the so-called Toledo Plan—was born. It worked.

DiSalle's experience in state elections has paralleled that of his party. He ran for Congress in 1946 and lost; he ran for the Senate against John Bricker in 1952 and lost; he ran against C. William O'Neill for Governor in 1956 and lost. He ran against O'Neill again in 1958 and this time he won.

His wife, Myrtle, has long since stopped trying to get him to give up politics. DiSalle's friends say he won't be satisfied till he gets into national politics—either as national chairman of his party or as a member of Congress or something higher. Mike himself isn't saying. "I've always felt that you can't plan a political career. You've got to live it. There are tides that come in and out that are going to take you one way or the other."

A new tide could sweep Mike DiSalle back to Washington. Till then, he's content to take his cue from Mark Twain: "Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the others."

## SIGN LANGUAGE

A SPORTS CAR, so tiny it could be packed away in a steamer trunk, carried this sign:

"STAMP OUT TALL DOGS."

—KENNETH NICHOLS (*Akron Beacon Journal*)

A SIGN IN THE WINDOW of a children's store in Dallas, Texas, read: "Grand Opening Clearance Sale."

—JOAN BROOKE

SIGN IN A PET SHOP WINDOW: "For Sale—Round, Soft Balls Of Purr—Kittens."

—CHARLES V. MATHIS

They hate the product
*and are constantly thinking of new ways*
to destroy it
—but it's just too well built

# Their customers are never satisfied!

by Keith Elliott

For 63 successful years, the Southern Steel Company of San Antonio, Texas, has been manufacturing a product its users hate. Although more than 1,000,000 Americans a year do use its goods, not one of them has ever expressed any degree of satisfaction with the product. In fact, a good third of its consumers spend an appalling amount of time plotting ways to destroy what the company produces.

Southern Steel is the world's largest maker of jails.

It has built more than 4,200 of them in 41 states. It constructed one of America's largest county jails at Jacksonville, Florida. It put up what is perhaps the biggest prison ever to be assembled at one time, the New York City jail on Rikers Island.

Once, on an architect's whim, Southern manufactured a jail with pink bars and baby-blue bunks.

The president of the world's largest jail factory, 66-year-old Hull Youngblood, Jr., has probably been inside more jails than any man living, without serving a minute's time in one. He puts his faith in cold, tempered steel.

"The exterior of a jail doesn't affect its security," Youngblood maintains. "It's what's inside that holds a prisoner."

What's inside is the main concern of the firm's 250 employees who make their living making jails. They manufacture interiors only—bars, steel walls, sliding doors, locking devices, fixtures and furniture—and make them exceedingly durable.

By treating jailhouse bars with intense heat under controlled conditions, Youngblood's outfit makes them so tough that a prisoner would have to smuggle in 136 pounds of saw blades to sever one. But it would be to no avail, for Southern so secures bars to bulkheads that a man must saw through *two* places to remove a bar.

Nevertheless, men in stir often seek to escape. On one occasion, an inmate at Wichita Falls, Texas, managed to nick a bar so strangely that Youngblood paid him $20 to tell all. Proudly, the prisoner revealed his tools: a length of wire from a broom and a quantity of valve-grinding compound secreted inside a tooth-powder tin.

"Given 50 years of privacy," Youngblood concedes, "that fellow might have cut the bar in two."

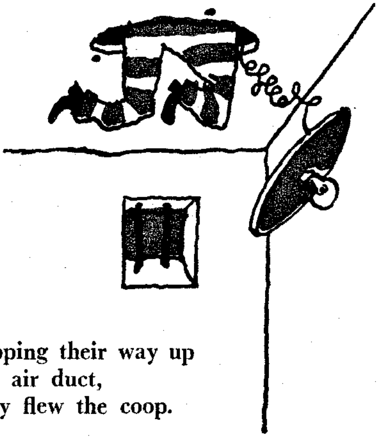
It is a matter of considerable pride among Southern Steel executives, however, that no prisoner has yet parted one of their bars. Nor, for that matter, has any convict ever effected an unassisted break from one of their jails.

Which is not to suggest that they don't try. Executive notebooks at Southern Steel fairly bulge with notes on breaks and attempted breaks from jails throughout the world. Their designers study these accounts constantly in an effort to outguess the imaginative, exit-oriented minds of inmates.

A prisoner broke out of a Midwest jail during World War II, for instance, by jamming its lock with chewing gum. Southern's designers took note and shortly came up with a lock which eschews gum and all other litter.

"The odds we have in this competition are our 63 years of experience," says Harold Dreeke, a vice president at Southern Steel. "The handicap we give a prisoner is the 24 hours a day he has to figure how to get out."

Odds notwithstanding, Dreeke and his fellows are forever amazed by the gambits played by outgoing personalities. Last year, for example, two felony suspects in a competitor's cooler literally unzipped their way out of jail. They used zipper tabs from their pants to unscrew a large lighting fixture above their cell, then



**Zipping their way up the air duct, they flew the coop.**

squeezed into an air-conditioning shaft and freedom.

Southern's President Youngblood is dedicated to keeping prisoners in, foreign objects out. Years ago, word arrived in his office that an inmate in a West Coast jail was getting rip-roaring drunk every night. Youngblood discovered that the prisoner was being visited nightly by his wife. She seemed to be talking with him through a panel covered with steel mesh. Actually, she was feeding him hooch from a purse flask through a thin rubber tube. Inspired, Youngblood's engineers shortly developed a visitor's box through which nothing can pass but words.

If Southern's consumers are dissatisfied, its clients are decidedly not. These are generally cities, counties or states that hire architects to design their jails.

The fact is, however, that precious few architects have ever been in stir. And schools of architecture offer no courses in calaboose design.

Southern Steel employs five specialists who draw blueprints for the interior of jails. The company also has a used-jail department for communities that can't afford a new jail.

The firm got its start when its founder, D. F. Youngblood, was working for an Alabama jail contractor. His physician advised him, at the age of 19, that he had only two years to live.

Youngblood elected to go West for his last biennium. He landed in San Antonio, founded Southern Steel as a partnership with his brother Algernon, and started assembling jails in the pioneer towns of Texas. He died in 1955 at the age of 89. Probably never before has so much time been borrowed in order that so much time be served.

Since the elder Youngblood's arrival in Texas, his firm's jails and prisons have housed a veritable *Burke's Peerage* of criminal aristocracy: John Dillinger, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Al Capone—you name them.

President Youngblood confesses that none of his tenants has ever sent him a thank-you note. "Their gratitude," he says, "has been *under*whelming."

His company has made jails equipped for air conditioning, for television, even for piped-in music. But when one community wanted flowered shower curtains, engineers turned down the idea. Curtain rods could be converted into weapons, they pointed out.

Having worked for more than half a century on how to keep inmates from breaking out of jails, Southern now faces a new problem: how to keep people from breaking *into* them. Its researchers are presently trying to perfect a chain-link fencing system to secure reformatory prisoners against juvenile gangs who sometimes break in to visit—or fight—with their former associates.

## SPEAKING OF TAXES

A MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, WOMAN, in sending in her income tax, listed the U.S. Government as one of her dependents.

—FRANCES RODMAN

*A distinguished psychiatrist discusses*

# THE TRAGIC CONFLICT BETWEEN LOVE AND SIN

**by SMILEY BLANTON, M.D.** with Arthur Gordon

*Dr. Blanton is associate founder and director of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, and director of the Religio-Psychiatric Clinic of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City*

MARTIN LUTHER SAID, "There is no more sin in man's sex life than in his religious life." And a modern theologian, Seward Hiltner, says, "Sex is not apart from God. It is a part of God's creation."

Nevertheless, the old confusion of sex with sin exerts a powerful influence over many minds. This confusion is often implanted in children by parents. Not long ago a young man told us that although he had been married almost a year, his marriage had never been consummated. His wife had been taught by her parents that sex was only for propagation and, since the

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From the book NOW OR NEVER: *The Promise of the Middle Years*
by Smiley Blanton, M.D. with Arthur Gordon.
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Published by
Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

young couple could not afford to have a child, the wife felt it would be wrong to let her husband make love to her. It took our most convincing ministers to make this girl understand that she was not fulfilling God's purpose, that sex was meant for love as well as procreation.

Parents can also damage their children's emotional development even by too much emphasis on toilet training. It is very unwise to make a child feel that his natural functions are dirty or nasty. Much harm can also be done by parents who scold their children too severely for infantile habits. I knew of one woman whose mother would always say to her when she was a little girl, "Have you been doing nasty things to yourself?" When the child would blush, the mother would punish her. The result was that later in marriage this woman could not bear to be touched or caressed.

We see cases, too, of women who find marital relations painful or unpleasant for no apparent physical reason. Very often such women have had implanted in them by parents the idea that intercourse will be painful or that they might be injured on their wedding night. The truth is that intercourse carried out for the first time in marriage between two people who love each other should involve little discomfort. But if the woman is nervous and afraid of being hurt, her muscle tensions may prevent normal sex relations.

In our society the sex drive is split into two halves that might be labeled sensual and spiritual love. In normal people these two attitudes are focused on the same individual. But in the minds of some men this fusion does not occur or falls apart. It was Sigmund Freud who first pointed out that if the wife of such a man becomes associated in his mind with his idealized image of his mother, then his conscience will block normal sex relations. The principal way in which he protects himself against sensual feelings for the forbidden object (the idealized wife-mother) is to have sex relations with someone who is lower in his estimation (the faithless wanton-mother). Thus, although he may love his wife deeply, his sex drive will be directed away from her and find fulfillment in a woman he regards as inferior.

This split between the spiritual and sensual rarely occurs in women, and indeed the statistics show that women are much less likely than men to be unfaithful. It is not merely a question of less opportunity as some male cynics say. In many extramarital ventures a man is simply trying to prove how virile he is, sometimes because he has unconscious doubts.

But when a woman turns to extramarital affairs, she is more often driven by an emotional barrenness in her life for which her husband may well be responsible. One would think that there would be hardly any literate male who did not know that a woman is slower than a man to be aroused, that she needs tenderness and affection. But there are still many men who are about as adept with a woman in their arms—

to use Balzac's famous comparison —as an orangutan with a violin. If a woman comes to feel that she is simply being used by her husband as an outlet for his sexual tensions, then she may become unfaithful as an act of revenge.

Infidelity and promiscuity are examples of misdirected sexual energy. The object is the wrong object. But the drive and the capacity are there. All too often the problem of sexual maladjustment is one of inadequacy —inadequate performance or response inside the marriage itself.

Many maladjustments between adult men and women are caused by immaturity. A husband says, "My wife seems to get no thrill or satisfaction out of sex at all. She likes to be kissed and cuddled like a child. But beyond that, sex means nothing to her; in fact, I think she dislikes it." The husband was complaining, evidently, of a lack of physical sensation, and with it a lack of interest, in his wife. Such a woman has not matured sexually, but as Kinsey pointed out, a woman's ability to achieve climax is by no means the sole criterion for determining the satisfaction she receives from sex. In many such cases, if the woman wants and gets competent treatment, her childish fixations can be removed and a much greater degree of sensation obtained.

Another form of sexual immaturity that causes a great deal of maladjustment is latent homosexuality. In the male, homosexuality is very complicated and is rarely caused by physical factors. Almost always it is brought about by emotional developments in childhood. A baby's first love is directed toward its source of food and care—usually its mother. But when the child is about two, he turns his love toward his father. Now, if the baby feels his mother loves him too much or he is overattached to her, he will give an undue amount of love to his father. He will resent his mother as a reaction against her overpossessiveness. In extreme cases his attachment to his father may become so great that ultimately he finds his complete sexual expression with men. In less extreme cases, his sex relations with women become blocked.

Take the case of a man I will call Mr. Alberts, for example. When the Albertses came to us at the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry they had been married for ten years and had two children. But they had virtually ceased being man and wife. We had Mr. Alberts take some psychological tests which revealed quite clearly that, as a child, he had believed that his mother was a sort of witch who was going to swallow him up. He developed great resentment toward her. His unconscious mind identified his wife with his mother, and so he was angry and hostile toward his wife. And as a mother-image she unwittingly made him feel guilty about having sex relations with her.

Mr. Alberts was not an overt homosexual, but his homosexual tendencies were strong enough to interfere with his marriage. Sometimes we are able to help such people. Sometimes not. One thing is certain: without some understanding of the hidden forces that are at work, they are rarely able to help themselves.

Few things are more shattering to a man's pride and self-respect than sexual impotence. Men are more vulnerable than women in this respect. Women rarely lose their ability to perform the sexual act. But it does not take much emotional maladjustment to render a man incapable. Indeed, the act itself renders him incapable for a short time thereafter, and this period of temporary impotence lengthens as he grows older.

As a result of this reaction, a man is emotionally very vulnerable after the sex act, and the woman can easily make him feel, by a gesture or a word or a look, that he isn't very good. If these blows to his pride are repeated, they may create a fear that will render him impotent. It is very important after sex relations for both the man and the woman to express love and affection for each other.

There are several kinds of impotence in males. All of which reflect the man's resistance to the act in his unconscious mind. Impotence may not be caused solely by emotional reasons. Sometimes a physical factor is also involved. One of our patients, for example, had an enlarged prostate. After this condition was cleared up by a specialist, the man again became normally potent.

Sex, the instrument of love, may often be used to express hate. People sometimes use it to degrade or humiliate their sex partner. One such case that came to us at the Foundation involved a wife who had had a domineering mother and an indifferent father. The husband came to us because he said he felt there was something radically wrong in their sex life. "It's not that she's frigid," he said. "But I always feel that it's an act of hatred rather than an act of love."

The woman was astonished when we made her see that her unconscious hatred was based on neurotic conflict. Since she was a very religious person, it was not difficult to make her realize this was not God's plan for her. Once she gained some insight, the difficulty disappeared.

WHEN WOMEN who have been happily married are bereaved at an age when the sex drive is still strong, some go to extremes to find a solution. At one end of the scale is the woman who begins a series of affairs—all discreet, perhaps, but leading nowhere. She says she wants to find a suitable husband, but always seems to destroy her opportunities by having sexual relations with men she likes.

At the other extreme is the woman who decides to put sex out of her life altogether. Then, not being able to do so, she becomes cranky and irritable. You cannot, by an act of will, eliminate sex from your life.

Obviously, neither path is a happy one but, on the whole, I think it is very much better for such people to remain celibate than to seek sexual relations in a crude or casual way. Celibacy is often thought to be harmful, but people may be celibate throughout their lives without emotional ill effects, although they may pay a certain slight physical penalty for it. And in some cases it is possible to sublimate the sex drive into other forms of creative activity.

The Biblical use of the word "know" as a synonym for sexual intercourse is no accident. To quote Seward Hiltner: "Through sex, one discovers something he can explore in no other way. He is a physical being, and through sex he discovers something of another being—and thus also of himself—that he had not, from the inside, 'known' before."

The conspiracy of silence that guarded sex for so long has been broken, and this is a good thing. Ignorance is not bliss—certainly not in this area.

People no longer feel that sex is a function that can be divorced from the rest of their lives. They know that it is a fundamental part of living, and that the person who is maladjusted sexually will have problems in other relationships: business, friendship—everything.

## ON THE NEWSFRONT

A DETROIT MAN, while on a do-it-yourself project, hit his thumb and used loud purple language. Arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, he argued that he could swear in the privacy of his own home. The judge imposed a fine, said: "The speaker stayed in his house, but his words did not—and the words are the offense."

IN NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT, police arrested a man for stealing a chicken from a market. He claimed, "It must have flown under my coat." (It was a frozen chicken.)

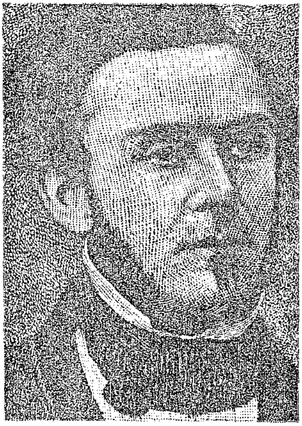
IN GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA, a culprit arrested for speeding posted bail with the check he had been given as a safe-driving award.

—FRANCES RODMAN

IN PARIS, FRANCE, a woman who saw a letter in her husband's handwriting in a postman's hand, snatched it and opened it. She found it was a love letter to another woman and won a suit for divorce, but was fined $20 for tampering with the mail.

A WOMAN IN Pistoria, Italy, who reported the disappearance of her husband to police was asked when she had seen him last. She replied, "Forty-two years ago." She explained she finally wanted him back because she had run out of money.

—BOB BROWN



He started the
Gold Rush,
founded Sacramento,
owned part
of San Francisco
and died
broke and obscure

# The gold baron of California

by Samuel Taylor

WHEN SAM BRANNAN, who started California's Gold Rush, founded the cities of Sacramento and Calistoga and actually owned one-fifth of San Francisco, was at the height of his wealth and power, an official of the Mormon Church prophesied that he would one day want for a loaf of bread. No one seeing the tall, broad-shouldered, handsome and rich Brannan could have believed that the Mormon's prophesy was anything more than sour grapes, the result of Sam's rejection of the Latter-day Saints. But it came to pass, all the same. When Brannan died, some years later in San Diego, he was a pauper and so unwanted that his body lay in a morgue for months until a nephew could raise enough money to have it decently buried.

Once so well known that billboards successfully advertised products with the slogan "Sam Brannan Buys It!" his memory was preserved for years only by his name on an obscure street in San Francisco.

Ironically, Samuel Brannan has been saved from oblivion, largely because of the two things he would most liked to have forgotten—the Church he rejected and the town of Calistoga, the great business mistake that contributed to his financial downfall.

Elder Samuel Brannan arrived in California July 31, 1846, aboard the good ship *Brooklyn* leading a colony of 235 Mormon settlers from New York. As he sailed through the Golden Gate, Brannan at the age of 27 was already a seasoned adventurer. His dress was more that of a river boat gambler than a religious leader, and his manners were rough, often coarse. As the *Brooklyn* neared the fort of Yerba Buena, Brannan saw the Stars and Stripes flapping from the flagpole. With an oath he roared, "Damn that flag!"

Sam had expected to see the flag of Mexico flying from the fort. On the trip around the Horn he had drilled his Mormons with muskets in anticipation of wresting San Francisco Bay from Mexico. He arrived three weeks too late, however, for that dream of glory.

Sam made plenty of history, though. He preached the first Protestant sermon in California. He published *The California Star,* the first newspaper of Yerba Buena (which presently became San Francisco), started the first school, performed the first marriage under the American flag, settled his colonists on the first farm in the famous San Joaquin Valley, and, charged with misappropriation of colony funds, was defendant in California's second jury trial. It ended in a hung jury.

The following spring, Brannan headed across the mountains to tell Brigham Young to bring the Mormons to the Pacific Coast. But Brigham let Sam know who was running the Church, and Brannan returned to California humiliated and embittered. He was through with the Mormons—except for the tithes he might collect.

Sam stopped at Sutter's Fort and started a little store to supply workmen who were constructing a flour mill and a sawmill for John Augustus Sutter. This put Brannan in a perfect spot the following January when a gold nugget was found in the tailrace of the sawmill.

While everyone in on the secret was trying to keep it quiet for personal gain, the news was almost too big to suppress. Brannan kept the discovery out of his paper and when a rival newspaper printed the story the *Star* ridiculed it.

Meanwhile, Sam fitted out four stores in the gold country. Then he went to San Francisco on May 11, 1848, with a small bottle full of gold. In the middle of the town square, he held the bottle aloft and roared: "Gold! *Gold!* GOLD from the American River!"

The Gold Rush was on. Sam charged fantastic prices at his stores. Eggs were $1 apiece. A dozen cans of oysters cost $144. Gold came in so fast that there was a problem of where to keep it; Sam simply poured the gold dust in chamber pots under the counters.

SAM SOON OWNED one-fifth of San Francisco, including most of the property along Market Street. He would throw up a stick-and-canvas shack on a $15 lot and rent it, depending on the location, for $600 to $1,000 a month. He borrowed money in New York at four percent, and loaned it in San Francisco for 12 percent. When land titles became clouded, Sam charged high interest rates for money advanced in title litigation, and bought up property at distress prices from those who thought they might lose.

The collapse of Mexican authority had left the city without organized law and order. Soon a gang called the Hounds terrorized San Francisco. After the Hounds committed rape and murder, Sam marched to the office of the Governor, climbed onto the roof and called upon the citizens to arise. The Hounds gathered, displaying pistols and muttering threats. Sam met them with invective, and the Hounds, outnumbered by the citizens, slunk away. On the spot, Sam organized the people into companies and by nightfall 19 Hounds had been locked up.

Then a gang of Australian convicts, the Sydney Ducks, joined the Hounds. On Christmas Eve, 1849, came the first of six great fires that ravaged the city. After the fifth in 18 months, Sam charged that the Ducks were setting the fires to provide opportunity for looting. On June 9, 1851, the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance was organized with Brannan as president. Two days later, the Vigilantes demonstrated their power by hanging a Duck for a daylight theft.

Sam had given $16,000 credit to Sutter. In payment he took a tract of land near Sutter's Fort strategically located at the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers. Here he founded Sacramento.

Brannan had been charging Mormon gold miners up to 30 percent of their take as "tithing." He had sold the farm of the San Joaquin colony but sent none of the money to the Church. Two emissaries from Brigham Young arrived for an accounting. When Brannan refused to turn over Church funds, one of the agents pulled a gun and said, "Sam, we aim to collect the Lord's money."

The gunman was Porter Rockwell, a man with a frightening reputation. Sam Brannan looked down the barrel of the weapon without batting an eye. "Porter," he said, "you tell Brigham that I'll give him the Lord's money when he gives me a receipt signed by the Lord."

Mormons believe that nobody can cheat the Lord and "prosper." A Church official, Parley Pratt, wrote in his diary that the day would come when Sam Brannan would want for a loaf of bread.

But Sam kept right on prospering. He schemed to annex the Sandwich (now the Hawaiian) Islands to the U. S. He and a group of financial sharks planned to buy up cheap island land and settle enough Americans to revolt against the native king and claim the Islands for the U. S. Sam sailed for Honolulu to get things under way. In his cups he boasted of the scheme and was immediately invited to leave; and the U.S. Government ordered him to get rid of all island holdings.

Sam was interested in civic and business progress. His generosities ranged from helping street beggars to sponsoring a fire company and being chief patron of the ambitious Music Fund. He was a member of the first city council. He became a banker and issued his own currency. He helped finance the first railroad west of the Mississippi, in association with William Tecumseh Sherman. He invested in a telegraph company and an express company. He reclaimed lands in the California valleys and bought a 170,000-acre rancho in Los Angeles county, dividing it into tracts for small farmers.

While in New York in 1853, Sam purchased a magnificent carriage for his wife. On the return voyage, he met the beautiful and notorious dancer, Lola Montez. Sam was enchanted. There were 460 other ship passengers and the competition was severe, but by the time the voyage ended Sam was walking the deck with Lola by day and spending nights in her stateroom.

In San Francisco, Sam gave the carriage he had intended for his wife to Miss Montez. Sam's wife maintained an attitude of aloof innocence while he took public carriage rides with the luscious Lola, who smoked cigars. Sam and his wife kept up an appearance of harmony, but when Sam took his family abroad, he returned home alone.

In 1859, Sam bought a square mile of real estate in the Napa valley which contained hot springs and jets of live steam. Sam had visited the famous European watering places and envisioned a resort that would overshadow them all—it would be the Saratoga of California.

"Yes," Sam said eagerly, "the Calistoga of Sarafornia!" Then he laughed; he had inadvertently coined a name which stuck.

But Calistoga was more than a slip of the tongue. It was a mistake of business judgment. Before Calistoga, everything went right for Sam; afterwards, everything seemed to go wrong.

Sam stocked his Calistoga estate with cattle, sheep and horses; with grape cuttings, trees and shrubs he had picked up in his travels. He imported mulberry trees and silkworms from Japan. His grand plans for the resort included a mammoth hotel, cottages set in palm-lined avenues, a swimming pool and bath house, a race track, winery and a distillery. Little latticework houses were built over various hot springs. One was called the soup spring, since it was flavored like chicken broth, and Sam fostered the illusion by having the cook slip diced chicken into the spring.

The gay parties which Sam threw at Calistoga were legendary. But his resort got none of the family trade that would have made it successful.

A group of local citizens complained to Sam that his sheep were polluting a stream used for drinking. Sam's gruff retort was: "Build yourself some fences." They solved the problem by stampeding the sheep over a high cliff. Sam had sunk half a million dollars into Calistoga when his manager took off with the cash and whatever else was portable. The climax came when Sam was shot eight times in the back during a minor squabble. A lesser man would have died, but Sam was soon up and about, though he would always have to use a cane. Sam became his own best customer at the distillery.

After eight years in Europe, Mrs. Brannan returned with the family and took up residence at Sam's house. She learned that Sam was having an affair with his own niece. Mrs. Brannan sued for divorce, and was awarded half the community property. Worth almost $1,000,000, Sam might have stayed solvent if a vindictive court had not ordered him to pay Ann Eliza her share in cash. Sam had to liquidate almost everything he had, at distress prices.

When Napoleon III of France had tried to conquer Mexico during our Civil War, Sam had financed an expedition to help repel the invader. Now would be a good time for Mexico to return the favor, he mused. After considerable jockeying, he was awarded a grant of 1,687,585 Mexican acres of farming, grazing and timber lands, underlaid with a great layer of anthracite coal.

Hostile Indians occupied the land. The Mexican Government required that it be surveyed and colonized as part of the deal. These obstacles would not have been impossible to the Sam Brannan who brought a colony around the Horn, nor the Brannan of the Gold Rush and the Vigilantes. But Sam was now 63 and lame. He wasn't poor, however; he was just broke, as all high-rolling gamblers are on occasion. Even while peddling pencils to support himself, he was eagerly promoting the great Mexican project. Sam didn't fail; his time simply ran out. He died at 70.

Sam's name has been kept alive largely by members of the Church he cast aside (not because of his part in California history but because Elder Samuel Brannan led the *Brooklyn* colony to the Golden Gate) and by his big mistake, Calistoga. Recently, the little town of Calistoga, which in 100 years hasn't grown much, revived the Brannan legend for its centennial celebration. The net result has been a good deal of publicity for Sam Brannan, and the possibility that, through it, he might finally be recognized for all he did for California.

## OH, COME NOW!

FROM A REPORT of the American Psychological Association: "Women who are cooperative and good sports are more likely to have big families."

IN CONNECTICUT, recently, a house owner received two notices from the city. Notice number one stated that the tax assessment on his apartment house was raised 20 percent. Notice number two stated that the building was declared unfit for occupancy.

—*AMA Journal*

LOCAL CHURCH MEMBERS in Annapolis, Maryland, are distributing forms on which persons can ask to see a minister.

There are categories to be checked so the minister will know the reason for his call.

One minister recently received a logical reply from an inmate at the county jail. The category checked was "shut-in."

—CLINTON H. DANIELS

UR FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON Jon was very lonesome because there was only one other playmate his age in the neighborhood. Therefore, I often let my housework go just to play with Jon and the other small boy. One day I answered a timid knock at the door and seeing Jon's small friend, I said, "He's taking a nap, dear."

"I know," was the reply, "but I was wondering—could *you* come out and play?" —CAROLYN J. YARBROUGH

AST SUMMER, after putting on a fresh, flower-sprigged afternoon dress, I went to watch my three-year-old niece play at watering the lawn. When I turned to wave at a neighbor, I was suddenly and thoroughly drenched. Just as I opened my mouth to scold the little drencher, she said, "Oh, I thought you were a *flower*!" —BERTA WHITEHOUSE

HUSUM, GERMANY, housewife has devised a better mousetrap. After two weeks of trying with an ordinary trap to catch a mouse which kept raiding the kitchen, she put a sleeping tablet into a bowl of sugar water and left it under the stove. The next morning she found the mouse sound asleep on the doorsill. —FELIX HARTLEP

N LONDON, the strip tease is called Paris strip tease. In Paris, it is American strip tease; and in Vienna, London strip tease. —IAN B. PATTEN

ECENTLY, A YOUNG LADY telephoned the principal of a local high school to ask some questions about the school's athletic program.

"If you'll just give me your name and address, Miss," the busy educator said, "I'll be glad to send you a brochure."

After a long pause the girl replied, "No, never mind. I'm really not old enough to wear one." —GLENN KERFOOT

BRAZILIAN POSTMASTER was unimpressed by the report that a U.S. mailman who had just retired was bitten by dogs ten times during his career. The explanation for his seeming indifference was:

"Our rural carriers are often bitten by jaguars." —ERNIE L. ANGLIN

WAS TREATING my four-year-old niece to lunch and a Walt Disney movie. After we ate our lunch the waitress brought finger bowls on little glass plates that had two white after-dinner mints lying on them.

Carol looked at hers and said, "What is this, Auntie?"

I told her it was a finger bowl to

rinse her fingers in if she had any food on them. She observed the mints a moment, then asked, "Is this the soap?" —KATHERINE M. HANK

GROUCHO MARX during one of his shows asked a very attractive tennis star about her training program for future tournaments.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to have to practice a lot. I need to improve my form and speed."

"If your form improves," leered Groucho, "you're going to need all the speed you can muster!" —*A.M.A. Journal*

ONE HOT JULY DAY my young son and some of his neighborhood pals had a lemonade stand on the front lawn. Business was extremely poor, to say the least. Not wanting to see them fail in their very first business venture, my husband and I bought glass after glass of lemonade until we literally gurgled when we moved. Eventually, they were completely sold out, and a lively argument ensued as to what to do with the profits. Later they returned from the corner store bearing a brown paper bag.

"What did you finally decided to buy?" we asked.

"Oh," was the answer, "we did so well, we decided to invest in more lemons." —MRS. RAY MOSKUS

JIMMIE WAS NINE YEARS OLD, but he had never spoken a word in his life and his family was very concerned about him.

Then one evening at dinner, Jimmie said in a loud, clear voice, "I don't want spinach. Please give me beans instead."

"Why, Jimmie, what a surprise," said his father. "We thought you couldn't talk. Why haven't you ever said a word before this?"

"Well," answered Jimmie, "up to now, everything has been fine." —FRANCES BENSON

TALK AT THE PARTY was getting around to hi-fi. "We have been getting the most wonderful results from stereophonic sound," said one guest. "You sit in the middle of the room and sounds come to you from right and left."

"I know what you mean," said a rueful husband. "I've been living with my wife and her mother for ten years." —CLAIRE S. BRANSHAW

WIFE, POINTING to husband stretched out in hammock, explains to friend: "Fred's hobby is letting birds watch him." —*General Features Corporation*

THE LAWYER WAS addressing an all male jury: "Gentlemen," he pleaded, "shall this beautiful, young, unattached blonde lady be thrown into a lonely cell or shall she be permitted to return to her charming little apartment, telephone 9872?" —FRANCES BENSON

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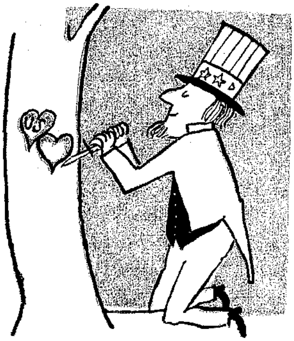


# When Uncle Sam gets sentimental

by Al Toffler

He passes private bills to serve as balm for those "jilted" by the law

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN has never heard of that remarkable Washington institution, the "private bill." Nevertheless, it is something created for his benefit—in situations when a quirk of circumstances makes him a victim of injustice.

Almost 5,000 of these fluke laws have been passed in the last decade by a Congress sentimentally affected by such things as a girl shot by a cop, a man without a country, an injured cow, an overdose of streptomycin.

On the night of July 29, 1948, for example, 19-year-old Miss Dorothy Kilmer was in the Palm Grove Club in Washington, D.C., where she worked sporadically as a hat-check girl. She noticed a man following her; he had a revolver in his hand.

"Put away that gun," Dorothy cried, "people get hurt that way."

Suddenly the revolver discharged. A bullet severed her spine, leaving the lower portion of her body permanently paralyzed.

Dorothy Kilmer had no legal claim against the U.S., even though it turned out that her assailant was a rookie on the Metropolitan Police Force—an agency of the District of Columbia government. The man had been off duty and had used another cop's service pistol. This cleared the District of Columbia of any legal responsibility.

Despite this, Congress, touched by her plight, awarded Dorothy $15,000 in compensation. It took several years for Congress to decide, because it was afraid of establishing a troublesome precedent. But, in the end, as Dorothy points out today, "Compassion proved to be more important than a point of law."

Not all the stories behind the private laws are quite so grim. One of these involved Mike Romanoff, the famous Hollywood restaurateur who spent much of his life in farcical battle with the U. S. Immigration Service.

It all began on November 29, 1922, when fabulous "Prince" Mike marched off a ship in New York and sought admission as an American citizen. The authorities said no and ordered him deported. Mike did what came naturally—he disappeared. Captured two years later, he began reporting to the Immigration Service while it prepared to deport him. Then he vanished again.

On April 19, 1932, when the French liner *Ile de France* docked at New York, who should disembark but Romanoff? He blandly explained to dismayed officials that he had left the U.S. unintentionally when he had gone to wish some friends a bon voyage and had remained aboard ship by accident.

Immigration hurriedly shipped Mike back to France. That same year, however, the stowaway extraordinaire popped up in this country again, now claiming to have come from Canada. Red tape and a running battle over where he was born prevented his deportation then.

The crux of the problem was simply that the Immigration Service couldn't prove that Mike was born abroad. Mike couldn't prove that he had been born in the U.S. Stalemate. The result was a private law granting Romanoff, by now a famous businessman, permanent residence in this country.

But Congress doesn't hoard its favors for the rich or the famous.

Michael S. Tilimon was running a small tavern in Toledo in 1955. Two days before Christmas, FBI men walked in, told him he was under arrest and snapped handcuffs on him. (Witnesses had identified Tilimon from photographs as the man who had cashed several travelers' checks which had been stolen from a bank in Wisconsin months earlier.) His horrified wife kept repeating, "There's been a mistake! There's been a mistake!"

Tilimon's arrest was luridly described in the local press. He was released from jail on $7,500 bail the day after his arrest. Then, within a month or so, a key witness who had positively identified the tavern keeper changed his mind. About a month later, charges against Tilimon were dismissed. The newspapers, which had played up his arrest, ran this news in the back pages.

Meanwhile, friends and acquaintances, according to Tilimon, "doubted the truth of the charges against me—but I knew they weren't convinced . . . how terrible a feeling to have to be protesting my innocence . . . always feeling that I was on the defensive and that it was up to me to prove my innocence instead of the reverse."

Recognizing the injustice of Tilimon's case, Congressman Thomas Ashley of Ohio put a private bill in the hopper. Through it, Congress made partial amends to a citizen whose reputation was injured through a false arrest. Tilimon got $2,000—$1,000 for the damage to his good name and $1,000 to repay the money he had spent for a private investigation in the search for justice.

In Japan, an American woman accountant employed by the Army was injured by an overdose of streptomycin administered her in the Tokyo Army Hospital. The drug left her permanently subject to dizziness and other symptoms. Moreover, she found that she was unprotected by normal civil service benefits. A private bill gained redress for her.

After a 25-year-old native of Hong Kong named Wai Ling Vivian married an American citizen, she was prevented from joining him in the U.S. because she was discovered to be suffering from epilepsy. A prolonged separation followed, until Congress, moved by a plea from Congressman Albert Morano, wrote a private law admitting the wife.

Not every private bill is passed. In fact, the majority are shelved. Only the most meritorious are acted upon. For they require passage by both houses of Congress, and signature by the President.

But where a member of Congress senses real injustice, he will fight hard for the victim. Congressman Sidney Yates of Illinois, for example, has been waging a real battle to get private legislation guaranteeing asylum in this country for a handsome young ex-member of the Nationalist Chinese Marine Corps. The man, Hsuan Wei, came here for training with the U.S. Marine Corps, criticized Chiang Kai-shek's regime, and, according to Yates, was warned that he'd be executed upon his return to Formosa. Yates believes Wei should be allowed to remain in this country.

If the individual is hurt by Federal action, his chances of finding a champion in Congress are good. Take the curious case of Peter V. Bosch, a North Dakota farmer. On May 6, 1955, agents of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, as part of a campaign against brucellosis, came to take a blood sample from a Holstein cow belonging to Bosch.

Farmer Bosch tied his cow to a post to restrain her. But the cow, struggling to avoid the needle, slipped, fell and suffered internal injuries. She had to be destroyed.

There was no law on the books that permitted the Government to pay damages. So Senator William Langer, a high-strung maverick himself, introduced a bill on the farmer's behalf.

On July 30, 1957, in the midst of uproar over civil rights legislation, Congress solemnly voted to give Peter V. Bosch $175 because, in the words of a committee report, his cow, in struggling, "fell with both hind feet slipping in a lateral position to the maximum extent."

In less elegant language, Bossie had done a split. It was Uncle Sam's fault. And, once again, he was fair enough to make amends.

## CARTOON QUOTES

FATHER TO HIS TEEN-AGE SON: "I'm worried! Your mother isn't home! She could be lying unnoticed, seriously hurt in some bargain basement!"

—DICK TURNER (*Detroit News*)

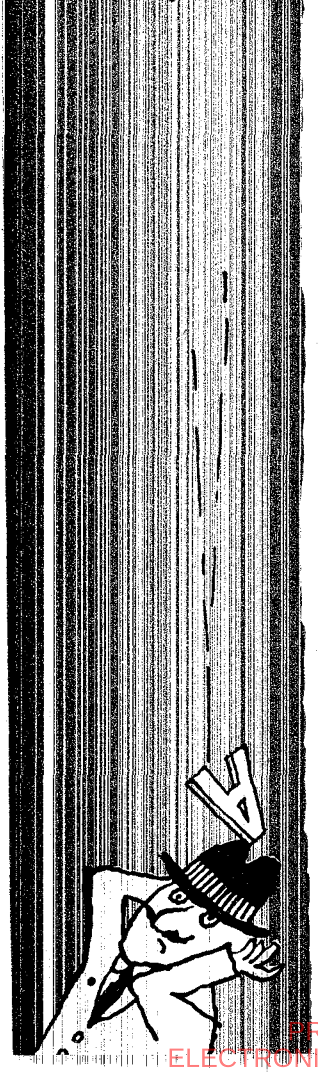
FATHER, LOOKING OVER REPORT CARD, to small son: "One thing in your favor—with these grades, you couldn't possibly be cheating."

—NORMENT (*American Mercury*)

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

# DROP LETTER

Drop a letter and the word changes, says Guest Quizmaster Bennett Cerf. The panelist of CBS-TV's "What's My Line?" (Sundays, 10:30 p.m., EST) cites as example the words EXCERPT and EXCEPT. In the pairs below, one letter plucked from the first word defined will give you the second. Check the results on page 122, Quizmaster Cerf suggests.



1. Pleasantly chubby; a juicy fruit.
2. A dull, ignorant person; a sandy hill.
3. To come into violent contact; Lassie.
4. Wait for a good chance; to offer a certain price.
5. To put off to a future time; a forest animal.
6. Deranged; silly.
7. Stir up to action; stood.
8. A drawing or plan; haughtily condescend.
9. Very eager; assistance.
10. Somewhat foggy; cut and dried grass.
11. Make pictures; gasp for breath.
12. Thought of as perfect; a mental image.
13. Immediately succeeding; clear profit.
14. Be half asleep; a female rabbit.
15. Harmony; a single measure.
16. A stage play; a small weight.
17. Slanderous reports; a kind of footwear.
18. A sudden leap or thrust; a body organ.
19. Mix; curve.
20. House for horses; not fresh.
21. A mourning hymn for the dead; dreadful.
22. A narrow, steep-sided valley; a church law.
23. Foreigner; legal claim.
24. Opposite of right; to rent.
25. A sound made through the mouth; evil.
26. A short trip for pleasure; a relative.
27. A public sale; activity.
28. Join together; seasoning.

Running off with their beaux has been a merry game to some of England's society maidens. But now irate parents are teaching them that it can also cause a jilting and a jailing

# Britain's eloping heiresses

by Geoffrey Bocca

LADY MAUDIE LITTLEHAMPTON, the strictly upper-crust creation of British cartoonist Osbert Lancaster, looked up from reading about the difficulties Belgium's Prince Albert and Princess Paola were having in getting married. "I don't know why they don't elope," she said, "like everybody else."

The sting was in the last three words. In England it seems that "everybody" elopes. In recent years, the stereotype of the prim British girl has gone out of the window as English rose after English rose has taken off on lurid marriage flights.

Indeed, the runaway English heiress has become a phenomenon attracting worried attention in the British Parliament, in the press and in private homes. The most recent and most spectacular case was the frustrated elopement of Edward Langley, a young London man-about-town, with Katharine Dowsett, daughter of a British millionaire. Both Langley and Katharine went to prison.

Two years earlier, Tessa Kennedy fled first to Scotland with a young society bachelor, Dominic Elwes, then to Cuba and the U.S. Elwes went to prison, too, but, unlike Langley, he married the girl first. Bobo Sigrist, daughter of an aircraft manufacturing millionaire, eloped with an interior decorator named Gregg Juarez. Sarah Skinner, blonde heiress with a trust fund of $224,000 for life, took off with a well-known member of London's sporting set, "Dandy" Kim Waterfield.

Nor does this even begin to skim the cream off the list. In 1954 there was the tragic elopement of Jimmy Goldsmith and Isabella Patiño, who subsequently died giving birth to her child. An English showgirl, Gay Leslie, eloped to Scotland in 1958 with a wealthy young French nobleman, Count Michel de Becker. Jacqueline Ansley, 19-year-old daughter of an international banker, fled earlier this year with a thrice-divorced Portuguese artist named Jose de Almeido Araujo. About the same time 17-year-old Valerie Knight was threatened with being disinherited from a considerable fortune when she ran away with a laborer from a farm neighboring her father's estate.

Davan Adams, 18, one of the last debutantes to be presented to Queen

Elizabeth II before the practice was terminated, eloped twice. When she left home with Ralph Campbell, a scrap-metal dealer twice her age, her father obtained two court injunctions: to stop the couple from marrying in England and to stop Campbell from taking the girl abroad.

Most of these elopements have a broad common foundation. The girl is usually rich, the man less so. The girl is usually under 21. They head for Scotland, as behind them trail angry fathers, delighted newspapermen and puffing writ servers.

The Scottish village of Gretna Green, just over the border from England, has been marrying runaways for 200 years. Until 1856, marriages over the anvil at the blacksmith's forge at Gretna Green had the force of law. But nowadays, 15 days' residence is required, and couples camp out in tents or barns, scarcely able to raise the $1.50 for the marriage license. There are rarely fewer than 20 couples waiting for licenses.

This is elopement on the lower-income level, and it has been going on for centuries. The big change is that in recent years—basically since the Goldsmith-Patiño elopement—the practice has spread upwards into high society.

The foundation of this elopement phenomenon is the difference between Scottish and English law. In England, parental consent is necessary before a person under 21 can marry. In Scotland, parental consent is required only if a person is under 16. Scotland has had little trouble with its own young people. But across the border is "foreign" England, with glittering London social

**When Katharine Dowsett eloped with Edward Langley, her pursuing father**

**Tessa Kennedy fled to Scotland, Cuba and U.S. with Dominic Elwes. They**

life and a new generation which has grown wilder since the war.

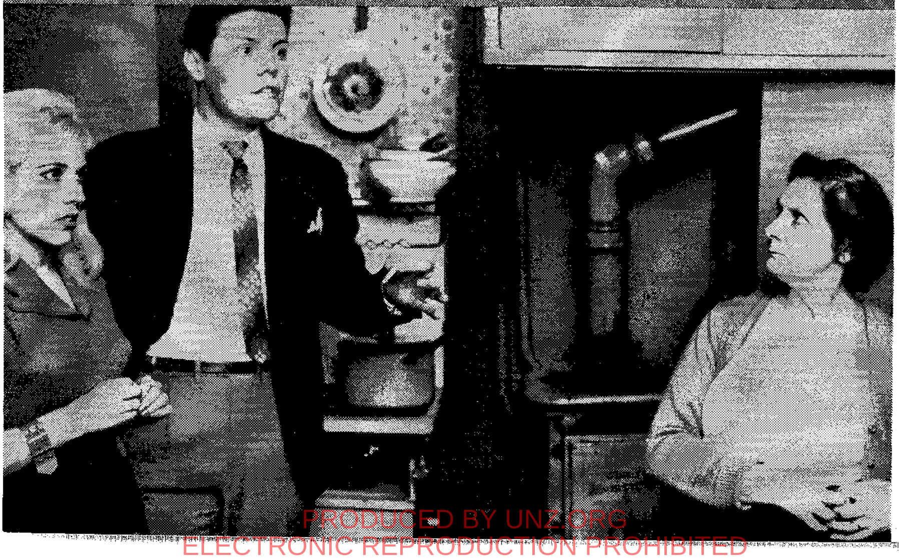
English girls have emancipated themselves. And since many of England's rich men have grown richer during the current prosperity, "Daddy" is the fountain of everything: of holidays on the Riviera, schools in Switzerland and private bank accounts. "Daddy" also pays the rent for his daughter's little flat in Chelsea. But then along comes the boy friend, and "Daddy," who wasn't born yesterday, suddenly becomes an ogre.

Next comes the elopement and another recurring phenomenon: the detailed, blow-by-blow stories—with pictures—in the press and even on television. One would think the best way to elope successfully would be to do it quietly and lie low. But clearly-defined pressures force the young lovers into pursuing publicity. With the elopement, the magic fountain has dried up. In many cases the girl has run out of cash; often the boy never had any. By keeping the newspapers informed, they can sometimes touch the reporters for a loan, which the reporters in turn can write off as legitimate expenses. Fifty or 100 pounds is not a lot for a reporter to give for an exclusive story of a first-class society elopement. So the lovers are, in effect, often subsidized by the press.

Needless to say, the wave of elopements has produced some rollicking humor in the smarter London cocktail bars:

"Darling, isn't it too awful! Because of the newspaper strike Ann and Dickie have had to postpone their elopement."

"We are going to keep our elope-



Reversing usual rich-girl, poor-boy stereotype, showgirl Gay Leslie, 22, ran off to Gretna Green to marry wealthy French nobleman Michel de Becker, 18. Below, Gay's mother glowers sternly as the couple returns to face the music.

ment secret," says another girl. "Except, of course, for a brief statement to the press."

And Beachcomber, the humorist of the London *Daily Express*, burst out lyrically:

*"So closely was the secret kept,*
*That nobody turned up, except*
*The television camera corps,*
*Agents, reporters by the score . . .*
*Photographers in crowded vans,*
*And forty thousand screaming fans."*

But behind the jokes, British social commentators are worried and irritated. Sir Alan Herbert has declared that English and Scottish marriage laws should become more uniform. Malcolm Muggeridge, the journalist and wit, is fed up with the whole business. "I wish to God someone would stop these runaways," he says. "They are such a bore."

The Rev. Donald Soper, one of England's leading Methodist churchmen, says, "It is all part of this 'Look Back in Anger' business, the cult of angry young people who don't know what they are angry about. I think the reason why it doesn't happen much in America is that American boys have more money than ours. A great many parental objections to a marriage would disappear if the suitor had money."

There are specific and often effective steps that English parents can take to protect their daughters, however. They can have their child made an "infant ward of court." This hands over her guardianship until she reaches the age of 21 to the Chancery Division of the Queen's Bench. The court can then order the girl's suitor not to communicate with her in any way, at the risk of being found in contempt of court.

This applies only to England. If the father wants to pursue the couple to Scotland, he can often stymie them by protesting the banns. If they flee to the Continent, their passports can be suspended and Interpol, the international police force, will help to trace the couple and send them back. Then, whether they marry or not, both face prison sentences when they return to England.

Here an archaic law still prevails. In England, contempt of court is the only offense for which an offender can be prosecuted, found guilty and sent to prison by the same judge. The offender goes to prison without knowing how long he will be there, or until the judge decides he has "purged his contempt." And he has no right of appeal. Dominic Elwes got off lightly with two weeks in prison. But Edward Langley was incarcerated for 79 days.

The Langley-Dowsett elopement had many points characteristic of them all. Katharine was 20, Langley, 27. Langley was a young man around London, well-dressed, but with few apparent means of support. When he and Katharine took off for Scotland, the girl's father, shipbuilder Harry Dowsett, followed—and so did the newspapers and television crews. There was a spectacular eight-week chase, over the mountains and through the glens, with court orders, writs and noisy oaths flying in all directions. Dowsett succeeded in frustrating the couple at every turn, until they gave up and returned to England, unmarried. Katharine went to prison for six days, and Langley was tried in the High Court before Justice Vaisey, last July.

At the end of the trial, the judge called Langley's conduct "gross, flagrant and deliberate." He said, "It is . . . possible to regard him as not far removed from a penniless adventurer. His chief activities seem to be leading my ward (Katharine Dowsett) . . . into mischief. I do not think I have ever known a worse case than this. . . . It may be that later he will be able to proffer an apology . . . which will allow me to accept it as genuine. But if he thinks he can snap his fingers in the face of this court and then come trundling back to get off scot-free . . . he is very much mistaken.

"I wish Langley to understand clearly," the judge went on sternly, "if he continues to . . . communicate with my young ward, his incarceration might be continued for a period which might surprise him. . . ."

It is easy to understand the distress and anger of British parents. Although some of the runaway marriages, like the Elwes-Kennedy marriage, seem to be perfectly happy, others have ended in ludicrous failure. The Bobo Sigrist-Gregg Juarez marriage folded in 18 months, followed by flights with a baby across the Atlantic and insults traded in open court. After five months, Gay Leslie announced that she had started divorce proceedings against Michel de Becker.

There may be a change on the way, however, and Harry Dowsett may have started it. He proved that the laws have teeth to protect daughters under 21. His tenacity—and Edward Langley's uncomfortable fate—have shown London's wild young set that elopement is not all laughs and delicious publicity, but that after the feast—and sometimes even before—comes the reckoning. It is possible that the ill-starred elopement of Katharine Dowsett and Edward Langley may have marked the end of a trend that may have been fun, but was also foolish. ♛

## SALES PSYCHOLOGY

THE YOUNG MAN was helping out in his aunt's candy store. The aunt had stocked up heavily on peppermint sticks, but even though the price was right—a penny a stick—no one was buying.

The ten-year-old helper borrowed a hammer, broke the sticks into 12 pieces each and put a new sign in the window.

"Big Bargain Today—A dozen pieces of peppermint for one penny."

The whole supply was sold out in three hours.

—*A.M.A. Journal*

Someday you'll be old,
but you needn't be grim about
it. And, if you take this
wise old lady's very good advice,
you may even enjoy it

# WISE WORDS FROM AN OLD LADY

by Sophie Kerr

Now that I am an old woman, really old, no "elderly" or "senior-citizen" nonsense about it, I can admit that all through my long life I have not liked old women. This distaste began with my two grandmothers, for one was brusque and thought it amusing to tease small children; the other was super-sentimental and wept whenever she saw me. I was the youngest child of her youngest child and resembled him—she thought. I learned to thwart the teasing grandmother by indifferent silence, and how to wriggle out of the tearful embraces of the sentimentalist. Since these were the only old ladies I knew well, they made me wary of all others.

Now I look at my contemporaries and appraise them with—I hope—understanding and sympathy. From them I have discovered attitudes and maneuvers with age, some *pro* and some *con,* all depending on balance and self-control. One thing

I have learned for sure: sunsets can be as brilliant and exciting as sunrises, in time as well as nature.

Yet old age *is* another world, very different from youth and middle age. Old age has its own great limitations but also its own great privileges. We old women should minimize the former and emphasize the latter. Everyone must be aware of how many of us there are. At any concert, matinee, church service, club meeting, in shops, planes, buses, railroad cars, notice the many white heads or those that have been blued, purpled or otherwise uselessly camouflaged. And how do we look?

Well, to be frank, we look *grim!* A complete lack of amiability is our trade-mark. Remember that cartoon of a photographer with camera turned on a stout old gorgon, saying, "Smile, madam, smile! It is done by forcing up the corners of the mouth." That is us old women—grim, sorely lacking that smile.

It is small wonder that we do look so grim, for age is in many ways an exasperating state. (Exasperation makes for grimness.)

It is boring, sometimes painful to coax our weakening eyes and ears, force our lessening vitality. (Boredom and pain make grimness, too.)

It is not pleasant to be pushed back on the sidelines when we've been used to participating. (The sidelines can be very grim.)

It is frustrating to watch our beloved young people crashing head on into trouble when a few words of counsel from us elders would avert the crash. (Frustration breeds grimness.)

And it is infuriating to be told that our day is over simply because that day happens to be extra long. (Such anger is very grim-promoting.)

Other, grimmer forces attack us constantly: illness, slowed reactions, uncertain memory and the never-healed stabs of bereavement. When I think of this list I know why so many of us old women look like battle-axes.

There is still another specter that haunts many of us and molds our faces into masks of worry and hopelessness. This specter is lack of money for decent living. If we no longer have the strength or the ability to earn an existence wage; if we do not have a living income and no children or kin to support us, then indeed we know the mood of over-the-hills-to-the-poorhouse, and that is a very grim mood indeed.

But there are far too many of us with comfortable incomes and no great diminution of abilities who nevertheless present to the world forbidding faces, forbidding voices and forbidding manners. Some of this stems from feminine vanity hurt by the changes in our appearance. Youth and middle age can usually stake valid claims to at least a few points of beauty, but the really old face, though it may be interesting, intelligent, powerful, just has not got the physical glamor of youth and there is no use trying to make it seem so.

Yet there are too many old women who will go on with the dress, make-up and hairdo of girlhood and consider that they are looking very well for their years. Actually they are only caricatures of their past, at once sad and stupid. Even when, like the Gilbert and Sullivan lady, they sit "in the dusk with a light behind" they do not look young and they do not look at all beautiful.

Real beauty in women is rare even in youth. But in old age it is almost non-existent. Among the vast number of old ladies I have met since I was young there were only two whom I can honestly call beautiful. One was a freak of nature, lovely from childhood, calm, even-tempered and sensible as years went on. Somehow, magically, her loveliness stayed with her and though it was, perhaps, a bit static and masklike it nevertheless was a true delight to the observer.

My other beautiful old lady had suffered hard times, sickness, constant work and bitter tribulations, but a gay and gallant spirit had carried her along magnificently and in her 80s she looked like an untragic, generous, living-it-up old Duse, warm and kind and fun to laugh with, witty to talk with. In neither of these old beauties was there a scrap of grimness; they were both admirably self-disciplined.

And they were alike in other ways. Neither complained though both had plenty to complain about. They kept discussion of bodily failings for their doctor, dentist and oculist. They had unsatisfactory children, but they never spoke of them. Neither did these ladies talk wistfully about the past or rail against the customs of the present, instead they welcomed change and innovation and watched with real exhilaration the speeding of progress. In their separate ways these two women were wonderful exponents of a fine design for old age. I remember them both with gratitude and though I haven't the looks of the first, I copy as best I can the spirit of the second.

Old age is very different from middle age, though there seems some confusion on that premise. But when I read the patter of mere 60-odd-year-old youngsters who expatiate on what a glorious time of life they've come into I feel like saying with the old vaudeville actor: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

At 60 and 60-plus there is plenty of physical and mental vigor to draw on and many occupations and diversions are possible which inevitably diminish with the piling on of more years. I speak with the authority of my own years—I'm in my 79th. In real old age, concentrated creative work, with that pull on the last ounce of effort to get something important done, simply isn't possible. We do not mean to slack, but we cannot help it for body, nerves and will refuse to function.

That is why it seems to me that when we reach real old age we need the philosophy which accentuates the Haves and cuts the Losses. There is a pungent phrase of the boxing ring—"Roll with the punch"—a counsel we old people can use to great advantage. What is gone, what is past, what is now impossible—we must let go, and refuse to wreathe with regret. We must face trouble and difficulty but not let them destroy our spirit. We cannot run perhaps, but how good it is to be able to walk!

For dim sight there are better and better spectacles, for failing ears there are new efficient aids. If we can't get out to sports and movies and theaters and concerts, the radio and TV assiduously bring us their entertainment which has the merit of being stopped by the simple turning of a knob if it begins to bore. And it is a very small-souled old critter who can't find *some* sort of useful volunteer job in church, politics, club or charity.

We may have been bumped off our pet committee by younger members but there are still bits and pieces in every public movement which can be picked up and put together, where experience really counts. To be useful and appreciated are a splendid antidote for grimness.

Those of us old women who are still in some active work and independent financially seem to me to be the most contented. The least contented seem to be those who once had enough income to live on but have given most of their capital away—along with treasured belongings—to friends and relatives, expecting to receive tender loving care forever. They are too often cruelly disappointed. My observation is that if we *can* work and make money enough to live on we will be doing the wisest thing to keep on at it; and if we have means to support ourselves we should not give them away even to our nearest and dearest. The feeling of dependence is sad and humiliating, and those to whom we look for support may find us a tiresome burden and, as they say, "make other arrangements" for us.

No matter what our ages, we like to make our own "arrangements," and we are happier with them no matter how they seem to onlookers. It is an amusing fact that the old get even more advice than the young. Those apparently kindly words, "You really ought to sell that big house and get a nice cozy little apartment" and "Why don't you try a warmer climate?" or "You don't really need a new hat"—who has not heard these and their like many, many times? My feeling is that all such gratuitous counsel should be answered with a polite but firm mind-your-own-business.

FOR NOW WE COME to the greatest privilege of old age, which is to do as we please, whatever, wherever and whenever. We are far more free than we were when we were young. We can say and do as we like. If we hate modern art and the new music we can pass them by and stick to Rembrandt, Bach, Holbein and Brahms. If we feel like travel we can hop on an airplane and visit those alluring places we have only seen in the pages of *The National Geographic Magazine*. If we're carrying a load of charitable, social and political work let us say blithely, "I'm too old for this sort of thing."

"I'm too old" is simply marvelous for getting out of all sorts of tiresome obligations. We can stop being pleasant to acquaintances and kinfolk we've never really liked. We can, instead, draw nearer to the friends most loved, most trusted and *most interesting*. And the moment any of us gets the let's-do-something-nice-for-poor-old-Mrs.-Whoosis treatment, cross that attention-giver right off our list, for pity is one thing we old women do not want. We should also suppress all self-pity. We are human beings and we resent being classified as pathetic puppets.

The world of being old can offer a very lively career to those who will use its resources. Women are here to stay, and us old ones are many of the stayers. Wordsworth wrote two false lines:

*"O Man, that from thy fair and*
*shining youth*
*Age might but take the things*
*Youth needed not!"*

My belief is that Wordsworth's was a spurious appeal. Age actually needs very little of what Youth possessed. Age has its own resources, opportunities, strengths and desires. To pin the poet down to facts, the "things of youth" that age misses most are physical: strong muscles, good eyes and ears—if these were taken from "fair and shining youth" it would not be very fair or shining. We old ones must use the muscles of our bodies and the muscles of our minds as far as they will still go and neither envy nor imitate youth. And we needn't be grim about it.

We had it once and we can look back with gratitude, for now our finest memories take the place of the vague, feverish dreams and ambitions of our youth. We are, in fact, living the future of our youth. The rush and push of earlier days are done; instead we have more selection of activity, more dignity, a broader vista, a more even judgment. We have seen much, we have experienced much, some of us have achieved much, and to all this we can look back pleasurably, skipping the dull and shadowed parts, for like the sundial, we should "count only sunlit hours."

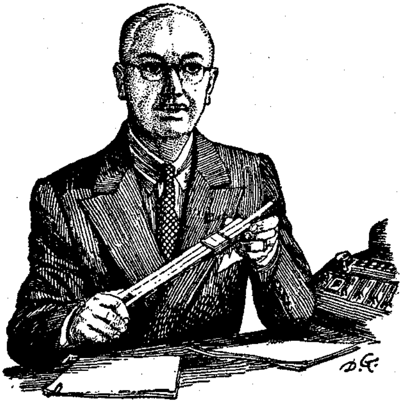
We can live according to our own customs, holding the treasures of age and valuing them. And we can surely loosen that prevailing grimness of our faces by forcing up the corners of the mouth and smiling confidently at the coming generations, assured that we will receive a smile of confidence in return.

## THINK IT OVER

AN ASPIRING LADY WRITER once complained to Lord Northcliffe, famous English journalist and publisher, "I can't understand it," she said, "I write an hour a day, six days a week, and yet I cannot please an editor. On the other hand," she continued, "take Thackeray for instance; he simply awoke one morning and found himself famous."

"When that morning dawned," Lord Northcliffe commented, "Thackeray had been writing eight hours a day for 15 years. The man who wakes up and finds himself famous, Madam, has not been asleep."

—QUENTIN R. HOWARD



# Nemesis of the bank embezzlers

by Bill Davidson

**Accountant Lester Pratt knows 210 ways to rob a bank—and has spent his life trapping the cunning embezzlers who try it**

NOT LONG AGO, an ordinary-looking man carrying a briefcase sauntered through the front door of a West Virginia bank. A teller took one look at him and ran, white-faced, to the bank president's office. "I just saw Lester Pratt come in," panted the teller. "He's sure to catch me anyway, so I might as well confess. I've embezzled $25,000."

Lester A. Pratt is probably the most unlikely "crime-buster" in the world. He is a little man with thinning gray hair and a wispy mustache who looks exactly like an accountant—which he is.

On the wall of his Washington, D.C., office hangs a sign which reads: "The typical bank examiner is a man past middle age, spare, wrinkled, cold, with eyes like a codfish, a heart of feldspar and minus passion or a sense of humor. . . ."

"That's me," says Pratt happily.

During a career spanning more than a quarter of a century, Pratt has helped catch hundreds of bank embezzlers, using the standard accounting tool, the adding machine, but using it with extraordinary skill and imagination.

Take the time, for example, the directors of a big Eastern bank decided, as a routine precautionary measure, to employ Pratt's services. When he finished his audit, the bank's books balanced.

But a few weeks later, Pratt returned—unannounced. He arrived at 8 A.M. and began to total the ledger cards of all the active accounts in the bank. As he worked, the bank's head bookkeeper hovered nervously nearby. Suddenly Pratt was summoned to a phone in another room. It was one of the tellers calling him from outside the bank.

Pratt came back to his desk and finished totaling the accounts—and again the books balanced. But at this point, Pratt, the detective, took over for Pratt, the auditor. First of all, his near-photographic mind informed him that there were ledger cards in the files which had not appeared in the first audit. This told Pratt that something was fishy, since one of the most common embezzling tricks is to substitute fictitious accounts for legitimate accounts, draw money from the fake accounts, then remove the legitimate cards before an audit—so that they are not totaled in. This time, Pratt had swooped down so quickly the embezzler had not had time to remove the extra cards.

The second clue was the telephone call. Pratt reasoned that someone might have wanted to get him away from his adding machine. So he began the painstaking task of adding up the accounts all over again. This time he found that the bank was $29,000 short.

By 11 P.M. that night, the head bookkeeper had confessed the $29,000 embezzlement to the F.B.I. He admitted that he had had Pratt called to the phone by an accomplice, the teller. While Pratt was gone, the head bookkeeper had sneaked over to the auditor's desk and swiftly had drawn back the carriage of the adding machine, thus canceling out entries already made by the machine. He had canceled out exactly $29,000 worth of entries—which is why no shortage showed up the first time Pratt had totaled the accounts.

Pratt often works side by side with Federal law enforcement officers. In many cases, he has cooperated with the F.B.I. For years he was an unofficial advisor to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Government agency which insures deposits in some 13,400 American banks. H. Earl Cook, formerly the head of the F.D.I.C., regards Pratt as without peer in the science of exposing banking shenanigans.

Ordinarily, if Federal bank examiners find anything suspicious, they recommend that the bank itself engage an outside auditor to run down the trouble—and often Pratt gets called in on the case. He is also called in when private surety companies (which insure banks against fraud and embezzlement) are notified of wrongdoing.

A famous Pratt case involved a bank in a small town in Pennsylvania a few years ago. One day he received a wire which was simply addressed, "Mr. Pratt, Bank Examiner, Washington, D. C." The telegram was from the directors of the bank. They suspected something was wrong and wanted him to make an examination.

When he arrived, Pratt learned that the directors' suspicions had become aroused when a customer of the bank unexpectedly came back from a long sojourn in Europe and presented a passbook for a savings account in which he had some $18,000. But the bank could find no record that the account existed.

Pratt poked around for awhile

and then he explained to his assistant, "One of the tellers probably dug out what he thought was a dormant account. He destroyed the ledger card and transferred the money to several fictitious accounts. So whenever he wanted money he just withdrew it from those fake accounts. All we have to do is find the phony ledger cards."

Three days later, Pratt called to his assistant, triumphantly holding a ledger card. "Look at this signature," said Pratt. "It was drawn by a right-handed man writing left-handed. Look at the number of the card."

The assistant looked. The card was numbered 9,999. "What does *that* mean?" he asked.

"It's an easy-to-remember number," Pratt explained, "the last one in the file and handy to get at in an emergency. Let's examine numbers 8,888, 7,777, and so on." He pulled out those cards. Again some signatures were drawn by a right-handed man writing left-handed.

"Now," said Pratt, "we total the money that was in those accounts and I bet they add up to the exact amount that is missing." He figured rapidly on his adding machine. "Right," he announced, "$18,433—with interest!" A few days later, the F.B.I. had analyzed the handwriting on the fictitious cards and traced it to one of the bank's tellers.

In still another classic Pratt case, he was called in by a dry goods company. When he totaled up the books he found that a certain amount of money was missing. He also knew that an embezzler usually expects to put the money back and therefore tries to keep some record of the missing sums. In this case, Pratt spotted a faint penciled dot next to a missing item in the cashier's records. Then he saw another dot—and another. He began adding up the items with the dots next to them. "By the 12th dot," says Pratt, "I had a confession from the cashier."

In other instances, Pratt has employed such crime-detecting devices as hidden cameras, microfilmed records, lie detectors, silver nitrate solution to stain a thief's fingers and the shadowgraph machine which reveals the most carefully executed erasures on ledger cards.

In June, 1957, he was conducting an audit in an Eastern bank whose president suspected that loan collections were being stolen in the U.S. mails. "I have a different theory," said Pratt, and he asked the local U.S. postal inspectors to mail three separate loan payments to the bank, first sprinkling them with invisible fluorescent powder.

The next afternoon, these three payments had not been recorded as received and the loan teller was taken to the bank's board room. "We're going to turn an ultraviolet lamp on him," Pratt whispered to the bank president, "and if his fingers glow, we know he's touched the fluorescent powder on the missing payments." The postal inspectors then switched on the ultraviolet lamp. Not only did the teller's fingers light up but also his nose, ears and chin. The case was solved.

But on the whole, Pratt solves his cases by using simple accounting techniques. A few years ago, he was called in for a surprise audit at a New Jersey bank. Even before he arrived, Pratt sent out verification notices to all customers who had made loans from the bank, asking them to state how much money they owed. A puzzled woman came to see Pratt, carrying one of the notices. "I can't understand this," she said. "It was addressed to my son, Ronnie, and he's only three months old. How could *he* have made a loan?"

At this, Pratt moved in on the bank's note teller. He discovered that the teller had started embezzling by making loans to fictitious persons and pocketing the money. As each loan came due, he had to make another fake loan to get enough money to pay the old loan and avert suspicion. Finally he had run out of names and began to copy them from the telephone book and from birth lists in the newspapers. That's how three-month-old Ronnie came into the picture. Pratt has caught some 40 embezzlers by this simple method of sending out unexpected verification notices.

PRATT GREW UP in Binghamton, New York, attended Northwestern University, and then became a struggling young accountant in Washington, D.C., where he had served as an Army lieutenant through most of World War I.

In 1921, Pratt was called in on a case concerning a country store in an agricultural section of Virginia. Something was wrong because the store was not earning the profit that was expected by its volume of sales. Each department had its own cash register and the salespeople were not ringing up all the sales.

Hastening to the establishment of a nearby printer, Pratt had him make up signs reading, "One dollar will be paid to every customer who is not given a cash register receipt for the correct amount of the sale." Pratt installed a sign over each cash register. From that moment on, the store began to take in more money than it ever had before. As Pratt says, "To a countryman, a buck is a buck and the farmers who patronized the store watched like hawks."

Pratt was paid $125 for this job. He says, "It was one of the smallest fees I ever got, but it taught me that you sometimes accomplish more with common sense than with orthodox accounting methods."

Soon afterward, Pratt moved into the banking field. In addition to common sense and good auditing procedure, he began to apply the techniques of his profession toward the prevention and detection of embezzlements. By 1930 he was already regarded as the nation's top embezzlement detector.

Pratt does not attempt to hide his anti-embezzlement secrets. He has written a textbook on the subject, *Bank Frauds: Their Detection and Prevention,* in which he warns of 210 ways to embezzle from a bank. His knowledge of the art was so thorough that several well-known thieves offered to go into partnership with him.

Today, Lester Pratt is the undisputed expert on all forms of financial malfeasance. He is the monarch of all he surveys in his specialized field—except in his own home. Pratt lives in a big, comfortable house in the wooded Potomac Heights section near Washington, with his wife Christine, whom he married during his days as a struggling young accountant. The Pratts have no children and he devotes his spare hours to such hobbies as bookbinding, silver-plating and furniture-making. The rest of the time he is away in distant cities, hunting down embezzlers. Therefore, Christine runs their financial affairs.

Mrs. Pratt goes about her money-handling duties with feminine abandon, heedless of the precepts laid down by her meticulous husband. When checks arrive she often secretes them in books and forgets where she put them. She has "mad-money" hidden all over the house. She refuses to total up the checks in their bankbook, so often the account is overdrawn. Recently, Pratt opened the mail and found a verification notice for a sizeable savings account in Mrs. Pratt's name. He didn't know the account existed.

Pratt takes an indulgent view of all this: "Keeps me on my toes. How many men can practice their profession at home? Christine has been embezzling me for years."

## WHERE ELSE?

I WAS GOING to spend the whole day in a nearby town so, before leaving, I pinned a note inside the front door for my teenage daughter. I returned earlier than expected and was upstairs when my daughter came in with a bevy of teenagers.

I heard one boy exclaim, "Is this where your mother leaves notes?"

She said, "Sure. Where does your mother leave yours?"

As if it made sense, he said, "In the refrigerator!"

—*Pueblo Chieftain*

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## DROP A LETTER

### (Answers to Quiz on page 107)

1. plump; plum. 2. dunce; dune. 3. collide; collie. 4. bide; bid. 5. defer; deer. 6. insane; inane. 7. arouse; arose. 8. design; deign. 9. avid; aid. 10. hazy, hay. 11. paint; pant. 12. ideal; idea. 13. next; net. 14. doze; doe. 15. unity; unit. 16. drama; dram. 17. scandal; sandal. 18. lunge; lung. 19. blend; bend. 20. stable; stale. 21. dirge; dire. 22. canyon; canon. 23. alien; lien. 24. left; let. 25. voice; vice. 26. jaunt; aunt. 27. auction; action. 28. splice; spice.

by Theodore Irwin

# First aid for the unhappy

At this pioneer Trouble Shooting Clinic, people bedeviled by emotional problems get a quick helping hand

HAGGARD AND DISTRAUGHT, the young woman walked hesitantly along the main corridor of City Hospital at Elmhurst in New York City's borough of Queens. As she approached a sign reading "Trouble Shooting Clinic," her eyes lit up hopefully.

After giving her name to a receptionist, the girl picked a corner seat in the waiting room. Timidly, she glanced about at the others: a housewife, a middle-aged couple wordlessly facing each other, a garage mechanic who had evidently come straight from his job, a chic career woman anxiously kneading her handkerchief.

A half-hour later, the young woman was talking out her trouble to a psychiatrist. "Doctor, I'm having terrible nightmares," she said. "I'm going to be married Saturday and I don't know how I can go through with it. Help me, please!"

Slowly, the psychiatrist pieced her story together: the girl believed she would become "insane." Her mother, who had spent some time in a mental institution, had died when her daughter was five. Relatives who raised her had often spoken disparagingly of her mother. Now she evidently was linking marriage—and possible motherhood—with her own mother's insanity. Sympathetically, the psychiatrist pointed out that emotional illness is not automatically passed on from mother to daughter, and that her nightmares probably stemmed from guilt feelings caused by being ashamed of her mother.

The young woman left the clinic in brighter spirits. Later that week, she had another interview with the psychiatrist. That week end, her wedding took place as scheduled.

Like this troubled girl, anyone with a pressing emotional problem can step off the street and receive psychiatric first aid at the Trouble Shooting Clinic of City Hospital at Elmhurst. The first venture of its kind in the U.S., the clinic offers immediate "minor psychotherapy," paralleling the medical services provided in hospital emergency wards.

The idea was sparked by Vienna-born, Harvard-trained Dr. Leopold Bellak, the hospital's director of psychiatry. For years Dr. Bellak has been acutely aware of the difficulties in obtaining prompt psychological help for patients; mental health clinics and social agencies frequently have long waiting lists. To answer the need, Dr. Bellak launched the Trouble Shooting Clinic in November, 1958. At first the clinic was only open on Tuesday evenings, but as word spread through the community, it had to open on Thursdays and Saturdays as well. Eventually, it is hoped, the service will be available 24 hours a day.

"Too often," says Dr. Bellak, "psychiatry is equated with 'crazy' people. Even enlightened individuals are apt to think of it as treating a well-developed psychosis or neurosis. But psychiatry is also capable of helping relatively minor but often very disturbing problems of everyday life. Psychiatry can also play a decisive role in preventive medicine—catching the little problems before they create havoc. Thus, we hope our clinic will reduce gross mental disturbances which may lead to violence."

Manning the clinic are three psychiatrists, two psychologists and four psychiatric social workers. All patients are accepted as they come, unlike the conventional mental health clinic, where applicants are screened before appointments are made. Each session lasts 45 minutes. Usually only one visit is necessary; the theoretical limit for the brief therapy is three visits, although some cases have encompassed five. Since City Hospital at Elmhurst is city-supported, there is no charge for treatment at the Trouble Shooting Clinic.

IN ITS FIRST YEAR of operation, the clinic treated more than 750 disturbed individuals, mostly from middle-income or lower economic levels. For a majority of them, it was their first contact with a psychotherapist. They come, all these confused, overwrought, often desperate people, driven by gnawing anxieties. There are routine in-law hassles, disappointments in love, crises caused by a new baby or death in the family. A ten-year-old boy is caught stealing from his mother's purse. A 14-year-old girl has developed a penchant for swallowing needles.

"Our clinic does not deal primarily with severe psychosis or with people who have a severe neurosis," says Dr. A. J. Beavers, the hospital's assistant director of psychiatry.

There are two main types of psychosis: manic-depressive and schizophrenia. Manic-depressives show very marked extremes of elation or depression which may go on for weeks, months or even years if untreated. During depressive stages, they look and feel ill, and have a sense of loneliness and worthlessness. To prevent a potential tragedy, shock therapy may be necessary, combined with psychiatric aftercare.

Schizophrenia, which usually appears first in the late teens or at an early adult age, may last for many years. Generally the first sign is bizarre behavior—in some cases, complete withdrawal from all ordinary interests. If caught during the early stages and given modern treatment—insulin shock or electric shock, followed by psychiatric care—prospects for recovery are good. Usually, a person suffering from a psychosis should be hospitalized as soon as the signs become obvious.

An underlying neurosis or psychoneurosis is relatively mild—though it too can cause intense distress. It's possible for a neurosis to develop at any time of life and in the most stable individual—if exposed to enough stress and strain.

"Another common form of disturbance is 'anxiety state,'" Dr. Beavers explains, "in which severe attacks of anxiety appear without any obvious reason. Fear of high places, memory blocks, numbness and tingling in the limbs, fear of closed-in places—these are symptoms of some hidden tensions. A person suffering from a neurosis is not 'insane'; he's capable of making his own decisions. But finding and relieving the underlying pressures that cause the neurosis is the task of a psychiatrist.

"The cases we especially handle at the Trouble Shooting Clinic," Dr. Beavers points out, "may be termed 'situation neuroses.' These are anxieties stemming from a specific event or set of circumstances. They differ from a psychoneurosis in that the individual is able to carry on with his job or his family life."

Inevitably, some dangerous patients show up. Some months ago, a husky, jittery man was interviewed by a psychiatric social worker at the clinic. "My girl turned me down," he shouted. "I'm going to kill her. Or else I'll attack a cop and get him to kill me." Then he dashed wildly out of the hospital.

Dr. Beavers immediately alerted every clinic staff member—and the patient's family. When the man returned to the clinic for his next interview, he was hospitalized in the psychiatric ward after his condition was diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenia. The action probably headed off a murder or suicide.

Yet of the hundreds of cases handled at the clinic, only four or five have been psychotic.

"Usually, the people we see are ordinary citizens with tough life problems," Dr. Bellak points out. "They're the 'lonely crowd' with no one to talk to. We are the 'ear' that they need."

In the 45 minutes allotted to each patient, the psychiatric "rescue squad" must think fast, listening intently for clues. A case is apt to be solved with amazing dexterity. Recently, for instance, the clinic's chief psychologist, Dr. Paul Park, was confronted by a clean-cut, well-spoken young man who despairingly announced he had "cancer."

"I feel lumps here," he said, fingering his neck and his ribs. "My doctor says there's nothing to it, but I don't believe him."

Dr. Park soon discovered that the young man was to be married in two months. His prospective father-in-law was dying of cancer of the neck. After a medical examination, it became clear that the young man was suffering from cancerphobia, identifying himself with his fiancée's father. Other factors slowly emerged: the young man's mother, accumulating bits of medical "knowledge," had brought him up with a body anxiety, constantly pinpointing fancied ailments. This and other stresses were magnifying his doubts about himself and helping to create his imaginary cancer.

At his second session with Dr. Park, the focus of their discussion was on the man's general life pattern. In marriage, Dr. Park explained, a man could draw upon his wife's strength; she would replace his overanxious mother. Slowly, the patient stopped being obsessed by his "cancer."

Patients with deep-seated disturbances are often transferred for prolonged treatment to the hospital's daytime mental hygiene department. There was, for example, a willowy, dark-eyed actress whose aunt had to bring her in by the hand. She had played good roles on Broadway and on TV, but for the past two years had suffered from agoraphobia (a morbid dread of open spaces) and hadn't left her room. Clearly, this was no simple emotional upset. But with the aid of large doses of a tranquilizing drug and three sessions during which one of the clinic's psychiatrists tried to build up her self-esteem, she was able to look for employment. More important, she received enough of a boost to undertake long-range treatment.

OCCASIONALLY, odd situations crop up. Once, an attractive brunette came in and wept that she was miserable because plastic surgery had altered the contours of her nose. Her father, who accompanied her, complained: "First she pestered me to have the operation. Now she sits home and cries. She doesn't want to go out on dates. She says she's 'ugly' and 'disfigured'."

The psychiatric social worker assigned to the case, Nancy Palais, a 24-year-old Bostonian, encouraged the girl to talk about herself and found that she had felt inwardly dissatisfied even before the operation. It was pointed out to the young woman that she had expected a magical change from the operation which had not occurred. She was encouraged to be less critical of herself and to start seeing her friends again. The object was to shift her interests and attitudes, now morbidly focused on herself, to the world around her in a positive way.

Many of the predicaments challenging the clinic concern children. This is a "preventive medicine" area which the psychiatrists consider particularly important since it often wards off more serious crises in the future. In several instances, a form of group therapy has been used.

Such a case involved an eight-year-old girl whose parents were divorced. One morning she ran away from her mother's home in an attempt to find her father in New Jersey. After the child was apprehended by police, her mother brought her to the Trouble Shooting Clinic. To Dr. Beavers it soon became apparent that the little girl was being used as a pawn by her parents. One by one, the father, mother, grandmother and new stepfather were interviewed. They were all brought together for brief group therapy and guidance in the child's development.

One 15-year-old boy brought to the clinic was failing at school, and teachers had prodded his parents to "have something done about it." The first step at the clinic was an evaluation of his emotional patterns. Three psychological tests, plus his past history, indicated that the boy had doubts about his masculinity. An I.Q. test revealed that, despite his mother's superior intelligence, he was actually not bright enough to be college material, although his parents were constantly pressuring him to achieve better grades. To make him study harder, his parents had forbidden him to pursue his two hobbies: photography and operating his ham radio set.

Tactfully, a clinic psychologist told the parents: "I'm sure you don't realize it, but you've been frustrating your boy. Your job is to help him build up his ego, to make him feel more manly and develop his natural fighting instincts. Encourage whatever he's successful in—his hobbies, particularly. He should go out with other boys, preferably where there's a strong leader. You shouldn't expect too much of him at school; try to be reconciled that he doesn't have the intellectual capacity."

With parental pressure eased, and free to resume his hobbies, the lad's school grades improved enough for him to pass all his subjects.

Not all difficulties, of course, can be treated by such "minor psychotherapy." In one instance, a husband and wife charged each other with infidelity. After listening to their recriminations, Dr. Beavers concluded they were too far apart psychologically. Divorce was inescapable. They were advised to seek legal counsel.

Hundreds of cases, big and small, have convinced the psychiatric trouble shooters of the City Hospital at Elmhurst that they're on the right track. Reports of their project are already stimulating other cities. Hospitals and psychiatrists in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Philadelphia and elsewhere have asked Dr. Bellak for details of the clinic's operation.

"This modest beginning in minor psychiatry," says Dr. Bellak, "is buttressing our belief that such a service may be a valuable addition to any large city hospital. In due course, people will become accustomed to seeking psychiatric first aid just as they rely on a hospital emergency ward." ♛

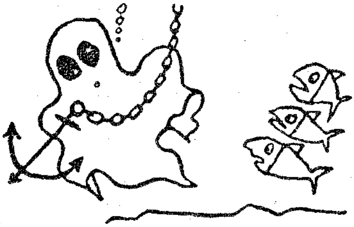
# How words work

by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

### Who was Davy Jones in the expression "Davy Jones' locker"?

Davy Jones and his "locker," meaning the bottom of the sea, first appeared in a sea story by Tobias Smollett in 1751. Smollett, who had served in the British Navy, said Davy Jones was an apparition much feared by sailors. How did a ghost get such a sprightly name? There is a West Indian word spelled *duppa*, *duppy* or *duffy*, which means a malevolent ghost. Students of folklore believe *Davy* is an Anglicization of this word and *Jones* is Jonah. So Davy Jones may well be Duppa Jonah, our old friend out of the whale, whose chief task now is to preside over horseplay on ships crossing the equator.



### How do you pronounce *helicopter*?

HELL-uh KOP-ter. The first syllable is often mispronounced HEEL-, perhaps out of an erroneous association with the word *helium*. The word derives from the Greek words *helikos*, meaning spiral, and *pteron*, wing.

### Should you say "I was mad *clean* through" or "*clear* through"?

*Clean* as an adverb, meaning wholly, completely, quite thoroughly, has been in use as long as our language has existed. Shakespeare used it ("though not clean past your youth"; "It is clean out of the way," etc.) and the author of *Anatomy of a Murder*, who is a judge, uses it ("The line of people . . . stretched clean down the marble stairs"). Many people prefer *clear*, which is also correct but came into this use many centuries after *clean*, and regard *clean* as a rustic and slightly humorous adverb ("I came clean from Pittsburgh in one day"). *Clean* used as an adverb seems to be regarded as slightly archaic these days, but it is not incorrect.

### Where do we get the word *heist*, meaning to steal?

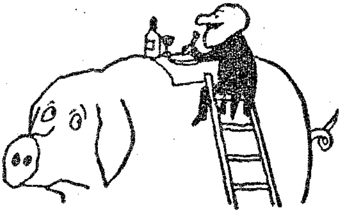
*Heist* is simply another pronunciation and spelling of *hoist*, meaning to lift, and *lift* is a very common term for stealing, undoubtedly because to steal something you usually have to pick it up. We have the word *shoplifting* and the advice of Huck Finn's Pappy that a man ought always "to lift a chicken when he can." In central Pennsylvania, *heister* remains the name of a jack used to lift wagons.

### Is *ain't* ever right?

A hundred years ago educated and aristocratic people used it and even today there doesn't seem to be any word that can take its place in the useful expression "Ain't I?" "Am I not?" is ludicrously stiff. "Amn't I?" which many writers use hasn't been heard on land, sea or in the air. "Aren't I?" which most educated people now use in place of "Ain't I?" is, grammatically, far worse than "Ain't I?" Still, *ain't* can't be used now—the schoolma'am's supreme triumph, for *ain't* has been the most persecuted word in our language. In 1925 the General Federation of Women's Clubs had a National Ain't-less Week. In 1932, the *English Journal* estimated that over 12,000,000 teacher hours had been spent trying to stop children from saying *ain't*. In 1959, a national study went so far as to list the use of *ain't* as an indication of potential delinquency.

### Why is a well-off person said to be "eating high on the hog"?

The finest meat on a hog is the meat high on its body—pork chops, spare ribs and tenderloin. If you cannot afford these cuts, you must eat low on the hog—pig's feet or knuckles, hog jowl and sow belly. It is probably no accident that names of the choicest cuts—tenderloin and pork chops—come from French words, while the lesser cuts have Saxon names. The Normans, who came from France and conquered England when our language was still forming, apparently named and ate the high part of the hogs, and left the rest to the Saxon laborers. ♛



The most unbelievable and successful rescue in the history of U.S. submarines...

# Captain Johnson's incredible catch

by Norman Carlisle

IN BOSTON HARBOR one bright August day in 1920, the Navy's finest submarine, the big S-5, started a routine training cruise to Baltimore. As she sailed along proudly, flags flying, she passed the wooden Liberty ship *Alanthus,* whose captain, Edward Johnson, leaned dejectedly at the rail. Once he had sailed the *Alanthus* to Norfolk and back, he contemplated gloomily, he would no longer be a captain. His ship would join the fleet of war-built vessels now retired from active service. Moreover, his crew was missing two deck hands and a radio man. The *Alanthus* left on her last voyage, shortly after the S-5 embarked.

The S-5 romped down the coast. As she prepared for a routine test dive, alarms honked and seamen hurried to their stations.

As soon as the dive began, Commander Charles Cooke, her captain, knew something was wrong. The dive was abnormally steep. He heard frantic cries and the sound of rushing water and ran for the control room. The air valve had been left open! A torrent of sea water was spouting from the ventilation duct.

"Torpedo Room's flooding!" shouted a sailor. Water roared into the forward part of the boat. Men climbed grease-covered torpedoes to try to reach the valve on the ceiling, but fell back under the rush of water. At last they retreated and closed off the Torpedo Room.

Cooke tried to bring the boat to the surface. But the water in the bow dragged her down at an ever-increasing angle.

With a shock the S-5 hit bottom, bounced and rammed into the muddy sea floor. The depth gauges read 165 feet. The flooding had been stopped—but the question was now how deep were they buried?

Grimly, Cooke gave orders: jettison all ballast; force air into the Torpedo Room. An hour later, the S-5 was still stuck fast. There wasn't enough air for many more maneuvers. This time they'd blow all tanks, put the motors full back.

The boat shivered as the props

whirled. They overloaded the circuits; blue sparks leaped from the control panel.

The S-5 lurched and her stern arced upward, the bow still stuck. A cascade of tools, equipment and men fell downward from compartment to compartment.

When the upward movement stopped, men hung from door handles or valve wheels. Commander Cooke scrambled to his feet. Amazingly, no one seemed to be seriously injured.

But suddenly he received a report that battery acid was spilling and mixing with sea water, forming poisonous chlorine gas.

"Seal off the Battery Room!" ordered Cooke. "And put on gas masks!"

The men in the Battery Room couldn't reach the hatch overhead. Hastily, Cooke ordered curtains ripped down and used to hoist the men. They retreated up the boat, their lungs laboring as the gas followed. They huddled in two small compartments. Cooke knew they were in 165 feet of water; and that the S-5 was 231 feet long. If they were perpendicular, their stern would be above the sea. But they were tipped. He climbed upward, pounding on the walls as he went.

Twenty feet from the stern, there was still the sound of metal under water. Only one place left, the small Tiller Room. He almost dreaded tapping on the hull there. But when he did, it sounded as if it were above water.

Cooke called for a drill and turned it slowly against the steel. There was a wooden plug on hand in case water, not air, came through the hole. He braced himself as the bit suddenly broke through. He gave a shout, "We're clear! We're out of the water!"

Since it was night, nobody could see them. But they'd try cutting a bigger hole. This would let water in if the boat shifted position—a gamble they'd have to take. They had to have air.

An electric drill was passed up. They plugged it into the still-functioning electric system. The sailor who held it crumpled to the floor; current was shorting through the wet casing. Another man took it and held it against the steel, though his muscles knotted as the electricity shot through him. The men took turns, each holding the drill as long as pain would permit.

When the batteries went dead, they used hand drills. By dawn they had cut a hole roughly six inches by five inches through the hull. Now began the agonizing wait for rescue. Cooke waved a dirty undershirt out the hole. The sun began to make a furnace of the S-5. The temperature hit a blistering 135°. Cooke frantically waved the undershirt but he knew the terrifying truth: they were miles off the shipping lanes. It would be a miracle if a ship came close enough to see them. He ordered emergency rations broken out.

Aboard the *Alanthus,* plowing the sea some 55 miles off the Delaware coast, the mate suddenly noticed something bobbing on the water.

"Looks like a buoy, Sir," he said.

"Wouldn't be a buoy this far out," Captain Johnson said.

As he peered through the glasses, his puzzlement grew. The rules of the sea said that obstacles to navigation should be investigated and reported. He ordered the *Alanthus* to put about and head for the object five miles away.

As they drew closer, the captain could see a flag of some kind on the thing. Suddenly, he shouted, "It's a submarine!" He kept studying the mysterious craft, as he maneuvered close to it. The rag was still waving—and not because of the wind.

They lowered a skiff. Johnson and four crew men rowed to the submarine. The rolling seas slapped the small boat against its steel sides. The skiff might be crushed between the *Alanthus* and the sub, but Johnson knew he had to get a line around that sub. If there were live men aboard her, he couldn't risk its sinking.

When the cables from the *Alanthus* were fastened, the oily rag still waved. He went up to the hole and peered inside.

A white face looked out at him! "Who—what sub is this?" Johnson gasped.

"U.S. submarine S-5. Commander Cooke speaking."

"Are your men alive?" Johnson called.

Commander Cooke's voice came back weakly. "All hands alive, so far . . . but we're dying . . . chlorine gas . . . need air . . . radio the Navy."

But Johnson knew the *Alanthus* was missing a radio operator. He could head for port, but their cable might be the only thing that would keep the sub in position. Towing was out; the S-5 might break up if they moved her. No, they'd stay right here and hope that a ship would see their distress signals.

They ran a hose, and pumps aboard the *Alanthus* sent a stream of life-giving air into the sub. Another hose delivered water. The hideous temperature in the sub dropped a little, Cooke reported.

The hoses had hardly been run when Johnson went to work enlarging the hole in the S-5. He had no electric drills, only a few hand tools to cut through heavy steel.

Hour after hour, the strange catch tugging on the cables, they worked from a weaving float. It seemed as if the pitiful tools were making no progress. At this rate, it would take a week to make the hole big enough for escape.

The September sun was sinking when they saw a column of smoke approaching. Captain Johnson dropped tools and rowed for the newcomer. A few minutes later, he was aboard the Panama liner, *General Goethals,* explaining to her Captain Simson that the *Alanthus* had a submarine on the end of its cables.

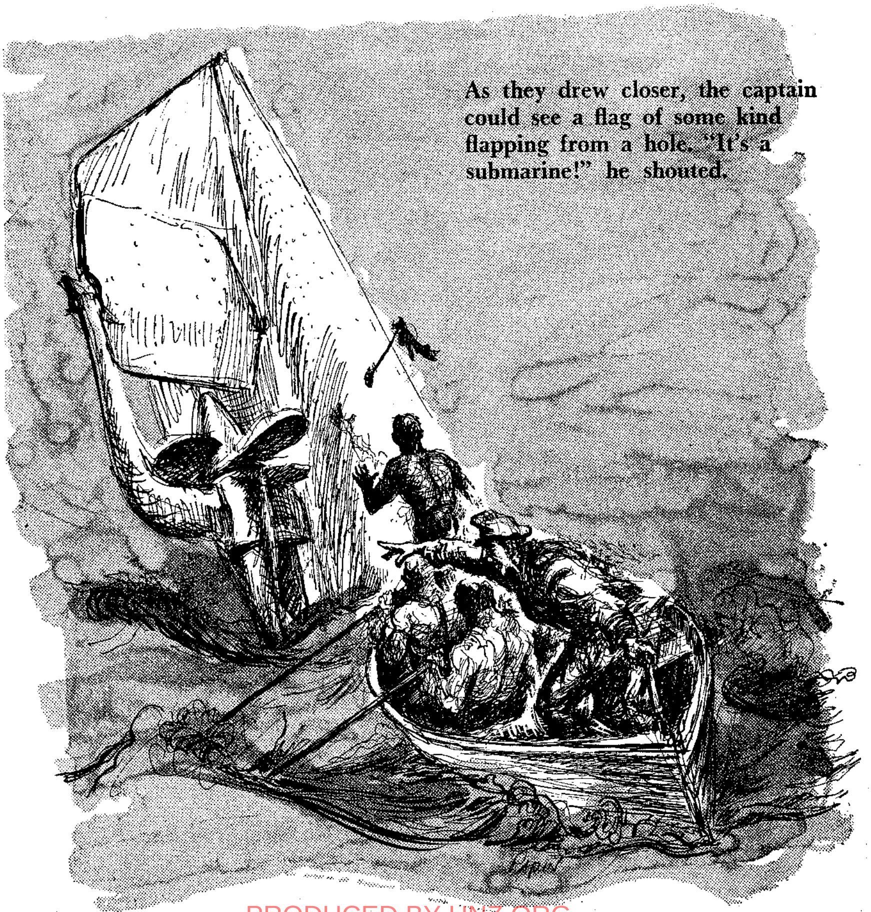
Now an S.O.S. could be sent. The answer was not encouraging at all. It would be several hours before the first Naval rescue ship could get there!

The ship's doctor of the *Goethals* shook his head. The men in the S-5 might not last much longer.

Captain Johnson went into conference with William Grace, the chief engineer of the *Goethals*. Now, while Johnson stood by to keep the generators working, it was Grace's turn to fight those stubborn steel plates. Grace tried to keep up the spirits of the men inside the sub, but the responses became weaker. About midnight Grace called to the men inside and got no reply. He signaled for the men to stop the drills and called again. No answer. At 1:20 A.M., more than an hour since they had heard any response from the men of the S-5, Grace crowded his men onto the small treacherous platform to pry at the steel. "Heave!" he shouted.

Men leaned on the prybars. The metal groaned, there was a tearing sound. Then it grew louder. The plate came free! Foul air blasted from the sub, and then came a voice. Commander Cooke! The fresh air had revived him.

Swiftly, the rescuers carried the grimy, groaning men into slings that



As they drew closer, the captain could see a flag of some kind flapping from a hole. "It's a submarine!" he shouted.

lifted them to the *Alanthus*. Captain Johnson kept count: 35 . . . 36 . . . 37. One left. At 2:45, Commander Cooke emerged. Every man was out alive!

As dawn broke, an armada of destroyers, tugs, even a battleship, were drawn up about the *Alanthus*. The little wooden ship was crowded with high brass. Lost among the gold braid, Johnson suggested that since he already had the line on the S-5, he might be allowed to tow her in. No, they'd give that job to the battleship. The S-5 was secured to the *Ohio*. But the *Ohio* had towed the S-5 only a short distance when the empty submarine sank irretrievably to the bottom.

Captain Johnson stood by while men were lowered overside to waiting Navy ships. One by one, those who could shook hands with him until only Commander Cooke remained. There was no need for words between the two men.

From every ship in the great Navy flotilla came a whistle of salute as the *Alanthus* steamed proudly past. Her voyage toward oblivion no longer seemed so forlorn to Captain Johnson. Because of the *Alanthus*, 38 men who would have died were alive.

On October 5, 1920, Captain Johnson was awarded a gold watch by the Secretary of the Navy "in token of appreciation of valuable services rendered in the rescue of the crew of the U.S.S. S-5." Furthermore, the U.S. Navy had a new record to enter in its annals. The wreck of the S-5 was—and still is—the only submarine disaster in which not a single life was lost.

## IN FEBRUARY CORONET

### *ANNE FRANK'S FATHER ACCUSES GERMANY!*

German schoolteachers are whitewashing Hitler, charges Otto Frank, father of the sainted Anne Frank. Unless they teach German children the truth about the Nazis, he says, the world may face another catastrophic war.

### *THE MIRACLE OF MEDICATED MILK*

A discovery that may revolutionize modern medicine. By injecting cows with antibodies, then drinking their milk, human beings may someday be immunized against such diseases as hay fever, asthma, rheumatoid arthritis.

### *BOOKS THE WORLD WON'T FORGET*

CORONET selects seven books that have left their marks on men's minds, hearts—and on their way of life. Powerful quotations from each book dramatically illustrated by John Groth, one of America's foremost artists.

by David Dressler

# "Capital punishment is MURDER!"

This is the cry of foes of legalized killing—already outlawed by nine states—as the crusade keeps gaining stronger support

On March 15, 1957, Burton Abbott prepared to die for the murder of a girl, a murder he persistently denied. He would enter San Quentin's gas chamber at 10 A.M.

At 9:10 A.M., the execution was stayed to permit an appeal.

11:00 A.M. The appeal was rejected. Immediately, Abbott's attorney tried to reach Governor Goodwin Knight, to present new evidence. The Governor, gone sailing, couldn't be reached.

11:10 A.M. The attorney called the reprieve board. It frantically tried to telephone the Governor.

11:15 A.M. Abbott entered the gas chamber.

11:18 A.M. He inhaled the first whiff of the deadly fumes.

That moment the warden's phone rang. An excited reprieve board secretary cried, "Hold the execution!"

The warden raced to the death house, ordered Abbott pulled out.

It was 11:20 A.M. The prisoner was dead.

Nobel Prize winner Albert Camus commented: "If the weather had been bad the day before, the Governor of California would not have gone sailing, he would have telephoned two minutes earlier, Abbott would be alive today and would, perhaps, see his innocence proven."

We shall never know. Capital punishment is irrevocable and more than once innocent men have been executed. This is one reason why voters in many states are going to be asked in the next months to decide whether they want to continue hanging, shooting, electrocuting and gassing law violators.

The trend is toward abolition of the death sentence. Thirty-five countries throughout the world have abandoned it. Nine of our states have done likewise—Alaska, Delaware, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Wisconsin and Hawaii. In 1959, Massachusetts, Ohio and California State Legislatures considered bills to suspend or eliminate capital punishment. Governor "Pat" Brown of California told CORONET, "I will . . . sign either a repeal or moratorium measure. . . ." Governor Michael V. DiSalle of Ohio says, "It is my hope that Ohio will join the states that . . . feel that taking of a life is wrong whether . . . by an individual, contrary to the law, or . . . by the State in pursuance of the law."

The citizens' stand will hinge on answers to two questions: Is capital punishment morally right? Is it practical? The first is a philosophical issue. The second demands evidence. Does capital punishment work? If it doesn't, we ought to find a substitute.

To face the philosophical question, look inside a prison in one of the seven states where the gallows is still used. A convict is to hang. Awesome ceremony surrounds the event. The prisoner must follow the ritual. Should he attempt to bypass it through suicide, the prison will try to save his life so that he can be legally killed.

The prisoner is dressed in a black suit. His white shirt is collarless. Wrists strapped to sides, he is marched toward eternity, preceded by a clergyman intoning a prayer.

He ascends the scaffold. A black cap is fitted over his head. The noose is adjusted, the knot against his left ear. His ankles are bound.

The hangman signals.

Three guards slash three cords. The trap drops. The doctor steadies the swinging body, adjusts his stethoscope, counts off to an assistant. Gradually the pulse rate drops to zero. The physician raises his hand, proclaims, "This man is dead!"

Is this morally justified? A former police chief says, "If a man commits a heinous crime which is premeditated and had no regard for human life, I don't see why we should have any regard for his."

One of the nation's most outspoken advocates of capital punishment, Roy A. Gustafson, District

Attorney of Ventura County, California, insists, "Retribution is as basic a human instinct as sex or eating. What more appropriate retribution for a cold-blooded murder than killing the murderer?"

Not so, replies famous attorney Joseph N. Welch. "The original murder is an act of violence. . . . But the execution is also an act of violence. The second does not cancel the first; it only doubles the violence. . . . And it is done so coldly and to so little purpose."

Judge Learned Hand says ". . . those who wish to retain the death penalty are actuated by that very natural, but atavistic, feeling . . . that some crimes 'deserve' death. That is a kind of satisfaction that I think we should do well to get rid of so far as possible."

We never had the right to that satisfaction to begin with, say some theologians. Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, says: ". . . I regard the death penalty as morally reprehensible. Life, the gift of God, is sacred. There is no crime which gives society the warrant to commit the most cold-blooded of murders, which is what the death penalty is."

Senator Wayne Morse, opposing a bill calling for execution of certain narcotics offenders, asserted: "If there is any intent of the Master that is made crystal clear in the New Testament, it is the teaching that life is for God, and not for man to extinguish."

Some who assail the legal taking of life on moral grounds say it brings out the worst in man. "Each time that I think of the ritual that we go through in disposing of a human life," says Governor Mike DiSalle, "I wonder why we don't use tom-toms and tribal dances. . . ."

The death penalty may be given for 30 offenses *besides* murder. These include rape, kidnaping, robbery, burglary and arson. Train wrecking, dynamiting and even perjury during a capital trial can also bring execution. And the statutes permitting capital punishment are enforced. Within a 22-year period, 366 persons have died for rape, 18 for robbery, ten for burglary, to cite only these categories. A man was recently sentenced to death in Alabama for a robbery which netted him only $1.59. Because of the violent public revulsion, the Governor commuted the term to life imprisonment. If you live in any of 18 states and fight a duel, you may be punished by death.

There is little consistency as to which crimes deserve the extreme penalty. Five states permit execution for arson; 45 do not. Robbery may yield a death sentence in nine states but not in 41. In Georgia, if a man burglarizes at night he may be executed. If he starts work during the daytime, the most he rates is a jail sentence.

The death penalty would be morally acceptable to some if it could be shown that executing one individual deters others from committing like offenses. Does it? In 18th century England, pickpockets were hanged before great gatherings as a warning. The practice was abandoned because too many pickpockets picked the pockets of people watching the hangings.

In 1877, ten men were hanged in one day in Pennsylvania for murderous conspiracy. The New York *Herald* editorialized: "We may be certain that the pitiless severity of the law will deter the most wicked from anything like the imitation of these crimes." The conclusion was wrong. Next day two prosecution witnesses were murdered. Within two weeks, five of the prosecutors met the same fate.

MANY PENOLOGISTS like Warden Joseph E. Ragen of Joliet prison agree with U.S. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter who says: "I am strongly against capital punishment for reasons that are not related to concern for the murderer. . . . I think scientifically the claim of deterrence is not worth much."

Former Governors Herbert H. Lehman (New York) and Adlai Stevenson (Illinois) doubt that capital punishment deters. Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin (which abolished the death penalty in 1853) takes a somewhat different view: ". . . I feel that we must clearly distinguish between 'crimes of passion' and 'economic' crimes. In crimes of the first type I believe that capital punishment would have very little deterring effect, but it may act to deter those murdering for economic gain—for instance burglars, holdup men . . ."

These are opinions. What is the evidence?

If threat of death is a deterrent, then abolition of capital punishment should produce a wave of bloodletting. It hasn't.

There were no significant changes in capital offense rates in several states before and after abolition.

Comparing homicide rates in abolition states with those in death penalty jurisdictions, the former showed 4.2 percent per 100,000 population, the latter over twice as many—8.8 percent. States without capital punishment were actually less homicidal although there is no proof of a connection between cause and effect.

Michigan abolished its death penalty after an innocent man was executed. Neighboring Illinois retains it. In 1958, the former had 3.1 murders per 100,000 population, the latter 4.0. North Dakota (no capital punishment) had a rate of .6 murders; South Dakota (with the death sentence) had 1.6 per 100,000 population.

Facts like these prompted Senator Hubert H. Humphrey to say: "Until it can be statistically proven that the threat of a death penalty deters crime, I am inclined to feel that society is better off without it."

People who commit crimes of passion probably don't stop to consider the death penalty in that split second of rage, like a Brooklyn shoemaker who found his wife in bed with a paramour. The shoemaker grabbed an ax and crashed it into the interloper's skull.

Repetitive compulsive offenders, too, understand the penalties, but are driven to commit crime after crime through uncontrollable urges. Donald Bashor, of Los Angeles, got a highly emotional thrill out of burglary. He junked his loot, but he had to steal. When the need came upon him, he wrestled for hours with the irresistible urge. Always he gave in. On two occasions, women awoke as he prowled and he murdered them in panic. An hour before entering the gas chamber he frankly acknowledged that were he freed he might repeat his crimes. Compulsion ruled him, not law.

Do professional criminals consider the risks? New York prescribed electrocution for homicide all during the time that Murder, Incorporated mobsters were stabbing, shooting and garroting their many victims.

District Attorney Gustafson, however, has another version of deterrence. He acknowledges that statutes fail to deter others from homicide but insists, "You must admit that capital punishment does prevent the person who is executed from committing a similar, or other, offense."

No one can challenge that statement. But, say the adversaries of capital punishment, the fact that the innocent are sometimes executed is reason enough to abolish the extreme penalty. Exoneration after execution is little solace. The first hanging of a woman in New York State was a mistake. Mrs. Margaret Houghtaling died for assertedly slaying her child. Later, another woman confessed to the crime. In one year, four men were hanged in California. It was subsequently established that three were entirely innocent.

According to testimony before a New Jersey legislative committee, 15 executed individuals in a 25-year period eventually were found to have been guiltless.

Innocent or guilty, life or death for the accused may depend upon the caliber of defense counsel. U.S. Senator Richard L. Neuberger recently revealed that every defendant executed in Oregon in the past 21 years was defended by a court-appointed lawyer. "Does this not tell us that the electric chair and the gas chamber seem to be reserved, in large measure, for those who are in poverty and without substantial financial backing?" he asks.

Considered from society's viewpoint, capital punishment offers boomerangs. Juries are reluctant to convict where death is the penalty. The guilty often go scot free because the national conscience revolts at swinging a man into eternity.

Executions have declined steadily in the past 30 years, while the number of persons who have been tried for murder has risen. In the 1930s we put to death an average of 151 offenders a year. In the 1950s the average dropped to 69.

If we wipe out capital punishment, is there a more efficient substitute? Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois thinks that "certainty and celerity of punishment are better deterrents." Some jurists hold that one reason why there is less crime in England than in the U.S. is because in Great Britain if a man is patently guilty his conviction is sure, speedy and not susceptible to frivolous appeal.

Criminals can be treated by new, scientific, reasonably effective techniques so they do not repeat. For those too steeped in crime to be rehabilitated, we can write a truly indeterminate-sentence law which will keep them in custody for life, without possibility of parole. Such incarceration would come cheap, in the light of the protection thus afforded the law-abiding.

Even when freed, murderers are the best parole risks of all. Parole boards in New York, Georgia, Virginia and other states followed parolees five years or longer after release. As a group, regardless of offense, ex-convicts showed 15 percent reversion to crime. But killers were at the bottom of every list.

Between 1945 and 1954, for example, California paroled 342 inmates convicted of first degree murder. Only one was subsequently convicted of another killing. This is less than one-third of one percent of those released. And of these, only 2.5 percent committed *any* felony after parole. On the other hand, almost 21 percent of paroled robbers, 25.6 percent of burglars and 30 percent of forgers committed additional felonies.

According to a 1958 Roper poll, the majority of persons in the U.S. oppose capital punishment.

If we acknowledge the immorality and inefficiency of capital punishment, we must chart a new course. Either we concentrate on prevention and scientific treatment or we argue that we must instill fear of the consequence of crime more effectively than capital punishment has done to date.

## WHY EDITORS LEAVE TOWN

A VETERAN SALESMAN retired, married again and settled down in his home town. The local newspaper had a nice story about the wedding on the society page, but the headline over the story obviously belonged somewhere else. It read: "OLD POWER PLANT REACTIVATED."

FROM A NEW ENGLAND newspaper, the following headline: "Doctor Jones Elected Board of Health Chairman. Hearing on Cemetery Expansion Next Week."

HEADLINE IN A GEORGIA newspaper, "Reverend Key Resigns. Church Attendance Doubles."

FROM AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER: "Girl Passenger Says She Was Not Being Kissed. Driver Fined for Carelessness."

A MICHIGAN newspaper reported that a generous gentleman had donated a new loud-speaker to his church in fond memory of his wife.
—*A. M. A. Journal*

# The team that couldn't lose

by Jack Shafer

THE GOOD FATHERS at Boston College have always been sports-minded as well as academically sound and serious. As a result, the college traditionally fields a pretty good football team. In 1942, though, the team was more than good—it was superb!

Grinding out victory after victory, with an average of 26 points per game to their opponents' two, Boston College was easily one of the best college teams in the land.

As a result, the traditional closing game against Holy Cross seemed a Gargantua—Tom Thumb mismatch. The Holy Cross Crusaders had been able to win only four of nine games they had played that year.

But a miracle happened that Saturday afternoon—a miracle for Holy Cross. Everything went wrong for Boston College. Kicks slithered a mere 20 yards, bullet passes faltered in mid-air and were intercepted, the football seemed to be a greased pig that B. C. backs repeatedly fumbled. On the other hand, the Crusaders could do nothing wrong. Men out of assigned position found themselves in just the right spot for a key block. Runners slamming into a solid line spotted sudden holes for which no one could account. Passes batted away by the defense took lucky arcs toward the arms of Crusaders who were out in the clear.

Final score: Holy Cross 55—Boston College 12.

An emotionally and physically spent Boston College team crawled back to the campus. Most of them went to bed stunned and disappointed. The informal victory parties—such as the one at the Cocoanut Grove night club, which many of the team members had planned to attend—were called off.

Cringing at the thought of facing the world after the publicity about their upset, the players woke the next morning, to find the story of their "heartbreaking" defeat overshadowed by the news that the Cocoanut Grove night club had burned, and more than 400 people had lost their lives in the holocaust.

In more ways than one, that fateful 55-12 football game had indeed worked a miracle.

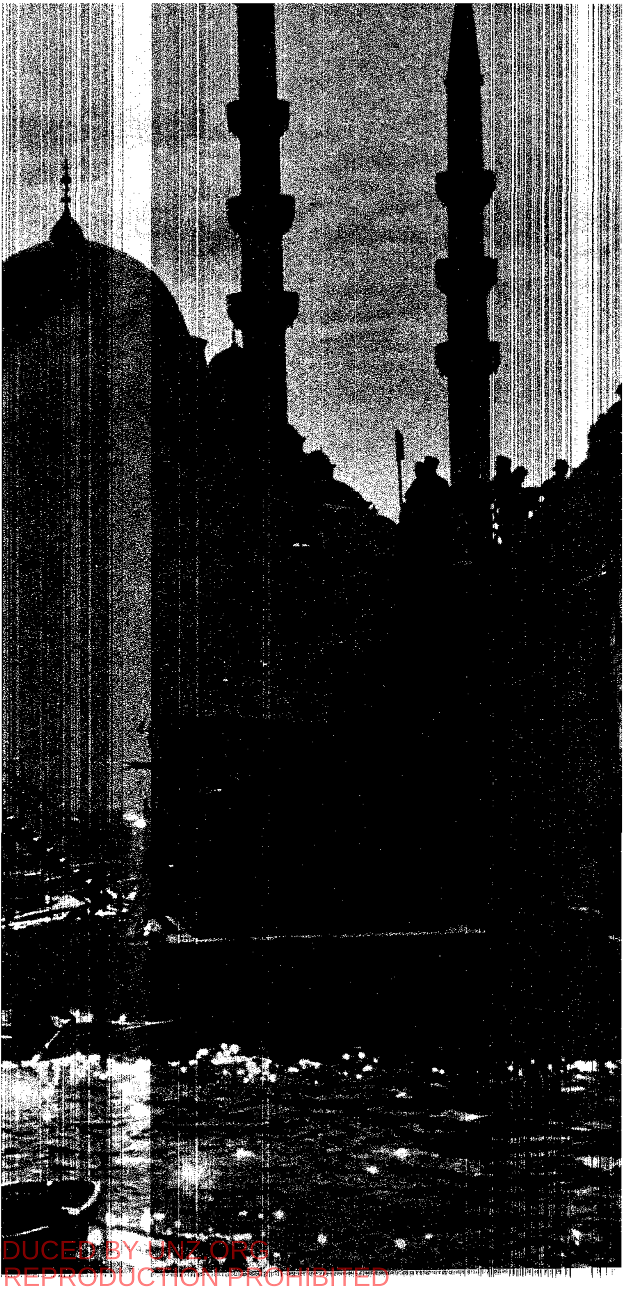
Holy Cross had achieved a fantastic upset. But for many of the Boston College players, defeat had brought an infinitely greater victory—scored over Death itself. Because they had lost—and had stayed home instead of celebrating at the Cocoanut Grove—they lived to play another day.

Text and photographs*
by Lewis W. Gillenson

# TURKEY:

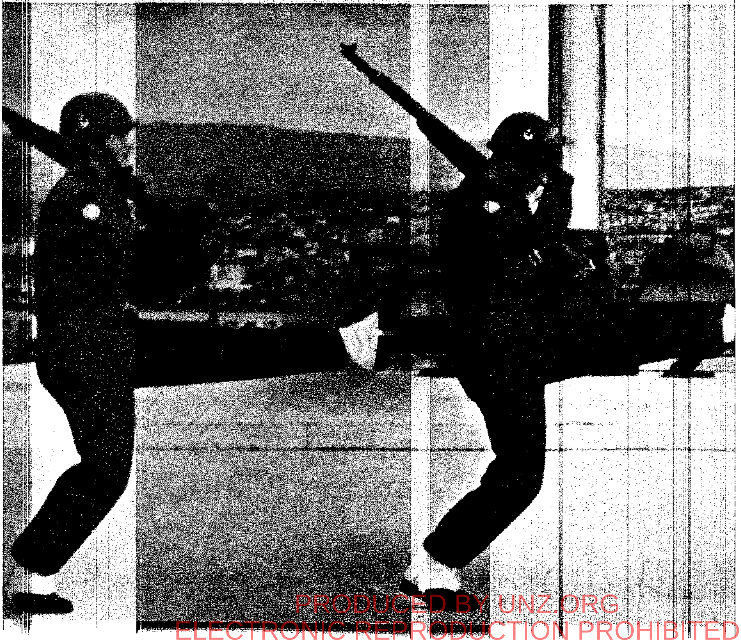
High above the twinkling, busy waters of the Bosporus, the domes and spiraling minarets of Istanbul's mosques stand as the ageless symbols of an exotic land. By geographic accident, Turkey vaults like a bridge across two worlds—the East and the West. For centuries, kings and pagan war lords left their imprints on its length and breadth as they drove ahead for the conquest of civilizations. What remains is a land with a face etched by its Oriental forbears, as these pictures indicate, but bathed by European tides of influence that have washed it free of provincialism and suffused it with the spirit of a dynamic present.

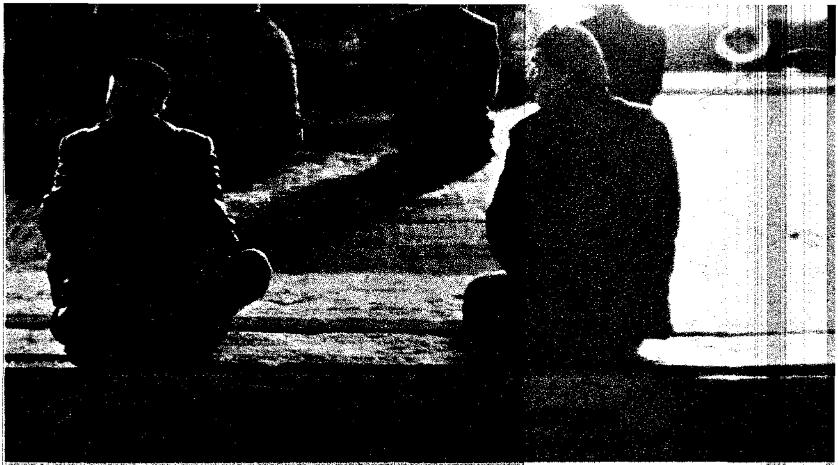
*Photos on pages 143, 151 by Lisa Larsen



Though mosques are many, worshippers are relatively few.

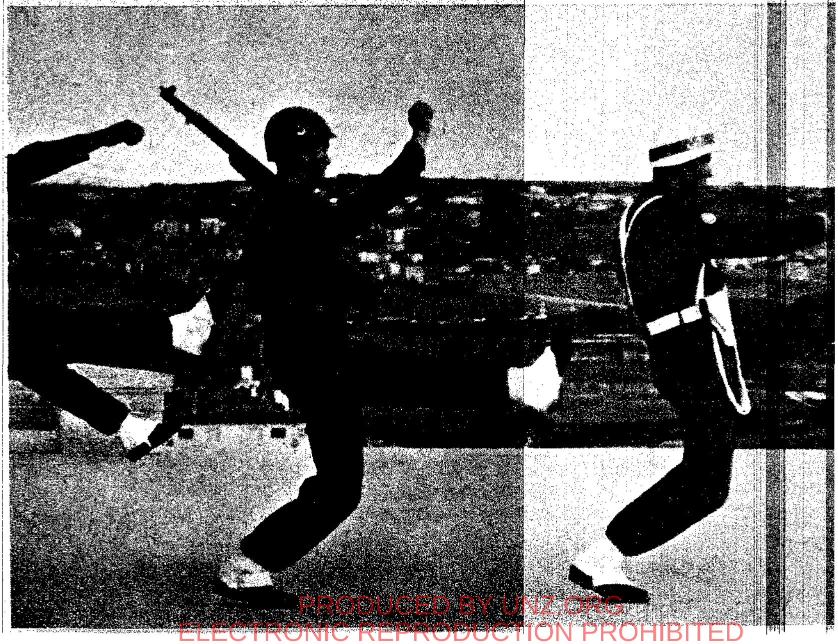
Army of 500,000, from 26,000,000 population, is best in Mic





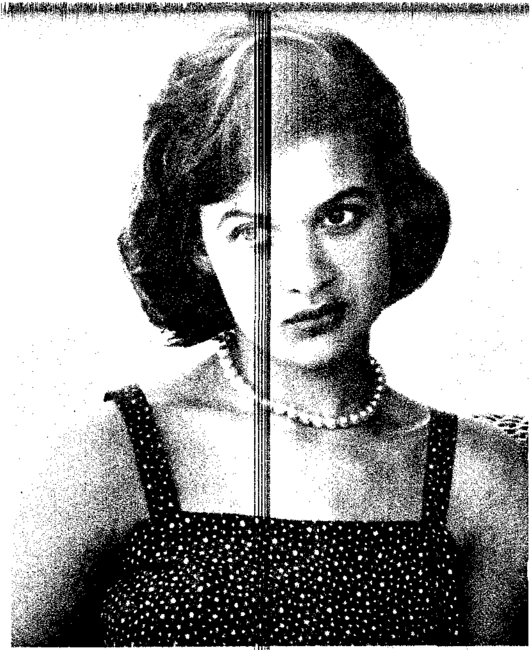
Sultan who was leader of Islam dampened nation's religious

diers earn 12 cents a month, defend 367-mile border against



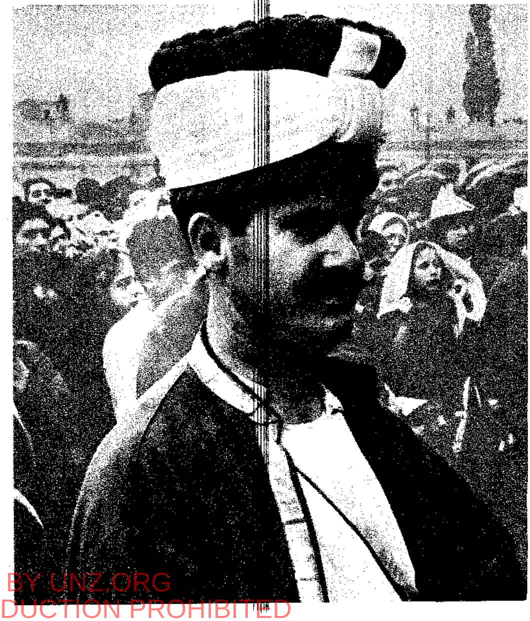
Modern Turkey begins with Mustafa Kemal, an army officer who almost overnight dragged the country out of its backward past. After World War I, the decaying Ottoman Empire finally collapsed. In 1920, Kemal Pasha reformed its armies, got rid of the Sultanate with its harems, court corruption and hated autocracy, fired the people with a new nationalism and, by 1923, won the country over completely. In a flashing display of confidence, he set up a republic, cut away the Moslem religion from the state and abolished as symbols of reaction the veil and fez. By the time Kemal Ataturk died in 1938 of overwork and overindulgence, his people had veritably deified him. Said a displaced member of the fanatical Mevlevi Whirling Dervish sect—which Kemal had abolished—"How could we object? He was such a *sweet* dictator."

Old politicians argue sidewalk café politics. Turkey has two-party system like ours.



Housewife of new Turkey has voting rights; may not, by law, wear a veil.

Soldier dressed as Jannissary, Sultan's fierce guard, symbolizes old Turkey.



Ephesus near Aegean Sea are among best-preserved in world.

unfolds like a museum without walls, an
panorama of archeological ruins. So obscure is
Turkey in the minds of most Westerners that
ly associate it with the great epochs of history
it belongs. In remotest antiquity, the Hittites
erians built civilizations on its plains and shores
rished for 3,000 years. Such familiar Greek
Troy, Ionia, Ephesus and Pergamum are in
identified with the modern boundaries of Tur-
e city of Ephesus, Emperor Marcus Aurelius
s rheumatic joints and wrote his *Meditations*.
nal Turks poured out of central Asia in huge

ounded 1000 B.C., it became great commercial cent

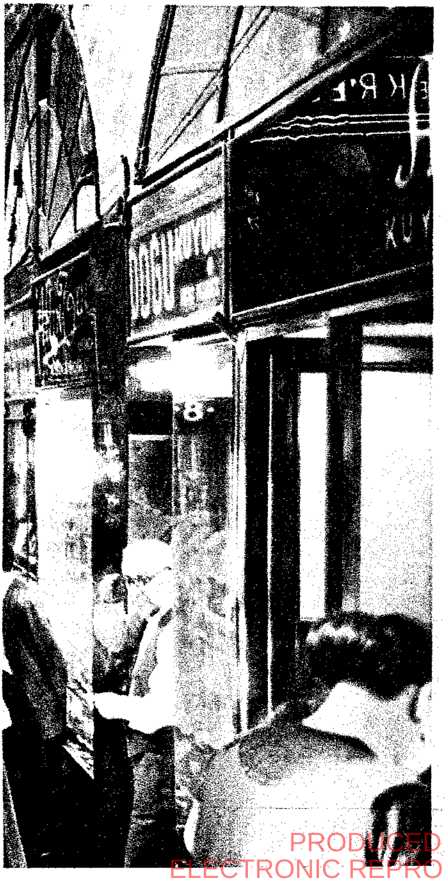
migrations. (To this day some 50,000 Russia speak the Turkish language.) F were overrun by the Huns of Attila and Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. Eventu Turkish clans such as the Seljuks in the 1 the Osmanlis in the 13th marched from t the faith of Islam and set up the great which ruled until the beginning of the 2 day Turkey is 98 percent Moslem. But so many civilizations makes it the worl Moslem area, applauded for its natio edness and its relaxed attitude towar

By any standard, Istanbul must qualify as one of the world's most enchanting cities. Its opulent palaces and story-book mosques have stamped it as the capital of the Near East ever since the Turks seized it from the Byzantines 506 years ago. But surrounding these edifices are the sure signs of a hurry-up civilization. The population of 1,400,000 keeps swelling, office buildings keep rising, night clubs grow brassier; although the streets get wider, the crowds get thicker, and automobile traffic, as befits any bustling metropolis, is utterly impossible.

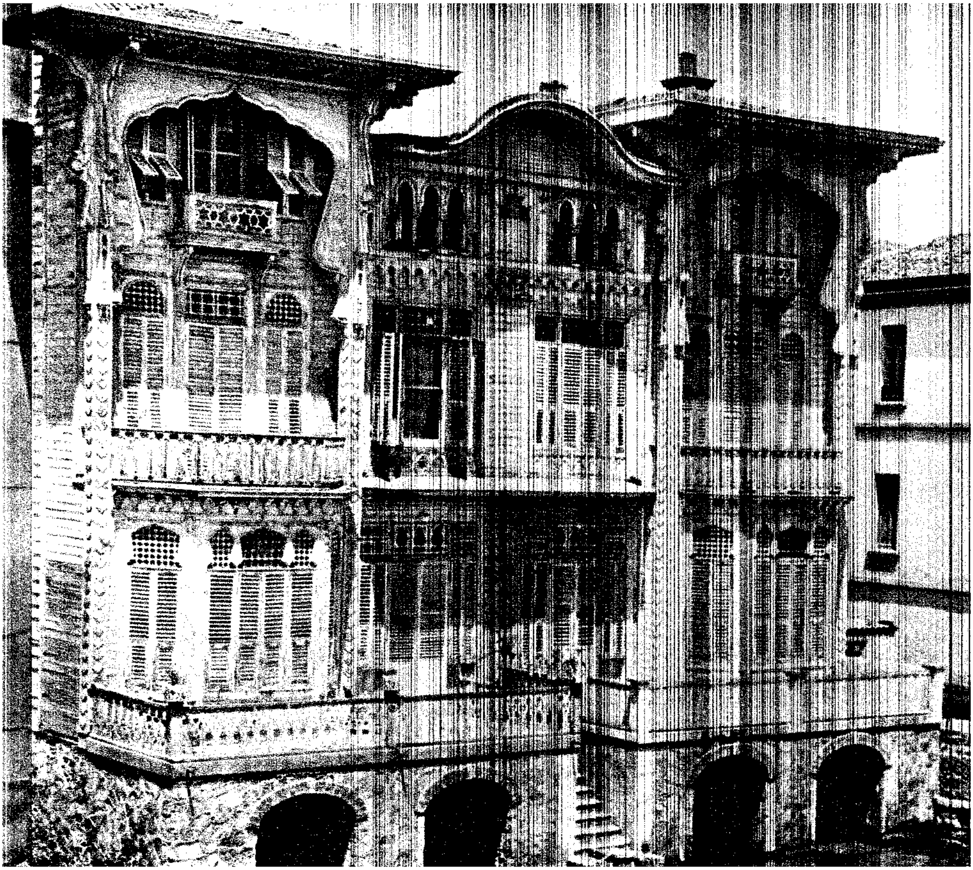
Covered Bazaar of Istanbul, a dimly lit labyrinth of hundreds of small shops, was built by Sultan Mehmet II in 1145 A.D.

YAPI ve KREDI BANKASI

Belly dancers, Turkey's prime entertainment export, are featured in most Istanbul night clubs.

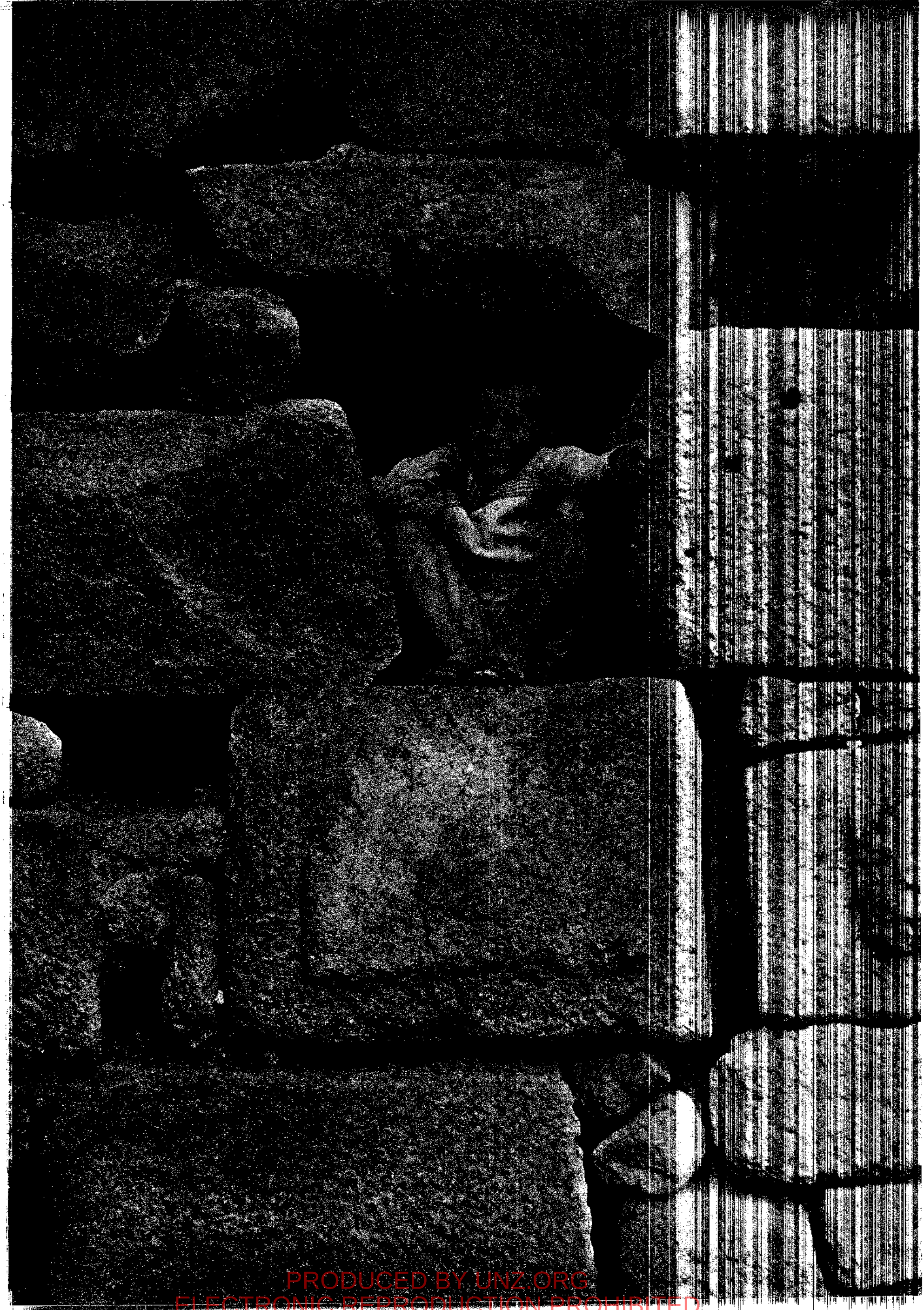


Goats tied together at horns are milked by women. Over three-quarters of Turkey's 296,000 square miles are agricultural. In its rush to industrialize after World War II the country has fallen into serious debt.



Old woman behind window bars bridges two eras—that of Sultanic repression and Republic's revolutionary new way of life.

Young boy, perched in chink of Roman rampart, suggests modern Turkey—rooted in tradition, optimistic about future. ♛



by Arnold Hano

# The star nobody knows

A Jack-of-all-trades, Theodore Bikel manages to excel as an actor, writer and singer, almost without being recognized

At a movie preview of *Woman Obsessed*, held at Twentieth Century-Fox's West 56th Street offices in New York, one veteran film critic jabbed her neighbor and pointed to a beefy figure on the screen: "I love that fellow. Who is he?"

Her neighbor—another long-time critic—answered: "I don't know. But I love him, too."

The gentleman in question was, of course, Theodore Bikel, who won an Oscar nomination for the best supporting role by an actor in 1958 for his work as the humane sheriff in *The Defiant Ones*.

Bikel, sometimes movie actor, stage performer, TV actor, occasional script writer, folk singer and guitarist, radio commentator, disc jockey and espresso-shop entrepreneur is the kind of man, as John McClain once wrote in the *New York Journal-American*, who is "known to everybody but recognized by none."

This writer recently decided to put McClain's phrase to the test, so he showed three close-up photographs to a knowledgeable movie fan, who quickly proceeded to identify them as Peter Ustinov, Walter Slezak and Bikel.

All three were of Bikel.

It is not hard to understand the confusion about Bikel. For one thing, no Bikel role ever seems to resemble another Bikel role. He has been, among others, a country doctor, a crook, a submarine officer, a university dean, a policeman, a colonel, a tax evader, a Quisling and a tramp. To make identification harder, the country doctor was Dutch, the crook Chinese, the submariner German, the university dean American, the policeman Scottish, the colonel Russian, the tax evader French, the Quisling Greek and the tramp Italian. In his recent movie, *The Blue Angel*, he plays the German manager of a dance-hall troupe.

Bikel has been as old as 83 in one film and as young as 25 in another; his real age is 35. Even his weight (he's six feet, one-and-a-half inches tall) varies from 190 to 220.

He speaks seven languages—English, French, German, Hebrew, Yiddish, Spanish and Russian—in a voice that oddly blends soft-middle European with the clipped hardness of the British. He sings in these as well as in many others: Portuguese, Italian, Slovak, Serbian, Ukrainian, Greek, Rumanian, Hungarian, Arabic, Hindustani and Zulu.

He is a Jack-of-all-trades. Even in an age of specialization this is not particularly unique. But what is unusual is that Bikel is a master of most of them.

His stage work in *The Rope Dancers* was termed "superb" by a New York drama critic and other critics called his TV performance in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* "stunning." His folk records, which earned him over $25,000 in royalties in 1958, outsell those of all other individual folk singers, with the exception of Harry Belafonte. And Belafonte himself says, "Bikel is the best." His folk concerts jam halls in the U.S. and Canada. His first radio show over a New York FM station was so successful that seven other cities have since clamored for the weekly tapes. His two coffee shops were the first ever opened in Los Angeles; today they remain the most successful despite 51 competitors.

"It isn't true," Bikel says, "that man can do only one thing well. This is a fallacy in our thinking; specialization has many disadvantages. Take for instance doctors; no one trusts a man who isn't a specialist. Yet a general practitioner sees the whole, not the part. But today the GP is maligned, no matter how competent. I'm a GP."

Stanley Kramer insisted Bikel be cast as the Southern sheriff in *The Defiant Ones*, even though Bikel had been in the South only three days. "Nobody could have played it as well as Bikel," Kramer has stated. "I wanted a mature human being more than a Southerner."

Stephen Boyd, who played with Bikel in *Woman Obsessed* and who saw Bikel on the London stage, offers this analysis of the universality of Bikel's appeal:

"The whole point of acting is to present a character in such a way that it will be acceptable to people, no matter how different they are, the world over. In this sense, Bikel is one of the best international actors. He has a quality that makes every single thing he does come alive and be interesting without deviating from the truth of the character. Bikel is a good artist . . . he never tries to complicate matters—this is why he is accepted internationally as an actor."

Bikel's roots and later uprootings may have helped lead to his many-faceted personality, at once childishly enthusiastic and deeply mature. Bikel was born in 1924 in Vienna, the only child of Austrian-Jewish parents. "Mediocrity was never our family's forte," recalls Bikel. "After dinner, my father read literature—a play, a short story, a poem, in Yiddish. At school and to my mother, I spoke German. My father and I talked Hebrew. I knew three languages before I was ten."

WHEN HITLER took over Austria in 1938, the Bikels fled to Palestine, becoming British subjects a year later.

In Palestine, young Theo (who hates the nicknames Ted or Teddy) lived and worked at a *kibbutz*—an agricultural commune—where he tried to learn farming, the country's crying need. It was one of his few failures. "The repetition of manual chores bores me. I'd stand on a heap of manure reciting Shakespeare. This was not exactly productive."

The *kibbutz* leaders wisely retired Theo, the farm boy, and put him to work in the library and in staging and directing local pageants. In 1943, he joined Tel Aviv's Habimah Theatre as an apprentice actor. The Habimah—oldest in Tel Aviv—is a cooperative theater and school, where the classics are performed in Hebrew. After 18 months as an apprentice, in which he was permitted one role, 29 words long, the 20-year-old Bikel wrote a scathing open letter to the Habimah heads which was published in a local newspaper.

"I wrote that, *one*, either I had

talent, or, *two,* I hadn't. If *one,* then why keep me doing only little roles or no roles at all? If *two,* how dare they keep me hanging around this long without throwing me out?"

Then, before they could throw him out, Bikel resigned from the Habimah and with four other young actors, in 1944, founded the Tel Aviv Chamber Theatre, where the parts were many, diversified and meaty.

It was about this time that Bikel also took to the guitar. "One day, a friend left his guitar behind," Bikel recalls. "I picked it up and decided not to return it. There is no defensible reason for anyone to abandon a guitar. It's worse than abandoning a woman; at least a woman can chase after you."

He quickly mastered the guitar (although he still cannot read music) and started giving informal folk concerts. Then, in 1946, his parents financed a trip for him to London to study acting.

After a brief schooling at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Bikel won a series of parts in off-Mayfair theaters, where his performance in *You Can't Take It With You* caught the eye of actor Michael Redgrave. He suggested that Bikel contact actors' representative Myron Selznick who in turn sent Bikel to Sir Laurence Olivier, at that time casting his production of *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

In 1950, while swapping ad-libs with Peter Ustinov in Ustinov's play, *The Love of Four Colonels,* and concurrently making his first film appearance, in *The African Queen* (during which Humphrey Bogart predicted that Bikel would be "the next Lee Cobb"), Bikel managed to find time for a weekly anti-Soviet radio show beamed by the British Broadcasting Company to East Germany. The program was so successful it ran four years.

Bikel received hundreds of letters from East Germany, smuggled in through Berlin, in praise of the show. As a result, Bikel understands with considerable relish that he is on a Russian blacklist.

In 1954, producer Herman Shumlin, who had seen Bikel in the film, *The Little Kidnappers,* signed the 30-year-old international character actor to appear with Louis Jourdan in *Tonight in Samarkand,* on Broadway. The show flopped, but Bikel didn't. He was deluged with stage screen and television offers. Bikel has since been so busy that he can say with only slight exaggeration, "I have never had a day's unemployment in the United States." In 1959, he earned a net income in excess of $100,000.

It was in America that Bikel suffered the only important failure of his life. He married. Typically, the marriage was international. Bikel's bride was an Israeli girl whom he had met in Paris and married in New York. Two years later, in April, 1957, Bikel went to Mexico for a quickie divorce.

Bikel shifts the blame for the marriage breakup, depending on his mood. "Who'd stay married to me? I'm a suitcase, an airline ticket and a guitar," he explains. "I've made as many as three plane flights in one day. It's ridiculous if your wife doesn't travel with you, and equally ridiculous if she does. Who has such stamina? Only mine is inexhaustible. Besides, I do not keep regular hours. If I feel like getting up at 3 A.M. to tape a radio show, I do so. This is not conducive to sane family living."

On other occasions, Bikel says the marriage may have failed because his wife did not lead a full enough life of her own.

Bikel is usually fiercely sure of himself, and expounds on so many varied subjects with such heat that Jack Paar on his show of June 18, 1959, found himself saying to Bikel, "You sound like an angry young man," to which Bikel snapped, "I believe Man ought to stand for something."

What Bikel stands for is perhaps best discovered on his weekly FM radio program, *At Home with Theodore Bikel*. Bikel spins folk records, plays the guitar and sings, interviews such celebrities as Archbishop Makarios III of Greece or Harry Belafonte, and delivers himself forcefully on such topics as marriage, divorce, capital punishment and politics. Says Bikel: "I try to combat the trend to downgrade the egghead."

Bikel's opinionating has kept his radio show sponsor-free, which pleases him. If some uncaring sponsor decides to advertise his product over Bikel's show, the actor has a clause in his contract that he will not be forced to read commercials.

But it is on the subject of Hollywood—aspects of which he loathes—and on American acting methods that Bikel is most acidly vociferous.

He finds it typical of Hollywood that he has never been asked to sing in a movie. "Once they wanted me to do a Russian gypsy dance. I suggested singing instead and gave them four authentic songs. They said they were all beautiful but they were afraid to use them lest they be sued. I said the composers had all been dead 300 years, but they wouldn't take any chances and had someone compose an 'authentic' Russian gypsy folk song called '*Nichevo! Nichevo! Nichevo!*' which means '*Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!*' "

Bikel prefers doing his acting in the East. "In New York, there's a vital alertness I don't feel in Los Angeles. The tendency to easy living in L.A. softens an actor's mind. I blame the climate, the pools, the barbecue pits—the whole theory that leisure should be treated as part of the daily schedule instead of a tiny precious reward at the end of a full day."

He is outspokenly contemptuous of much of the thinking in Hollywood. "Take my movie, *Woman Obsessed*. It's supposed to take place in Saskatchewan, Canada, so they shot it in the mountains of Big Bear, California. I didn't have the heart to tell them that Saskatchewan has no mountains; it is all flat land."

Bikel insists that he approves of the basis of the Method (made famous by The Actors' Studio, Inc.) which teaches the importance of psychological motivation in interpreting a role. But he believes this has been abused to absurdity. "You do not have to be a murderer to play a murderer. You have to be a good actor. When an actor is unable to do a scene effectively, his fellow actors and the director will ask, 'Have you been analyzed?' instead of finding out whether he's had enough theater experience. I do not have to have a Method director tell me the psychological motivation for my walking over to a window. I can get there without exploring my psyche."

Unlike most actors, Bikel cannot picture a role he would not be willing to tackle. "Maybe I have some innate sense of bravado. I am not a mountain climber, but I imagine I know the elation of the mountain climber. There is no insurmountable role. The worst that happens is you fall into the pit of a critic's mouth."

But even with Bikel's self-confidence, he approaches a role with caution. In the spring of 1959, Bikel was asked to appear in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Sound of Music*, his first musical show on Broadway. Bikel said that he would like to see the script first before making up his mind.

"They said they couldn't show me the script because it wasn't finished. I said, 'I'm sorry, but I can't say yes until I see the script.' They said the costumes are already made. The play isn't written, but the costumes are made! I told them an old Jewish proverb: 'A fool should never be shown half a work.' " (Bikel finally agreed to take on the job.)

Just before Bikel flew to Holland at the end of June of 1959, he found himself discussing with a friend a proposed series of shows over a New York television channel. The friend wanted to know how in the world Bikel would find time to do the musical for Rodgers and Hammerstein *and* the TV series.

"How will I do both?" Bikel said. His face was incredulous. "It's easy. I'll sleep next year." ♛

## LIGHTS ALONG THE WAY

WHEN GOD ALLOWS A BURDEN to be put upon you, He will put His own arm underneath you to help.

A HUMBLE MAN can do great things with an uncommon perfection because he is no longer concerned about incidentals, like his own interests and his own reputation, and therefore he no longer needs to waste his efforts in defending them.

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS? No! Prayer changes people, and people change things.

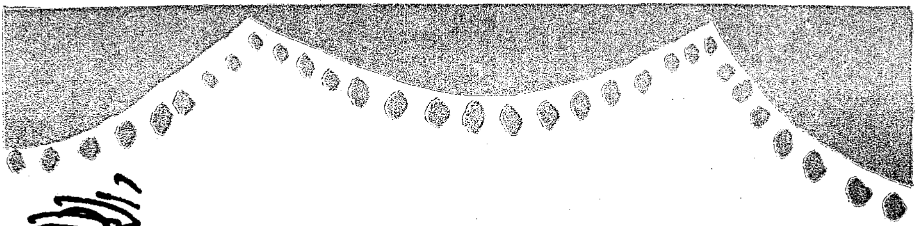
*Quote*

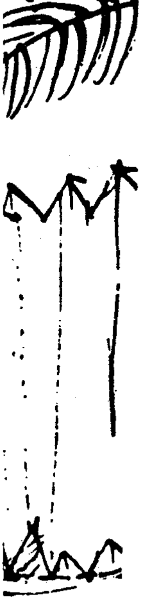
LIFE IS NO CORRIDOR with only a single door opening out of the farther end. Unnumbered doors—some opening on the good, others on evil, and many on a puzzling mixture of both—open off the corridor all along the way.

—HAROLD A. BOSLEY *(Pulpit Digest)*

A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DES ASMUSSEN





# "Oh sir, you've shot her!"

### BY BENJAMIN JACOBSEN

**INTRODUCTION BY VICTOR BORGE**

Being one among the many who have read this delightful and hilarious re-creation of the rather unusual (one dares hope) household in charming late 19th century Copenhagen, it is with a twinkle in the eye that I welcome you as an invisible member of the Danish family Jacobsen. For the sake of the contemporary persons involved, and their descendants, I feel compelled to mention that these experiences are not a model of standard family life in the old capital. However, episodes and persons could very well have found their counterparts in London, New York, or in any society of a comparable standard where the spirit is rather broad and liberal—at least within the family's four walls.

*The story starts on the following page.*

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# MURDER OF THE PARSON'S WIDOW

When I was a child in Copenhagen, it was the custom in our home to receive every visitor with four resounding hurrahs. We welcomed everybody, including postmen, delivery-boys and the like. All seven children were obliged to be present and both our parents and our two elderly servants, also.

As this greeting always took place in the front hall of the flat, some distance from the children's quarters, it may be imagined what a commotion was let loose whenever the doorbell rang. Babies were plucked from their cots while the older children leaped from their beds; in the kitchen the servants flung down their pots and pans; and Grandmother came tearing along in an invalid chair equipped with a horn on which she kept up a jubilant blast by way of a festival overture.

Father was invariably the first. I can see him now in the hall, a serious, intent look on his face as he stood, watch in hand, timing our arrival—and I remember how, when our greetings were at last unleashed, he used to move his scalp in time with the four hurrahs.

Father's problem was to secure full attendance before the visitor lost patience and departed. In due course—I was eight or nine at the time—he hit upon a startling method. As soon as the doorbell rang he dashed into the hall and fired an ancient double-barreled pistol. It made a prodigious noise, and emitted a pillar of fire and smoke which made our hurrahs seem rather tame. We were just getting used to this singular routine when Father was compelled to abandon it.

One day when the doorbell rang, Father rushed into the hall and let off his pistol, whereupon everybody screamed, doors flew open, and in a minute all were gathered ready for the ceremony. At a word from Father, one of the maids opened the front door and our cheers greeted—a lady lying on the mat!

"Oh sir, you've shot her!" cried the maid.

"Nonsense, Katharine, it was only a blank cartridge," Father answered.

"But look—she's dead," wailed Katharine. Grandmother roared, "He's gone and murdered the widow of Pastor Sartorius!" Father stooped over the prostrate figure of the widow. "Charles, fetch the smelling salts."

At that moment the widow revived, and at the sight of Father holding his smoking pistol she jumped to her feet and darted off down the stairs from our apartment as fast as her legs would carry her. Father ran after, hoping (he told us later) to say a few reassuring words to her, and my brother Oscar and I followed. Father was a good 30 years younger than the widow, but she had a fair start on him—at least until she lost it by having to open the front door of the house. We all rushed into the street, the widow screaming, Father bawling his reassurances, and Oscar and I bringing up the rear. By now Father had a firm hold on the widow's coat while still brandishing his pistol.

A crowd was gathering, though no one seemed inclined to help an old woman in distress. Then it happened. The second barrel of the pistol went off, with the usual smoke and flame, upon which Oscar and I delivered the prescribed four hurrahs. The widow fainted a second time. Several workmen ran toward us, and from King's Garden came two policemen. "Why have you shot this poor old lady?" cried one of the workmen.

The policemen arrived, and cut short Father's explanations with a curt order to go along with them. They agreed, meanwhile, that Oscar and I should fetch Bille, the lawyer, and bring him to Great King Street police station. One of the policemen asked me who we were, and I solemnly replied, "The murderer's children!" Father gave me a look which foretold a reckoning later on. He was then marched off, and the widow was carried to a horse-cab and driven home.

At Mr. Bille's office Oscar and I explained that Father had been taken into custody after shooting down the widow Sartorius. The poor man got to his feet, saying in somber tones, "Edward, my poor friend, what *have* you done?"—and hurried off.

When we reached home we enlivened everyone with an account of what had happened. Mother had gone to the police station to be with Father. It was dinnertime before we saw them again, and Mother tried to behave as if nothing had happened. When we had finished, Father said, "After serious consideration, I have come to the conclusion that in the future I shall summon you by a different method."

"So!" said Grandmother, "the poor wretch is afraid of shooting, is he?"

Raising his voice Father announced, "As of tomorrow you will kindly assemble in the hall when you hear a French horn. And," he added, "I should like to see Grandmother and Benjamin in my study after dinner!"

## VICTOR'S ORDEAL

When there was a party we children got out of bed and with the connivance of the servants, Katharine and Marie, we helped ourselves to a cake apiece, then crept back to bed.

But one summer evening we went on our foray too early. This time the raiders, Charles, Oscar, Emil and I, found no sign of cakes: nothing but lots and lots of used wineglasses.

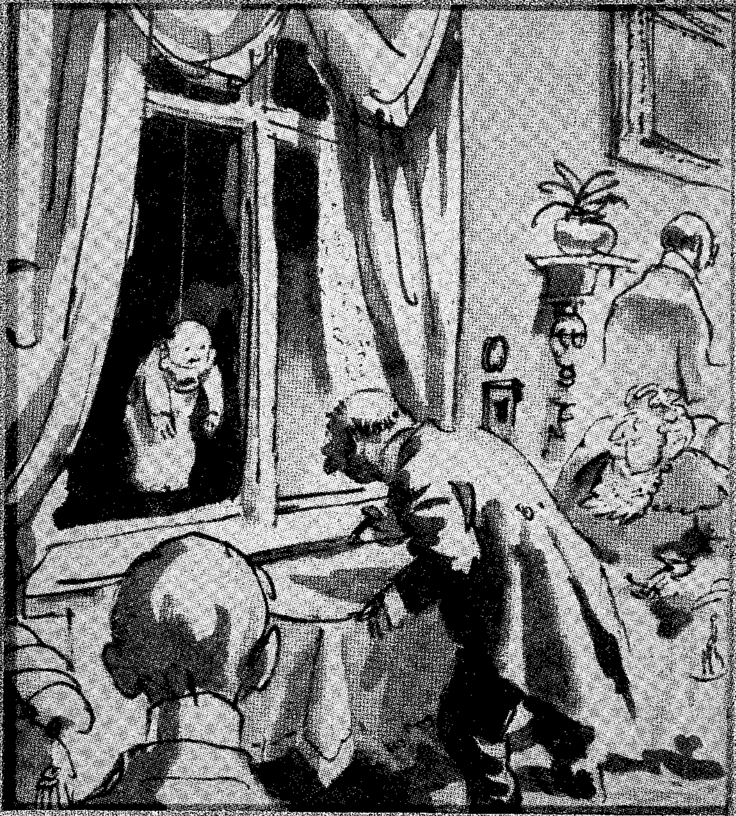
"Shall we ask Katharine for some cakes?" suggested Charles.

"No," said I, "that's not the game, to *ask* for things. But look—Emil is drinking from one of the glasses!"

"What does it taste like?" asked Oscar.

"Fine," said Emil.

We all followed his example, although Charles, still hankering after cakes, soon left. How many glasses there were I cannot say, but there



The chemist and the baby were staring at each other through the window.

must have been quite a few, not to mention two glasses of port. Oscar and I took one each and left, accompanied by Emil who had developed violent hiccups.

On our way back to our room we had the notion of lowering our youngest brother, eight-months-old Victor, from the attic window so that he could peep at the guests. It seemed a simple proposition: there was little Victor in the bedroom, there was a clothesline in the loft, and we were in hilarious spirits.

What really happened in the drawing room was described to me years later by one of my father's cousins, a law student. In a letter he wrote:

I was sitting with my back to the window talking to your grandmother's aunt, the widow Poulsen, who must have been 92. In spite of her age she was a vivacious old lady. Suddenly, without turning her head, she broke off and exclaimed, "There goes Victor!" and then went on as if nothing had happened. I came to the conclusion that a memory from the past had wandered into this aged lady's mind and had diverted her from her line of thought.

The conversation went on, but soon afterward the widow interrupted herself once more with: "There goes Victor again."

This time I noticed that her eyes were resting not on me, but on the window.

Your grandmother said: "Which Victor are you talking about?"

"Edward's little Victor," said the widow.

"Yes, but where is he? I fancied I heard you say 'There goes Victor again.' "

"He is hanging on a rope outside the window," said the old lady calmly. "In my time babies were not allowed to do that."

I had become a bit confused and became even more so when I heard your grandmother say to Madsen, the chemist: "Madsen, just get up and see if a child is hanging outside the window."

"Do you really mean to say there is a baby hanging outside the window?" asked the chemist.

"Yes, a baby. My aunt said so, and she has quite good eyesight. We all have in our family. Didn't you hear her say it was Victor?"

"Imposible, it is quite impossible," said the poor chemist. Then he shot up and rushed over to the window.

I shall never forget the sight: the chemist and Victor were staring at each other through the window, Victor politely interested, the chemist looking as if he were going to have a stroke.

Then Victor disappeared into the night, followed by our horrified gaze.

Apart from those I have mentioned, no one else in the room had noticed anything. I got up and stood at the chemist's side. We must have looked as if we were staring at rockets. At that moment Victor again flashed by the window at lightning speed. I pulled myself together and rushed into the study, where there was a halberd long enough to reach the rope dangling outside.

Your Father, seeing me snatch the old weapon from the wall, smilingly remarked: "Are you being attacked, Holger?"

"No," I said breathlessly, "but it is life or death for Victor."

I could hear my aunt Harriet screaming to your mother: "Wilhelmine, save your child! That man has hydrophobia." I ran back to the drawing room and over to the window, which the chemist had opened.

I quickly got hold of the rope with the halberd, and started pulling the child in. As I didn't know how safely he had been tied, I pulled gently, but at last I had the baby. I was shaking all over. As I was hauling your brother in past Councillor Berg's windows below ours, the angry man looked out, gazed first at the child and then at me and remarked: "This is a joke quite unworthy of a man of your age"—and slammed his window shut again.

Of what occurred upstairs I have only the vaguest memory, but I know that when Oscar and I awoke the next morning it was not only our heads that were aching!

## EDGAR THE TERRIBLE

I must not forget to mention Edgar Octavius Nikolajsen, the son of the King's Garden gardener Nikolajsen, a boy much addicted to roaming the town and acquiring the strangest companions.

Nikolajsen was stopped one day by the King outside Rosenborg Castle. "Your son is an interesting fellow," said the King. "It always gives me pleasure to talk to him."

"He is unusually interesting, Your Majesty. I often have a chat with him myself," said the embarrassed parent as he stood at attention.

Actually, Nikolajsen and his whole household thought that Edgar was slightly deranged! Others saw in the boy a hooligan and a thorough-going scamp. In our house, Father and Marie held this extreme opinion, while Mother and Grandmother were sorry for him. Katharine was sympathetic and we children secretly admired him, although he found us too tame to play with.

Toward the end of January, Edgar knocked Marie's hat off with a snowball. The angry maid poured out her wrath to Mother and called him "a forsaken brat who ought to be put in irons."

Mother said: "But Marie, remember"—and pointed to her forehead—"he is not equipped like you and me, and we ought to pity him rather than blame him."

"He's a darn sight cleverer than the three of us put together," said Katharine vehemently. "I hope madam will forgive me, but I am fond of that boy and just because he knocked the hat off that old prude, there's no use to say he's awful."

"Even if Katharine is so disrespectful to me, she should remember that there is a child present," said Mother angrily.

I did not hear any more because I went out to play. There was thick snow everywhere. We were enjoying ourselves enormously in the snow—I can't recall exactly how—when I walked out alone onto the frozen moat and suddenly fell through a hole in the ice. I trod water frantically, while I felt the cold penetrating my whole body and chilling me.

I cried out a couple of times, but had no more breath left. A number of people gathered on the bank; one flung a park bench which luckily missed me. Then I saw Edgar coming to the rescue. He snatched a rope from a tree, asked one of the bystanders to hang onto one end and then he came gingerly across the thin ice, carrying the rope on his arm. At

*"Do you mean to tell me that I should give an eight-year-old boy a cigar?" asked Father.*

the hole he fastened the rope around me and shouted to the people to pull. I was ashore in an instant and Edgar took me home, where I was put to bed.

Luckily, I did not suffer from my cold bath. "I suppose now we shall have to ask Edgar to the house," Mother said, looking at Father. He drank his tea, gazing intently into the distance. "Edward, dear, what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking of a little essay by H. G. Howitz on Madness and Sanity which I came across. There are only a couple of points that worry me, and which, as far as I remember, Mynster also failed to grasp. Perhaps I . . ."

"But Edward, you are a botanist."

"There is also a bit of the humanist in me, Wilhelmine."

Mother sighed and bent her head over her sewing. Suddenly she looked up at Father again.

"You probably realize that poor Edgar is not quite all there, so if we ask him, you could gather some interesting material for your studies on free will, couldn't you, dear?"

Father pooh-poohed the idea. "Edgar not all there! He's a holy terror!"

This painful exchange was cut short by Grandmother's entrance at speed. "By the way, Wilhelmine," she observed blandly, "did I tell you I have asked Edgar here at two o'clock on Saturday? We really must invite him, after his brave deed."

Father sat up and cleared his throat. "I suppose it never entered Grandmother's head that I might not wish to see Edgar here?"

"You? You have nothing to do with it. And while we're about it, remember to offer him a cigar. He smokes, of course."

"Do you really mean to tell me that I should let a boy of eight have a cigar?"

"You're as tightfisted as your father was," Grandmother said. "Pity you haven't inherited a few of *my* qualities!"

Father got up, gave cold thanks for his tea, and stalked off to his study. But Grandmother's invitation stood. So on Saturday Edgar arrived. He was in his best clothes and in his breast pocket he carried the silver watch Father and Mother had given him as a reward.

He had some affliction of his vocal chords which gave him an unpleasant, rasping voice. He bowed politely to Mother and Grandmother, but greeted us children by whistling through his fingers. Then he noticed Father's absence (he was in his study), which prompted the following dialogue: "Where's the old trout?"

"There," said I, pointing to Grandmother.

Mother interrupted. "My husband is working just now, Edgar. He will be in in a minute to drink a cup of chocolate with us all."

"What is he working at?" asked Edgar.

"I believe he is arranging his herbarium."

"He's got a herbarium?"

"Yes, a very large one."

"Benjamin, where is his study?" I pointed to the door and Edgar went toward it briskly. I followed hard on his heels, for he was, in a way, my guest.

"Edgar," cried Mother, "you mustn't disturb my husband. You probably think a herbarium has something to do with fish, but it is only dried plants. Do you hear, Edgar!"

Edgar did not slow down, and did not seem to hear a word of Mother's warning. His family evidently did not observe the courtesy of knocking on doors. At any rate, Edgar burst straight into Father's room, where he was greeted with furious looks.

"Hi ya! Let's see your herbarium," said Edgar, without more ado.

"No," said Father.

"Well, of course, if you ain't got nothing better to show than that old plant there, there's nothing worth looking at," said Edgar.

He gazed scornfully at it for a moment, and just as Father was about take him by the scruff of the neck and throw him out, he said, "That one's been picked four days too late; I've got a better specimen I'll give you."

We had planned to play with toy soldiers that afternoon, and Edgar was to have been the leader of one side. But we played without Edgar. He and Father only turned up when the chocolate was served, when Edgar, egged on by Father, said the weirdest things about those present. Afterward they each lit a large cigar and vanished again into the study.

Next day Mother said to Katharine, "Why didn't you tell us that Edgar was interested in botany?"

"I didn't want to give the boy a bad name," answered the maid.

## MAGDA'S CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS

My sister Magda, when she was around ten years old, was an exceptionally fat child, which was not surprising, as, unlike most children, she was addicted to fatty foods. She particularly adored sausage and helped herself freely to it in the kitchen, where, under Katharine's supervision, she was permitted to do various odd jobs of cooking.

Mother did not often come into the kitchen, except to make the sweets and chocolates. I have always thought Mother's Christmas sweets something quite out of this world. She made prodigious supplies.

There was one snag: Mother's confectionery was severely rationed. For the last two years, Magda had been permitted to make a supply for the children from cheaper ingredients. When she had finished her job this year, she found she was left with a lot of chocolate coating and she conceived the mad idea of using it to make a dish of chocolate-covered sausage. We all hated sausage, so she did not say anything about her in-

*"I made some chocolate-covered sausage for Christmas," said sister Magda.*

vention till the next day. She confided in me: "When I made the chocolates I made some with nougat, some with marzipan and finally some with sausage. I thought it would go well with sausage, but I tasted it and it is horrible. What a waste of good sausage!"

"You will have to eat them all yourself," I retorted.

Tears began to run down her plump cheeks, and she begged, "You must help me to get rid of them." Magda was my favorite sister and, apart from that, I had seldom seen her cry.

"We could throw them away," I suggested.

"No," she said, horrified. "After all, it *is* food."

I suggested we should go into the kitchen and take a look at the things. Magda opened the larder door, and at once her tears flowed afresh. "They're the ones on the blue dish," she said.

I looked, but could not see any blue dish. "Where?" I asked.

"There," said Magda, pointing, and then suddenly she exclaimed, "They're gone. How wonderful!"

At that moment, Marie, the housemaid, came in. "If it's the chocolates on the blue dish," she said, "you're too late. They've been put away."

We did not say a word, but crept out. "So my sausage chocolates are lying among Mother's chocolates," said Magda.

"I wonder what will happen next?" I said dreamily. Nothing happened on Christmas Eve, nor on Christmas Day. But it did on Boxing Day all right.

We always used to invite Councillor Berg, who lived below us, on Boxing Day. But the deaf old councillor got lumbago and would have to stay in bed for a week. In the morning Father and Mother went down to visit the sick councillor. After lunch we had tea in the drawing room. We all stopped at the sound of a distant rumble.

"I believe it is thundering," said Father. "How curious that it can thunder during a snowstorm."

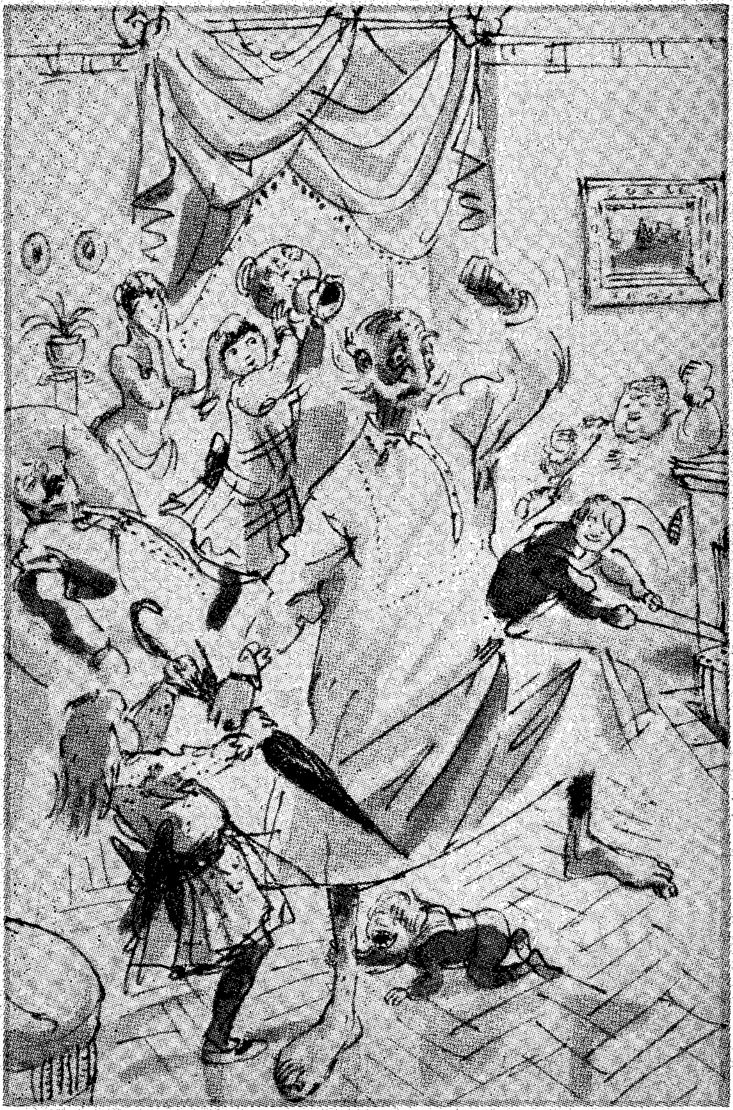
He had hardly finished his sentence when there was a piercing scream in the hall, then a sound like the rapid patter of bare feet.

Mother stiffened, and Father rose to his feet. The door to the hall was thrown open. There stood Councillor Berg in his nightshirt.

He was uttering guttural noises and brandishing an umbrella. I was certain he was going to kill us all.

Grandmother was the first to recover her senses. "Benjamin," she said, with a glance at the old gentleman's bare feet, "run down and ask Miss Mortensen for the councillor's slippers."

I crept out through the dining-room door and ran down to Miss Mortensen, whom I found on the verge of tears. "There he was in



The councillor fought valiantly, but there were more of us and we were pretty active.

bed," she said, "quiet as a child, munching the chocolates your mother gave him. And then suddenly he went berserk. He shot out of bed and into the hall, grabbed an umbrella and flew up the stairs to you. Has he hurt anybody up there?"

I tore up the stairs with the slippers. Before I went into the drawing room, I pulled Magda aside and whispered: "Mother has given him the ones with the sausage."

I entered the drawing room, having first made sure (by looking through the chink) where the councillor was. He sat in a chair by the little table, leaning on his umbrella. "But my dear Councillor, you owe us an explanation," shouted Father. "Why are you so furious?"

The councillor lifted an arm and pointed to a bowl of chocolates on the little table. "The chocolates," he managed to utter.

"But of course, of course," said Father helpfully. "Do eat as many as you like." And he handed him the bowl. This was just too much. The old man heaved himself to his feet, raised his umbrella, and hit Father over the head with all his might. Father swayed a bit, put his hands to his head and sank into a chair opposite the councillor.

"No, that's too much of a good thing," shouted Grandmother. "You are an old brute. Hi, children," she went on, "drive this devil out or you will be fatherless before long."

We children closed in on the councillor. There were six of us present, and we were all pretty active. One of the details of the battle which I still remember was that Magda snatched his umbrella, while I emptied a vase down his neck, and four-year-old Emil bit him in the leg (he was made to clean his teeth afterward). Grandmother smiled and nodded in great good humor, and did not interfere until she saw Oscar heating the poker in the fire.

When the councillor, who had fought valiantly but was somewhat incommoded by his dress, was well out of the door—Miss Mortensen met him on the stairs—Magda confessed. She had red spots on her cheeks from battle fever, and she had retained the umbrella as a trophy of victory.

It took a little while before the grown-ups could grasp what she really meant, and they each reacted differently. Father did not react at all. He sat, groaning, while Mother cleaned a V-shaped wound on his head. Mother merely said, "Magda, how could you?" and Grandmother said, "Don't worry, my little girl. You have at least ensured that this holiday isn't a bore."

## A BODY IN THE HOUSE

Father had for some time corresponded with the well-known German Egyptologist, Dr. Franz Schöpfner, and, one morning, a large package arrived from Berlin, which, to Mother's horror, turned out to be a mummy. It had been bought by Dr. Schöpfner in Turkey and was a gift to Father, who was delighted. He laid the mummy, which had a

*"It's not a body, it's a mummy," Father told Mother crossly, "and a heathen, at that."*

peculiar mouldy smell, on the sofa in his study, while he studied the accompanying letter from his good friend.

I had never before seen Mother so knocked off balance. "Edward, that is a dead body!"

"Yes," said Father, his nose buried in the letter. "And what's more, it is a very old body. Imagine, Schöpfner bought it from an Armenian in exchange for an alarm clock. Isn't Schöpfner wonderful!"

"But Edward, people don't sell dead bodies."

"Oh yes," said Father, "Egyptian mummies are sold now and then. In scientific circles, of course." And he added, absent-mindedly, "I am looking forward to unwrapping it."

"Are you going to unwrap that corpse?" asked Mother, horrified.

Father looked up from his letter. "But of course, my dear. I shall test a theory advanced last February by an Italian . . . but you are angry, Wilhelmine? Remember you are married to a scientist."

Mother's lips narrowed. She said, "I insist that you have this dead man removed from the house immediately and I should like you to talk to Pastor Olesen to see if he can be buried in consecrated ground."

Father plucked his pince-nez from his nose and stared at Mother. "Do you mean to say you want me to ask Olesen to bury a mummy? Wilhelmine, he has been dead many thousands of years, so what could Olesen pronounce over him? Besides, he was a heathen. I'm sure he would not thank you to have him buried in the sailors' cemetery at Holmen."

"He would certainly not thank you to have him dumped on your sofa," said Mother, with tears in her eyes.

"But he's quite comfortable," said Father. Whereupon he committed the folly of absent-mindedly going over and putting a cushion under the old Egyptian's head.

The minute he had done so, he realized the mistake and said, "This is, of course, just to support the neck. Mummies' necks break so easily."

But Mother had left the room in disgust. I well remember the atmosphere at the dinner table that day, because disagreements between my parents were very rare.

The silence persisted until Grandmother suddenly exclaimed: "Of course it will be wonderful to hear Olesen intoning over your mummy, Edward, but I must say I am first looking forward to pulling it to pieces." And then, as she caught Mother's eye, she added:

"Indeed, my dear Wilhelmine, it is not every day that one can find out in the privacy of one's own home what is inside a mummy."

Father intervened. "I must remind you, Grandmother, that my investigations are scientific: there is no question of private gratification."

"There is no need to get so excited, my son. I promise not to say a word while you are cutting him up. However, if you decide that I must do without that little diversion—very well!" And she shut her mouth in a huff.

Magda now returned with the report that Emil, who was sick in bed, simply didn't have time to eat, he was so immersed in reading some old newspapers. Magda had confiscated one to show Father and Mother.

"That is very odd," said Father. "It is a paper from Constantinople. Where did the boy get it?"

And Father, who knew a little Turkish, began reading the paper.

Soon Katharine came in.

"What is it, Katharine?" asked Father, still reading.

"Uh-huh," said Katharine, who wanted his full attention.

Father looked up inquiringly.

"I just wanted to tell you, sir, that Emil has broken the head of your corpse, and is sitting with it on his own shoulders. He looks horrible. Marie fainted when she saw it. She is lying on the floor by the bed, but he just sits staring at her through the corpse's head. I think he has bored holes in it so that he can see through its eyes. I asked him to take the head off but he just looked at me until I fair got the shivers.

We all looked at Father. Surely this was a dreadful story. But he just sat and nodded absent-mindedly.

"So," continued Katharine, "I'd be glad if you'd do something, sir, as I don't think Marie will get any help from the boy."

"Perhaps he will cut her head off, too," said Oscar.

"To end her sufferings," I added.

Father rose heavily. "Wilhelmine, will you take the port decanter and a glass." Then, looking at Katharine, he added, "Two glasses."

The expedition moved off in the direction of Emil's room.

As far as Emil's looks were concerned Katharine had exaggerated. He was not horrible, just funny. Marie had come to and was sitting at the foot of his bed.

Father spoke a few comforting words to Marie. Then, looking at Emil, he said with a sad smile:

"If my friend Schöpfner has a fault, it is that he is not always sober and is indeed positively addicted to brandy. This defect, coupled with the business acumen of some Armenian traders, has led him to acquire, as a genuine antique, a mummy made of papier-mâché stuffed with old newspapers. Wilhelmine, will you give Marie and Katharine a glass of port each. Myself, I should like a brandy with my coffee."

## WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

It must have been some time in September that Oscar and I got fed up with our six-year-old sister, Anna. She was quite a sweet little girl but she took every opportunity to correct her brothers and sisters, and this habit annoyed me so much that I decided some action must be taken. The solution came to me one day when she had been teasing Oscar until he was reduced to tears.

"Oscar," I said quietly, "don't be unhappy. We will sell her."

"What?" said Oscar, the tears streaming down his face.

"We will sell her to the white slave traffic."

"What is that?"

"I don't quite know, but it is supposed to be terrible for a woman to be sold as a slave; Marie says so."

"No one will buy Anna," said Oscar sadly, yet with a gleam of hope lighting his wet eyes.

"You never know," I said encouragingly. "Perhaps we can find a slaver who is drunk."

"That's worth considering," said Oscar and blew his nose.

We made plans for several days, but all seemed impossible. It was obvious that Anna would smell a rat the moment we asked her to climb into a sack—just for fun, of course. And even though she was not fat like Magda, it would be very difficult to transport her, gagged and bound, down the stairs and across the street to King's Garden, where we planned to make an appointment with a buyer. What was more, gardener Nikolajsen would never consent to have a slave market in a place where he was responsible for the maintenance of law and order. Anna would have to be disposed of somewhere else, preferably where slave trading was an everyday occurrence.

New Harbor! The toughest district of Copenhagen. There were always swarms of sailors there who sailed to strange countries where lived Negro chiefs who (for some reason or other) especially appreciated white slaves. If we sold Anna cheap, some sailor would be able to make quite a lot on her.

"You don't think she is too dark?" asked Oscar. "She has brown hair. Inger would probably be better. But of course she hasn't done us any harm." Inger was a blonde cousin.

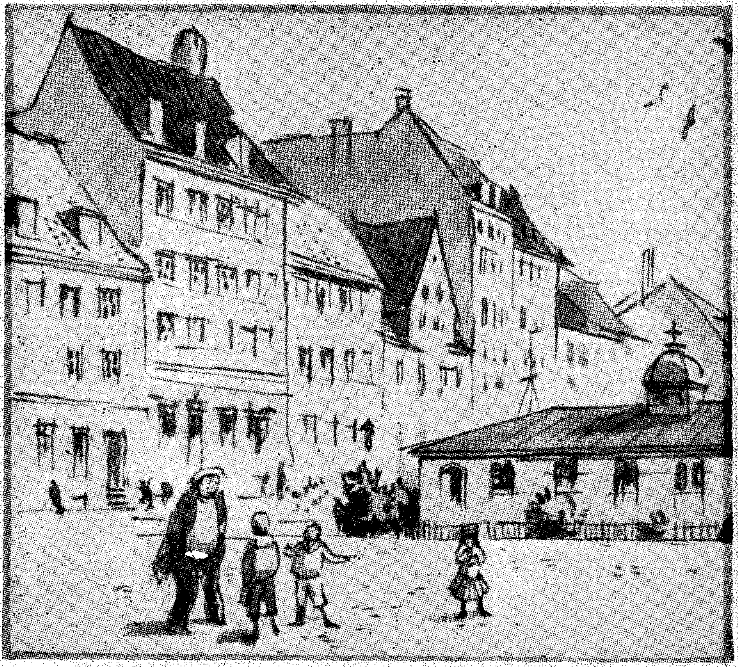
"We will sell her cheap if she is too dark," I said. "In any case, Inger might be a little difficult to get hold of." I was quite right, for Inger lived in Skanderborg—a long way off.

So we stuck to Anna. We tempted her with liquorice, of which she was inordinately fond. We each bought a bag of the stuff and announced we were going for a stroll. We rustled our paper bags and munched liquorice with mouth-watering gestures. Our brothers and sisters flocked around asking if they could come.

We chose Anna as our companion. We slowly approached the forbidden zone, all the time plying Anna with liquorice. Her only thought was to finish what she had in her mouth so that she could get some more. She had no idea that she was soon to be exchanged for cash.

Suddenly, an elderly, slightly tipsy seaman found himself face to face with three children, one of whom seemed to be eating liquorice out of two bags at once. He tried to take evasive action to starboard, but in vain. He tried again, this time to port, with the same result. It dawned on him that the boys were barring his way on purpose and apparently trying to attract his attention. Very politely, and with their hats off too.

"What's the matter with you boys?" the seaman grumbled.



"Excuse me," I said, "but do you buy slaves?"

"Excuse me," I said, "but do you buy slaves?" I can still see his face. His jaw dropped slowly, while his eyebrows went in the opposite direction. Then he swallowed and said: "Say that again; and in the same words."

I repeated: "Excuse me, do you buy slaves?" And to clarify things I added: "That is to say, white ones?"

Oscar interrupted me and said, "Well, in this case it is a female slave we have for sale. She is not absolutely white for she has brown hair."

The sailor pulled himself together. "Are you kids slave traders?"

"Not really. We have only one for sale," said I.

"It is this one here," said Oscar, and pointed to Anna, who was still devouring liquorice. And simultaneously we began to explain how strong and healthy she was. Oscar painted the liveliest picture of how, in spite of being a northerner, she would be able to withstand the tropical sun, especially if she were allowed to bathe twice a day.

"And she is cheap," I added.

"Yes, because her hair is brown," added Oscar. "But we have a genuine white slave we may be able to sell you some other time. She lives in Skanderborg."

"How much do you want for the liquorice-eating brat?" asked the sailor at last.

I pushed Oscar forward. His business talent was well established in the family. Oscar took a deep breath and said: "Two shillings."

"You young devils. D'you mean to say you're selling your sister for a florin?"

"She is an evil woman," said Oscar darkly.

The sailor stood swaying for a moment. Then he drew two shillings from his pocket, gave them to Oscar and said, "Get the hell out of here, you slave traders."

Like lightning we ran away with Anna's howls in our ears. A horny fist had gripped her and prevented her from following her deceitful brothers. When we finally reached home, we did not dare look at each other for fear of bursting into tears. And when, as we sat down to dinner, Mother asked Magda to call Anna, I was nearly sick. Magda reported that Anna wasn't there.

"Didn't Anna return with you?" said Mother to Oscar and me.

She got no reply, for we both burst into tears.

Emil finished his pudding and exclaimed, "She's probably dead!" On this I managed to get out the words: "We—we sold her down at New Harbor."

"For how much?" asked Emil.

"Two shillings," said Oscar.

"Wilhelmine, be brave," said Father to Mother who was wringing her hands. Then he turned to us again and said, in a deceptively mild voice: "Now, my dear sons, perhaps you will tell me to whom you have sold your sister for a mere two shillings?"

"To a drunken sailor," said I.

"I see. And you don't know this gentleman's ship or his address?"

"No."

"Wilhelmine, I am going along to Great King Street police station. You just go on eating. I expect it will be all right."

He did not get that far, because on the staircase he met the sailor bringing Anna back. The man explained that he had bought Father's daughter from two of the devil's worst offspring. So that the girl should not suffer damage from these scum, he had expended two shillings on her—and now he would like to hand her over. After that he intended to go off and get drunk!

Father gave him a financial contribution toward this intention.

And Anna! She had the cheek, a week later, when Oscar and I could again sit down, to suggest that Oscar and she and I should go for a walk to the New Harbor—"just like last time."

Moreover, we had been forced to give her the two shillings! Thereafter, Oscar and I abandoned the white slave traffic.

# FATHER'S ILLNESS

Father, who normally enjoyed exceptionally good health, was seized in May of 1889 with pains in his chest. This attack was most untimely because Father, shortly after having abandoned embalming, had taken a keen interest in the treatment of disease through natural remedies. Schumacher's *Medicinal Plant Book* of 1825 became his Bible. Unfortunately Father possessed only the first volume. When his pains started, Father went to Mr. Madsen, the chemist, to experiment with various mixtures based on the formulae in the book. Father was not absolutely sure whether it was his lungs, kidneys, intestines, liver or gall bladder that were affected.

Madsen was now a daily guest at our dinner table, where he saw to it that after the meal Father took the pills and powders for which Father himself had made up the prescriptions. Mother was very displeased that Father did not go to a doctor.

One day, when Father was suffering exceptionally severe pains, Mother said, "Madsen, you are killing my husband," as she watched the man pour half a spoonful of some grayish-looking powder into a glass.

The chemist, a nervous little man, was so frightened by this abrupt remark that he poured a further tablespoonful of the mixture into the glass. Father stirred it and drank.

"That dose was three times too much," cried little Madsen. "My attention was distracted—and to think it was a substance whose effect we don't quite know," he added.

He was soon to learn. When shortly afterward we rose from the table, Father was already uncommonly merry.

"Wilhelmine," he said, "I shall now sing a song for you, a robust ditty which will cheer you up."

And before Mother could prevent it, Father started to bellow an indecent song so loudly that the windows rattled. Now please do not misunderstand me when I say the song was indecent. Nowadays it would bore any boy in the junior school. It was indecent simply and solely because it was a popular number in a contemporary variety show, which Mother called the stronghold of sin. I am quite sure that if Mother had heard that a chanteuse in that show sang the national anthem she would have banned it in our home.

Father had sung only a few lines when Mother fainted. It was Mother's habit to faint when things became too difficult, so we children were not in the least perturbed. On the other hand, Mr. Madsen was. Father was no help in this situation.

The chemist's cry for Father to come to the rescue remained unanswered. It was Charles who came out with a helpful suggestion. He said to the bewildered chemist—and I repeat his exact words:

"I think it would do Mother good to have a little of the gray powder; it would have a reviving effect."

Though Father's example ought to have warned Madsen, he stirred a considerable amount of powder into some water and gave the mixture to Mother as she lay on the floor.

For a moment she stayed put, then she opened one eye. With her finger she drew a ring in the air and said after a few unsuccessful attempts, "I will not have owls in my dining room. Get those birds out." Then she closed her eye again and lay there giggling.

"I think *Valerian* in indicated," said the chemist. "I must discuss the matter with the professor."

Nothing could be easier, for at that moment Father who had left the room, came creeping in on all fours. "Shhh," he said, and held a finger to his lips. Then he threw himself forward and brought his hand down on the floor. An expression of disappointment showed that this attempt had miscarried. He tried again, and again he failed.

"Madsen," he whispered, "can't you stand on its tail?"

Then he caught sight of Mother. "Has it bitten her?" he whispered.

Mother shrieked with laughter.

The bewildered chemist was, by now, on the verge of tears.

"They tickle so, as they pass your face," said Mother, waving her fingers vaguely in the air.

We children were not particularly upset to see our parents behaving like this. They seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. Madsen at last recovered his wits. He scribbled a note, and sent Charles off at a gallop to fetch a strong emetic.

It took my parents a couple of days to get over their poisoning, which, by the way, considerably diminished Father's interest in homoeopathy.

A week later, he was operated on for gallstones. The operation was entirely successful.

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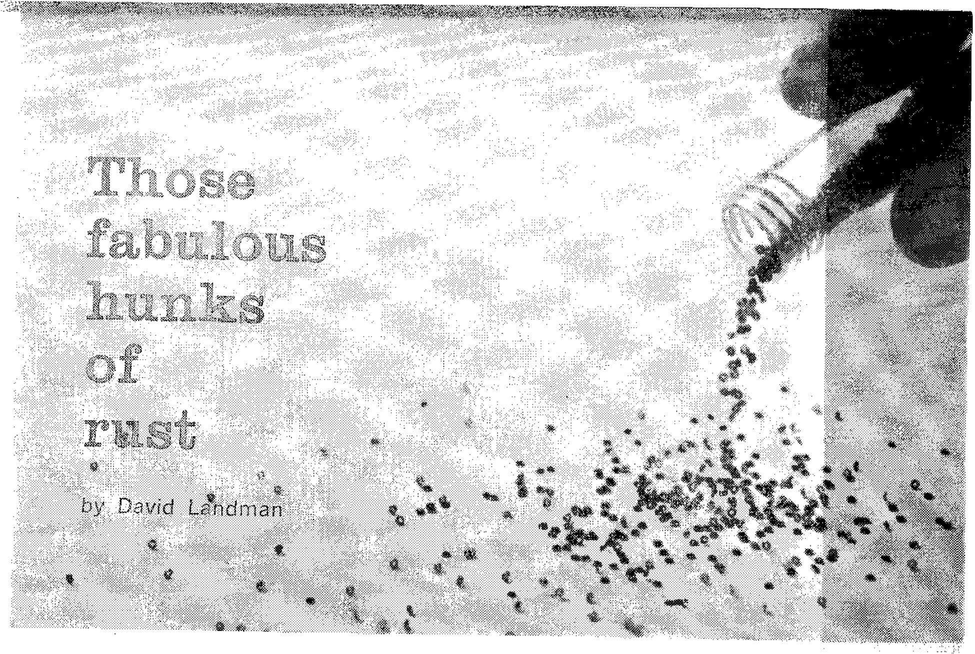
# Those fabulous hunks of rust

by David Landman



Ferrite magnets, revolutionizing everything from electronic brains to TV sets, are considered bargains at $14,000 a pound

It's not much to look at, and it's mostly iron rust with a few additions, but it's the electronic wonder-stuff of our time: ferrite.

It guides planes to distant, fog-shrouded airports. It helps put an image on your television screen. It's the brain cells for the giant Univac computers. Yet, most people have never heard of ferrite—probably not even your TV repairman—although chances are your set contains ferrite. What *is* ferrite? It is a rock-hard, magnetic mixture of iron rust and other metallic oxides.

There are many kinds, zinc-ferrites, barium-ferrites, nickel-ferrites. Sometimes they occur naturally, like a valuable iron ore found in New Jersey. But the more important ferrites are man-made. Every formula yields different properties. No wonder science is just beginning to learn how to use them!

Probably the world's leading ferrite scientist is the former German physicist, Dr. Ernst Albers-Schoenberg. An American ceramics company brought him to the U.S. after the war as its research director, and he soon persuaded the company to quit the manufacture of bathroom equipment and to start making magnetic materials. The General Ceramics Corp., International Business Machines, Radio Corporation of

America, General Electric and a number of special companies now make the magnetic wonder-stuff.

At the big General Ceramics ferrite factory in Keasbey, New Jersey, I found that the principal raw material was pulverized rust or rouge. There was a mountain of 50-pound sacks labeled "Pure Red Oxide."

The iron oxide was mixed with carefully weighed quantities of other metal oxides, crushed in a ball-mill and whirled in a drying-tower two stories high, and then molded into special shapes. Finally, the ferrite was put into huge kilns and baked. Rust that costs 14¼ cents a pound emerged from the kiln as batches of shiny black rings or wafers, rods or strips worth up to $14,000 a pound.

In 1950, when television manufacturers got out a 16″ set, they'd gone as far as they could go with conventional materials. Somebody at General Electric tried building a set with a collar of zinc-manganese-ferrite on the neck of the picture tube and a couple of C-shaped pieces of ferrite instead of iron magnets. Results were sensational. The new magnets worked so well that 21″ and 24″ sets became possible.

The ferrite-makers were made. They had turned out only three tons of ferrites in 1949, but by the end of 1950, one company was producing 125 tons a month.

A scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology wondered whether ferrites couldn't improve the design of electronic computers. The big machines had been perfected, except for satisfactory "memories" to store information. General Ceramics was testing a magnesium-manganese-ferrite which could say yes or no and a month later would remember and again say either yes or no. These new ferrites were being made in little rings the size of pieces of breakfast food. M.I.T. tried them in computers and they worked.

General Ceramics made smaller rings of the same material, just big enough to fit over the point of a sharpened lead pencil. M.I.T. tried them in the computer called Project Whirlwind. The tiny rings worked rapidly and so accurately that it was six months before the new computer made its first mistake. I.B.M. studied the new computer's performance and decided to replace storage tubes with the new ferrite memory core in subsequent machines.

These are the ferrites that sell for $14,000 a pound. They are small (450 make a neat pile the size of a dime), they are light (20,000 of them weigh just an ounce); and to manufacture and handle them is not easy. They are made on presses on which are mounted big magnifying glasses, so the operators can see the cores. And each finished core is tested on an automatic machine that picks up a core, magnetizes it, measures the response, demagnetizes it, measures again, decides whether the core is acceptable, puts it into a jar and clicks an adding machine or rejects the core. The machine inspects 12 tiny ferrite cores every second, which makes it possible for the company to meet an order for 1,000,000 cores in reasonable time.

Other ferrites improve radar, guide messages from island to island in Hawaii, serve as antennas in portable radios; are used in furniture door latches and magnetic toys.

Christopher L. Snyder, vice president of the General Ceramics Corp., told me that applications of ferrites are just beginning. He says we'll soon have a new kind of ferrite-powered fluorescent lighting free of flicker. The first experimental installations are already going in.

Other predictions:

We'll have new communications systems employing the thousands of microwave channels which, until the advent of the ferrite, were difficult to use.

Radar sets will be built without movable antennas, because a ferrite will rotate the beam.

Rabbit-ears and roof-top TV antennas will disappear.

Weight of power tools will be cut by two-thirds.

Automobiles and boats will have new A.C. electrical systems utilizing ferrites with plenty of juice for lights and accessories.

To bear out Snyder's predictions there was a big black ring of barium-ferrite on his desk. Above it, a second ring hovered. A third ring floated in the air above that. A glass post kept them from slithering off sideways. But nothing except their own powerful magnetism suspended them in space—a symbol of the power of the fabulous ferrites which, with a little guidance, can perform apparent miracles.

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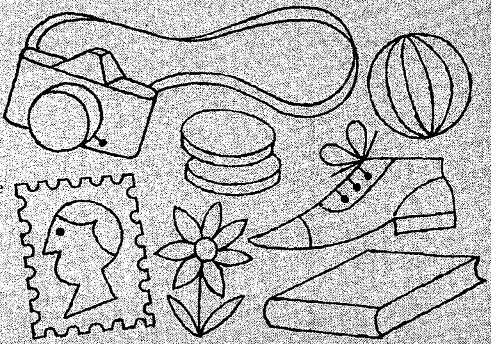

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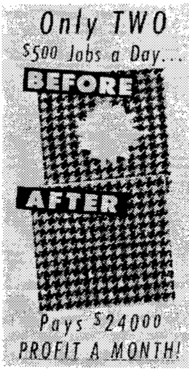

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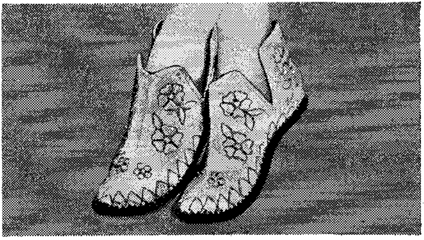

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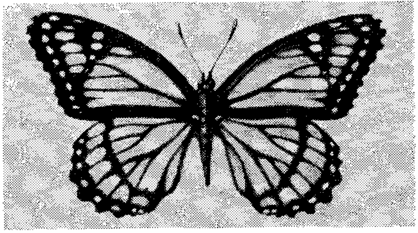

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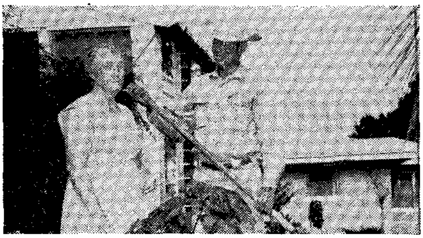

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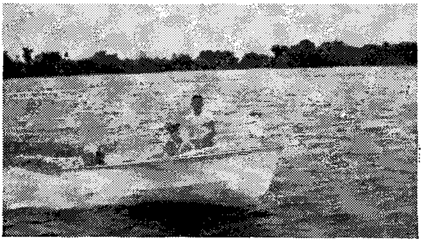
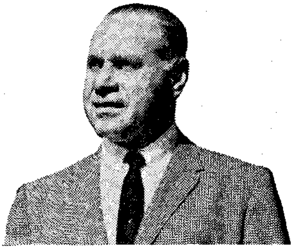


## FOLLOW THE SUN TO LEISURE LAKES

Leisure Lakes, a new 3,000 acre community in Florida's beautiful Highlands County is now in its second year of development. Miles of winding streets embrace four crystal-clear spring-fed lakes, while a network of graceful canals make this one of the most attractive communities in the State. The land has a gentle roll and is generously dotted with stately southern pines. A large Country Club is the focal point for many activities, while swimming, boating & fishing are available right on the property.



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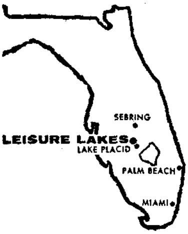

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**4479 N. W. 36th St.**
**Miami Springs, 66, Florida**

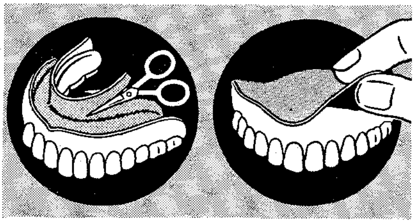
Please send me complete details about how I can purchase a homesite at Leisure Lakes for investment or retirement.

Name ......................................

Address ......................................

City .................. Zone .... State ......

(Continued on next page)

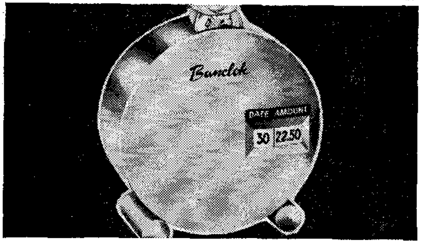


### TEETH STAY TIGHT

For months with amazing new soft pink liner. Eases sore gums giving you lasting comfort—eat anything. Ends daily bother with stickums you swallow. Easy to use—pure—harmless—smooth—gentle—brushable—clean—removable. Fills out shrunken mouth making you look and feel younger. Holds dentures tighter longer or your money back. Save *money and* time—send only $1. for big sheet or ask for information. Plasti-Cushion 85 (C-10), Elyria, Ohio.

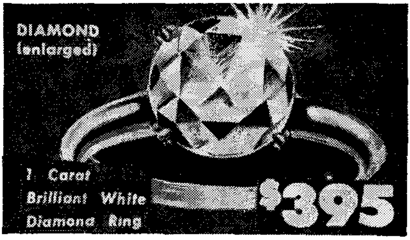
### IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New *home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics* with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show that children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write today for your free illustrated folder and low price on the Sound Way to Easy Reading. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Department 5-16, Wilmette, Illinois.



### SAVE $100.00 A YEAR AUTOMATICALLY

and You'll Never Be "Broke"! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day automatically keeps date up-to-date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily or Calendar Bank won't change date. Automatic saver for home, car, college, vacations, payments, etc. Automatic mechanism with key. Use year after year. Pays for itself in 8 days! Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 each; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11.00. Add 25¢ per bank postage. Mail to Leecraft, Dept. CR, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Sold by mail only. Prompt delivery!


DIAMOND (enlarged)
1 Carat Brilliant White Diamond Ring
$395

### BUY DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY . . .

"The Talk of the Country." Buy real diamonds after appraisal by your own expert. You'll save ⅓ to ½ by buying direct from one of America's well known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Diamond Jewelry sent to you free 10 day inspection. We guarantee to refund double appraisal cost unless your own jeweler appraises 50% above our price. Credit terms available. Write for Free Catalog C-1. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, New York.

THIS CAR MADE ESPECIALLY FOR
AL BLAINE

### SNOOTY CAR PLAQUE—$1.49

If he takes special pride in his car . . . get him this custom-made Car Plaque with his or her very own name engraved on it! Shiny, 3" x 1" jewel-like *nickel Plaque* is deeply etched with an official looking: This Car Made Especially For (any name you want). Self adhesive back attaches to dashboard. . . . just press it on. Easily removed. Guaranteed to please! Specify name desired when ordering *Car Plaque. Only $1.49, postage paid from Sunset House,* 812 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

### GERMAN MOUNTAIN SKI CAP!

New U.S. Sportswear hit! Bought in Western Germany: a limited supply of the original high-front "mountain" style (for fall and winter) of last summer's popular "Africa Desert Cap." All new, made of soft wool-felt, fully lined. Caps have *unique two position* pull-down earflaps to cover either (a) your ears alone or (b) both neck and ears. Available in colors of: Mountain green, navy blue, field gray. $5.95 plus 35¢ postage. State size & color. (Genuine Edelweiss mountaineers' cap-insignia, in gold and silver toned metal, $2.50.) Order now for prompt delivery. Ainsworth Company. Dept. CO-10, 158 East 38 St., New York 16, New York.

# Silver Linings

I WAS VISITING friends in another city and seven-year-old Jimmy was taking me for a walk around the neighborhood. As we passed a house in whose garden lay an old, half-blind, wheezing dog, Jimmy suddenly let go of my hand and ran partly up the path. The dog lumbered to his feet and started to growl as Jimmy stalked closer. Then, as the old dog, with obvious effort, commenced to bark, Jimmy, with a whoop, turned and ran back down the path. Obviously satisfied, the dog lay down again.

As he joined me once again, Jimmy noted the baffled look on my face. Placing his hand in mine he explained, "All of us kids do that—it makes him think he's still being a good watchdog." —CLAIRE C. CHASNOV

I RECENTLY CHAPERONED a bus load of Pep Club boys and girls. We were on our way to play a crucial

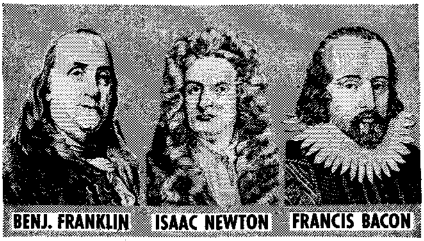
(Continued on next page)

*Why were these men great?*

WHAT GREAT POWERS DID THEY POSSESS?

**YOU CAN CONTROL YOUR FATE**

How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves? Know the mysterious world within you! Develop your personal creative power. Awaken the silent, sleeping forces in your own consciousness. Learn to push aside all obstacles with new energy. Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life!



**DISCOVER THE POWERS OF YOUR MIND**

These great minds . . . like many other learned and great men and women were Rosicrucians. The Rosicrucians, not a religious organization but a world wide progressive group of thinking men and women, invite you to share in their knowledge that will help you discover the hidden faculties and powers of your mind. The Rosicruciians will help you create health, abundance for yourself. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away.

MASTERY OF LIFE

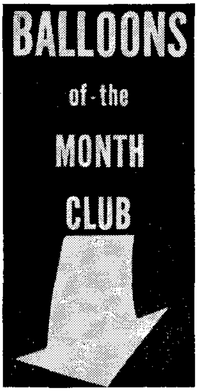
LET THIS FREE BOOK HELP YOU

**SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!**

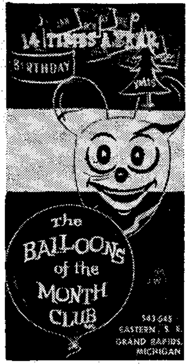
If you possess a true desire to forge ahead . . . to enjoy the knowledge that brings happiness, success and peace of mind, then send today for this unusual book, "The Mastery of Life." It will tell you how you may receive and use these teachings. Let this book guide you to widen your scope of personal power. It will prove to you what your mind can demonstrate. There's no obligation so do it now! Simply send your request to: Scribe M.F.S., The Rosicrucians, San Jose, (Amorc) California.

ARE YOU LOOKING . . .

. . . for the happiest, gayest, longest lasting of all children's gifts? This is it . . . a membership in the Balloons - of - the - Month Club that gives a youngster fun, happiness and a pleasant surprise by mail 14, yes, 14 times per year, once each month plus a special birthday selection and a super Santa selection at Christmas. Altogether, over 100 sensational balloons, with a retail value of about ten dollars. Now don't expect ordinary balloons . . . the 14 packages of balloons, that are mailed to the youngster of your choice, are unusual, gay and festive, extra quality toy balloons. This fabulous assortment is enough to make any child jump for joy. Dolls, animals and snowmen that stand on their own feet.



. . . PLUS HOLIDAY BALLOONS . . .


14 TIMES A YEAR
BIRTHDAY
XMAS
The BALLOONS of the MONTH CLUB
543-545 EASTERN, S. E. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

including the world's largest stand-up Santa Claus balloon and many other unusual balloons are sent throughout the year. To make your youngster happy as a member of the Club . . . and to give you a gift-value that is Unequalled, is the aim of the Balloons-of-the-Month Club. If we don't meet that aim to your satisfaction . . . you get your money back. Remember, Balloons are fun for everyone. The price of this happy-year-'round-gift is only $5.00. Order now for prompt delivery and please that lucky youngster. Do it today. Send child's name, address, and birthdate along with check or money order to the Balloons-Of-The-Month-Club, 543-545 Eastern SE, Grand Rapids 6, Michigan.

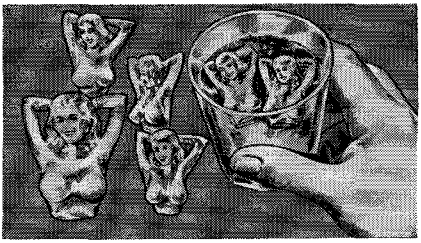
MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet a comparable, selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27—tax inc.! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut, hand-polished Capra Gems are priced within easy reach of all. Learn all about how you can enjoy the magnificence of a dazzling Capra Gem, write today for our beautifully illustrated Free catalog. See . . . in actual size . . . the wide selection of men's and women's styles, settings, prices. Read about our easy payment plans to suit every budget. Send no money. You are under no obligation and no salesman will call. Capra Gem Company, Dept. CT-10, Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania.

ACT NOW
Send For
FREE
CATALOG
Capra Gems

## *Silver Linings* *continued*

football game against our traditional enemy, and feeling ran high. For 40 miles the bus rocked with shrieks, laughter, singing and just plain noise. Then as we approached our destination, a voice rose above the singing and said, "Quiet, kids, it's time for our prayer. You lead us, Janie." There was sudden and absolute quiet while an earnest young voice prayed, "Our

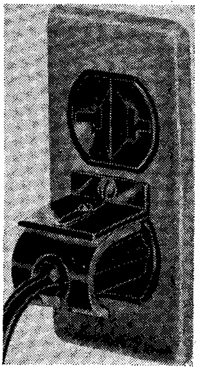


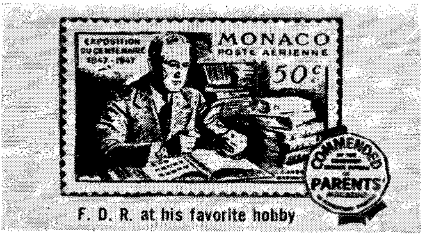
WOW! NUDIE ICE CUBES—$1

These cool cuties give a real frosty tang to drinks. Specially designed ice cube tray turns out a bevy of four beautifully proportioned beauties. These lovely lassies guarantee to cause conversation as well as frosty delight. Nudie Ice Cubes are real cute . . . a sensational new party idea! You must be pleased or your money back! Only $1 each or 3 trays for $2.79, postage paid. Order Nudie Cubes Tray for Sunset House, 812 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

NEW! ELECTRICAL PLUG LOCK

Unique! A wonderful contribution to our electrified civilization. Electrical Plug Lock connects to outlet, can save thousands of dollars in damages! It protects children from possible harm. It automatically eliminates the ever-present danger of accidentally disconnecting the refrigerator, freezer, electric signs, alarms, nite-lites, appliances, anything that plugs in. It locks the plug into the outlet and keeps it completely secure. Easy to install in a moment, adjusts for any size plug. The best insurance you can get! For homes, offices, factories, stores. 3 for $1.25 ppd. 6 for $2. Lord George Ltd., Dept. C-1, 1270 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.





F. D. R. at his favorite hobby

## 552 DIFFERENT STAMPS $1

Just picture them! 12 Roosevelt memorials including stamp illustrated, complete United Nations mint issue from Laos & Liberia (this set alone has a face value of 40¢). other album enrichments from Monaco honoring Pres. Eisenhower, Washington & Lincoln, the Grace Kelly set of 5, plus the Queen Elizabeth & Duke of Edinburgh commemorative issue & the Hindenburg set of 17. This collection of 552 different stamps—all for $1.00 (worth much more) to introduce our approval service. Elmont Stamp Co., 61 W. 35 St., Dept. 5, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

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LIVING FENCE

## LIVING FENCE

Amazing fast growing rose hedge. See sensational Red Robin Living Fence (Glorie Des Rosomanes). Sweeping the country! Surrounds property with beauty, protection. Little as 12¢ per foot. Plant this spring, have a vigorous living Fence bursting with fragrant red roses this summer. Grows to 6 feet if desired. Grows straight, upright, stays compact. Keeps out intruders, noise. Send for free full-color book today! Ginden Nursery Company, Dept. 3001, San Bruno, Calif.

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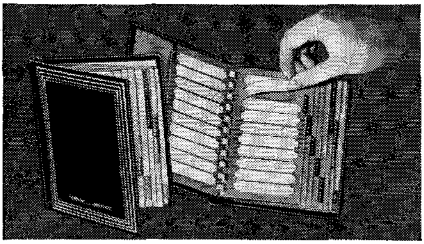

## LIFETIME ADDRESS BOOK—$1

New Address Book is always up-to-date. Make revisions lightning fast! Name tabs slip in and out for for quick changes. Complete 12-page address file plus extra pages for services, birthdays, anniversaries. Plus 4 pages for gift and Christmas card list. 30 pages in all! 50 extra tabs for changes. Spiral bound, beautiful leather-like binding, gold stamped decoration. Sensational value! Guar. or money back! Only $1, ppd. Order Address Book from Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

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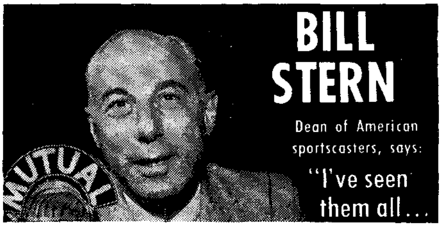

BILL STERN
Dean of American sportscasters, says:
"I've seen them all...
MUTUAL

## "CAPE CORAL IS MY CHOICE!"

"It's truly a Waterfront Wonderland, with everything you look to Florida for—and then some! It's the community of tomorrow—ready today—rich in Nature's generous gifts, made even more wonderful by inspired planning and lavish improvements. Storybook location—Ideal climate—High, dry, fertile land —Full-scale construction program—A social life you'll love—all adding up to Waterfront living at its best for as little as $20 down and $20 monthly for a fully improved ¼-acre homesite! Cape Coral homes are ready, too—as Connie Mack, Jr., tells you below."

CONNIE MACK, JR.
says:
"THE PERFECT HOME...
THE PERFECT HOMESITE...

## "THE PERFECT COMMUNITY!"

"You've never seen a parade of homes like Cape Coral's! Imagine—23 different sparkling models to choose from, including 6 multiple dwelling investment properties. Designed to take advantage of Florida's delightful year-round climate, they invite the outdoors in, and give a bright new golden meaning to every moment of your life. All sizes, too—from 2 Bedroom, 1 Bath to 4 Bedroom, 3 Bath with swimming pool, priced from $8,995 to $35,000 on your homesite. Why not select your homesite in Cape Coral now—today—and plan for a better tomorrow."

CAPE CORAL
FLORIDA

## STOP WISHING . . . START FISHING!

**Send for the Cape Coral Story today**

**Gulf Guaranty Land & Title Co., Dept. D5**
**1771 N. Tamiami Trail, Fort Myers, Florida**

Please rush my Free copy of "The Cape Coral Story" in full color.

Name ....................................

Address ....................................

City .......................Zone....State ........

(Continued on next page)

IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER

Just step into "Elevators" amazing height-increasing shoes, and be almost 2 inches taller. Important inches that bring new respect in business, admiration from her. "Elevators" look like other fine shoes; so tall men as well as short men wear them with no one the wiser. For free booklet of 34 styles write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 2-10, Brockton, Mass.

FREE KODAK FILM FOREVER!

With every roll of black & white, color or movie film sent for processing you receive free a fresh roll of Kodak film! Black & white 8 exp. roll 89¢; 12 exp. $1.09; Kodacolor 8 exp. $3.50; 12 exp. $4.25. 8 mm movie rolls $3.50. Prices incl. quality processing plus roll of Kodak film. Write for free mailers, Film-Craft, Box 2CF, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10.

EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar. or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Check-Safe Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

GENUINE HERALDRY IS FLATTERING

Many families from Britain and Europe were once identified by their own Coat of Arms, still recorded in England. Immaculate oak 12" wall shields individually emblazoned in true colour & relief cost only $15.00 ppd. Checks returned with brochure by Airmail if Arms un-traceable. Print surnames. Allow two months. Hunter & Smallpage (1875). York, England.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

## *Silver Linings* continued

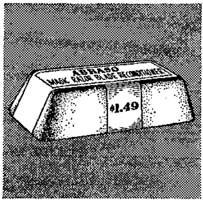
dear Father, please be with us tonight. Guard over our players and our opponents, and keep them from injury. Help them all to play a clean, fair game and help us all to be good sports." Forty-five voices echoed the "Amen."

There was no mention at all of winning the game.

—MRS. TOM C. LIVINGSTON

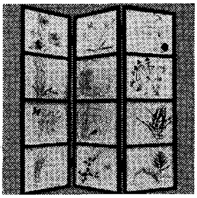
OUR SON FLOYD was slow to walk and even slower in talking. When we learned that he was slightly retarded, we were heartbroken but on our doctor's advice we tried to treat him as a normal child in every possible way. However, I worried about his reception by others, who might not understand that he is not quite like other children.

I need not have been so con-



MAGIC RAZOR BLADE RECONDITIONER

Men! Here's a brand new item—Abraso Magic Razor Blade Reconditioner—that will give you 100 or more clean, easy, painless shaves per blade. Abraso is guaranteed to do all we claim for it or your money back. Simple to use. Full instructions included. Lasts a lifetime. $1.49 ppd. Order today. Raysol Products, Dept. C, 103 So. Broadway, Poplar Bluff, Mo.



MAKE A REAL FLOWER SCREEN

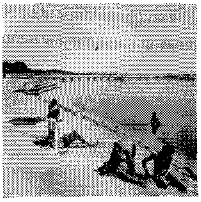
Room dividers, lamps with colorful flowers, leaves, butterflies, sea shells, permanently embedded in Castoglas. Make lovely glass bowls, dishes, trays, placemats, other fine objects. For your home, for gifts or to sell at nice profit. Easy to do, inexpensive. For illust. booklet showing how, mail 25¢ to Dept. A-20, The Castolite Co., Woodstock, Ill.

cerned, though, because I soon discovered Floyd possessed the universal key to open hearts. He uses three words that are his passport everywhere. I have watched them work their magic on people of every age and color.

Into the face of every new acquaintance, he shines a smile of luminous beauty and says, distinctly, sweetly and with great conviction, "I like you." —FLORENCE R. TINDALL

AS A LEADER OF A TROOP of physically handicapped Girl Scouts at our local Shrine Hospital, I frequently find myself gaining far more than I give.

One of the biggest lessons came from June, a beautiful 11-year-old who had been born with mere stubs for arms, yet through determination had mastered the use of what she

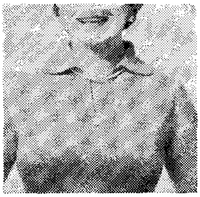


LIVE LONGER, BETTER IN FLORIDA

$10 down, $10 monthly buys your homesite in Central *Florida's finest retirement & vacation community* in the high ridge section near Sebring. On 84 sq. m. HighlandsLake. Freeparks, beaches. Get free color brochures, plans; learn how we help plan, finance, build low cost, tax-exempt home. Write Florida Realty Bureau, Inc., Dept. PIM1, Lake Placid, Fla.

ALOHA FROM HAWAII

Five exotic essences from Hawaii, in the "Aloha Set." Exquisite whispering fragrances of the pikake, white ginger, orchid, plumeria, and heavenly lani. Smartly wrapped! $4.95 prepaid surface mail, or $5.90 airmail ppd. Write today for other exciting and authentic products of Hawaii and the South seas. Address: Gifts Of Hawaii, P.O. Box 8084, Honolulu, Hawaii.



AFTER BREAST SURGERY

*Look and feel normal again* . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

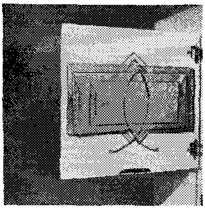
NEW HEALTH TAN SUN LAMP CAN'T BURN

DuPont polyester filters out harmful burning rays and passes only safe long tanning rays which will not burn. Sleep under it! All night! Clamp Model FBH shown $19.95. Deluxe floor stand Model FBS adjustable height to 61" and folds for travel, only $29.95. Send check or m.o. to American Atlas Corp., Dept. 1-C, 312 Tarrytown, Richmond 29, Va. New Dealerships available.

FREE BOOKLET FOR OVERWEIGHTS

Overweight can contribute to diseases of the heart, liver, diabetes, nephritis. For free literature on Sunmagic, nutrient aid while reducing, write today! No drugs, diet fads, or gadgets! As pure as nature itself. Mailed in a plain envelope, your confidence respected. Write today! Healthway Co., 915 Broadway, Dept. A-2, New York 10, New York.

REDUCE SAFELY



KEEP PAPER BAGS NEAT—$1

Bag Caddy . . . holds up to 40 bags neatly. No more jamming bags into drawers. Plated wire loops hold every bag, big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back. Only $1 ppd. Order from Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

WERE YOU BORN BEFORE 1900?

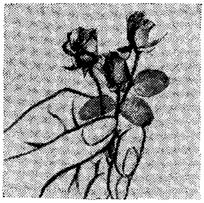
If under 80, you can still apply for a $1000 regular Old Line Legal Reserve life insurance policy. Entire transaction handled by mail. No one will call on you. Mail post card or letter today. Give name, address & age. Complete info. sent by return mail. Address Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th Street, Dept. L125M, Kansas City, Missouri.

*(Continued on next page)*

FREE CATALOG—LADIES WIDE SHOES

Many new styles for New Year now offered in ladies wide shoes, all heel heights, widths C to EE, sizes 4 to 11. Shown, "Roma" pointed toe with 2⅛" slim heels. Combinations of suede & calf in: Black, Brown or Navy, all sizes 5 to 11. $9.95 ppd. money-back guar. Order now or get free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-1, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pa.

GROW TINY ROSES INDOORS! $1.49



Perfectly shaped Miniature Rose Bushes bloom indoors all winter. Grow no more than 8" to 12" tall, burst with a glorious array of thimble-size blooms! Hardy as regular Roses. Grow indoors in winter, transplant outdoors to bloom all summer & autumn. Guar.! Miniature Rose Bush $1.49, ppd. 3 for $4. Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-10, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

1000 ADDRESS LABELS $1

Frederick W Strandberg
1240 Oak Circle Drive
Jackson Heights
Long Island New York

Any message up to 4 lines neatly printed in black on white, gilt edged gummed paper 1½ in. long. Padded and packed with clear 2¼ in. plastic box. Note we tell you our sizes. 1000 for $1 any 5 orders, $4; any 10, $7.50; any 25 for $15. Via air, add 21¢ per 1000. Guaranteed Prompt delivery. Bruce Bolind, 11 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 5, Calif. Thank you kindly.

PUT PERSONALITY INTO YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., AP-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

## *Silver Linings* *continued*

had—to the wonder of all. She not only could feed and care for herself, but also write and paint.

It was time in the scouting program to learn knots, and as always some of the girls were having trouble tying them correctly. The girl next to June, after about three tries at a bowline, threw down the rope with the protest, "I can't." Before I, as leader, had time to do anything, June bent down, picked up the rope between two stubs, handed it back to the girl with the quiet statement, "You don't say '*I can't*'; you say '*I'll try*'."

Both girls learned to tie the bowline that night. I learned a far greater lesson. —LUCILLE M. WEITZEL

WHEN I WAS EXPECTING our first child, we moved to Daytona Beach,

THE AUTOMATIC BED WARMER

You Sleep ON IT
not under it
WARM
TESTED AND APPROVED

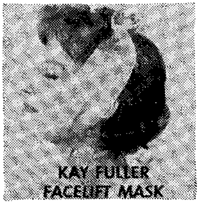
The Electro-Warmth fastens to mattress, radiates soft warmth, soothes nerves, induces deep, restful sleep, guards against colds, cramps, improves circulation, and helps relieve arthritic pains, smooth as a sheet, will cause no heat depression. 5 yr. warranty. Double or single bed $24.95 ppd. Order direct from E-W Co., 4115 Aspen St., Dept. 10, Wash. 15, D.C.

GOT A RUST STAIN? BUY WHINK

Whink removes ugly rust stains in as little as 15 seconds. Whink saves you time and effort. Just a few drops and stains vanish from sinks, toilet bowls and fabrics—safe for colored fabrics, too. Now available at your grocery, drug or department store. If your dealer is not supplied, send $1.00 for a 4 oz. bottle. Whink Products, Eldora 3, Iowa.

Florida, where my husband was offered a job as night manager of one of the hotels. This meant that I was alone in our apartment at night and since we didn't make the move until four weeks before the baby was due, we knew no one except our landlord and his family. As my time drew near, he thoughtfully offered to take me to the hospital if I had to go in the middle of the night. We gratefully accepted his offer.

The inevitable happened at 4 A.M. on a windy November night. I left our apartment and knocked on the door to arouse them. His wife answered and seeing me standing there she said, "Oh, I'm sorry but my husband can't take you to the hospital." I thought he was away on business so I started to leave. But she insisted on calling a cab for me and as I went out the



TONE & TIGHTEN VITAL MUSCLES . . .

Kay Fuller Facelift System softens skin lines, firms muscles along neck & throat to keep a youthful look. Made of flesh-colored scientific material, washable & easy to wear. Stops snoring. Used by head & plastic surgeons, hospitals. Free system of Salon Treatment for home use $4.95 Postage 10¢. Send check or money order. Fuller, Dept. C-3, 135 E. 50 St., N. Y. 22.

OLD
REWARD
POSTERS

A TOUCH OF THE OLD WEST

Now we are privileged to offer a limited edition of exact facsimiles of authentic original rare "Reward Posters." *Unique collectors' items*, they make picturesque decorations to display in den & recapture the exciting adventure & raw violence of the Old West. 12 posters, all diff. at 50¢ ea. or entire set of 12 for only $2. Pioneer Press, Dept. CT, Harriman, Tenn.

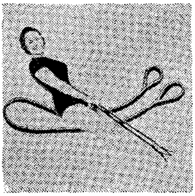
BABY
CALCULATOR

ADDING MACHINE $2.95 (2 FOR $4.95)

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home students, tax work. Send name, address, $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.07 in Pa. incl. 4% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. J-05, Huntington Valley, Pa.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

. . . and over 50 years, a $500.00 life insurance policy can help pay last expenses without burdening family or friends. Low rates . . . money-back guarantee . . . non-assessable . . . handled entirely by mail. Men or women in good health send name, address and age to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-A East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

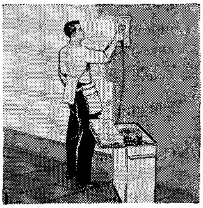


IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve *tummy, thighs, hip & bust* measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. *Guar. or money back!* $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2161, New York 36.



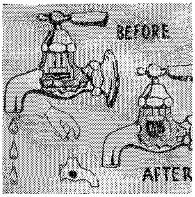
START OWN MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS

Wash walls 6 times faster and better with efficient, inexpensive machine which is making Big Money for others—free from lay-offs & bosses. Customers everywhere—homes, schools, offices, stores, churches, clubs, etc. Work home, full, part time, no exp. needed. Write for complete information, no obligation. Von Schrader Mfg. Co., 161 "W" PL., Racine, Wisc.

(Continued on next page)

### BALL SEALERS STOP LEAKY FAUCETS

Stops drips and leaks where others fail. Easy to install—just drop in—no screws or tools needed. Made of sturdy neoprene to resist hot water, grease, oil, etc. Lasts 10 times longer than old-fashioned flat washers. Never wears out inner seat. Kit of 12 Ball Sealers to fit any faucet. Only $1. ppd. Guar. Damar's, 56-A Damar Bldg. Elizabeth, N. J.



### THE ONE GIFT THEY DON'T HAVE

Mopper, the original "one-size-fits-all" after-bath robe for men, women. Towels you dry instantly after tub, shower, swim. Full-cut of thick, thirsty, white Cannon terry. Raglan sleeves, huge collar, 2 pockets. Personalized with 3" initial! $7.30 ea. ppd. King size for 6-footers, $1 more. No COD's. Woodmere Mills, Dept. A-36, Bennington, Vt.

### NON-SLIP BLOUSE HOLDER ONLY 59¢

Twist or bend, blouse will not ride up! Blouse Holder fits any size. Invisible and comfy to wear. Rubber-treated elastic . . . worn like a belt inside skirt or slacks . . . needs no sewing. Wear with every blouse combination. Guaranteed or money back! Only 59¢ postage paid. 2 for $1. Order Blouse Holder from Sunset House, 812 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

### 1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1

Any 3 different orders $2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Packed with Free, Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, Dept. 187, Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, California.

### WANTED: MORE NEW WRITERS

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Lucille Anderson just sold a series amounting to more than $1800. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for free lesson & 40-pg book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-10, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

## *Silver Linings* continued

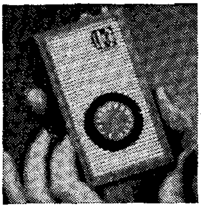
door, she put the cab fare in my hand. There was a tear in her eye as she wished me, "Good luck!"

It was not until the following day that I understood what had happened. My husband handed me a note which he had found on our front door. The note read, "I am so sorry my husband was not here to take your wife to the hospital. He passed away of a heart attack yesterday morning. I did not want to tell your wife as I was afraid it would upset her." —MRS. ROGER WESTON

### 100% WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY

Now only $1 Ppd. Real $3.50 value. Guaranteed new, never used. A real comfort in cold & damp weather. Fits everyone—men, women & children. Keeps ears, neck & chest warm. Soft, durable, flexible, comfortable. Converts any jacket to a parka. Send $1 today (sorry no COD) special 6 for $5 ppd. A. L. Robbins, 36 Bowery, Dept. C, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

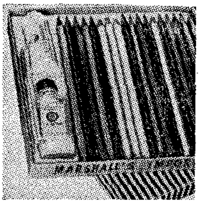
### POCKET RADIO $5.95



Mighty Midget. Tiny, yet thrilling performance. Listen at game, home, school, office. With speaker-phone for private listening. Ivory plastic case, gold metal grille. Covers broadcast band. Wt. 3 oz. 4x1x2¼". Uses penlite cells (included). Guaranteed Ready for immediate playing. Johnson Smith Co., Department 842, Detroit 7, Michigan.

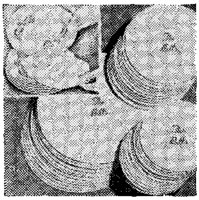
### A NEW WAY TO EARN MONEY

At home full or spare time with Marshall's new Photo Painting pencils. It's easy to earn money by hand painting photographs, snap shots, portraits & polaroid prints. Neighborhood studios & friends pay money to have photos painted. Simple step-by-step inst. Send for free inst. or $4.98 for a full set of 18 painting pencils. J. G. Marshall Co., 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn 11, NY.



**Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.**

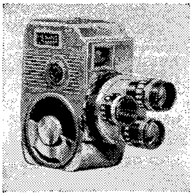
## PERSONALIZED, FELT DINNERWARE PADS



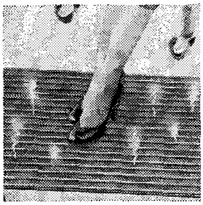
Now you can stack your complete china service for 12 safely without fear of chipping, scratching, rattling, etc. Separater pads fit between each piece. Made of soft, white felt and personalized with your name in black. 48 pads in 3 sizes. Specify name for personalizing. Only $2.98. Guaranteed. Damar's, 56-A Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

## BRUMBERGER 8MM MOVIE CAMERA $49.95

#1618 Easy to use, triple-turret, 3-lens f/1.8 movie-making masterpiece. Takes telephoto, wide-angle and regular shots in color and b/w. 4 operating speeds and single frame for titles. Powerful motor. Built-in range finder, exposure guide. Only $49.95. Brumberger 8mm movie projector, 300-watt, blower cooled, #1503, only $39.95. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34 34th St., Blyn 32, N. Y.



## ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER



No more cold feet, keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (5 lbs.) all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts, 14" x 21". Can be used by anyone in office, store, factory, or home. 12-mo. guar. $7.95 ppd. Interstate Rubber Products Corp., 908 Avila Street, Los Angeles 12, Calif.

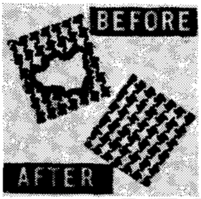
## LOSE WEIGHT FAST . . .

get the new 1959 edition of "Diet Treasury," an unusual new magazine especially designed for dieters. Here is the top collection of diets and diet articles available anywhere! Send 35¢ to P. O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, New York. ($1.00 brings you this year's Diet Treasury, along with volumes I and II!) Act now!

## SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new *Plumbers Flush Gun* uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details, Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-O, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

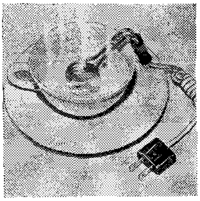
## LEARN WEAVING AT HOME



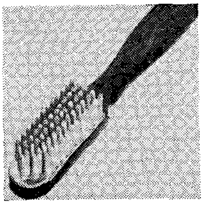
Improved step-by-step invisible reweaving home study course teaches you "inside" professional secrets that few know. Work is pleasant, enjoyable. We supply all equipment at no extra cost! Write for Free info. No obligation. No salesman will call. Do it now. Eastern School of Reweaving, 73 Main St., Dept. D10, Hempstead, NY. Lic. by the State of NY.

## BOIL WATER INSTANTLY! $1.00

Simply immerse metal coil in filled glass, cup or pot—it brings water to a boil in less than 2 minutes! Use it for hot beverages & soup, shaving, boiling eggs, baby's bottles sterilizing, etc. Purse size. With travel case. Money back guar. Only $1.00, pstg. pd. *Order Instant* Heater from Sunset House, 812 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



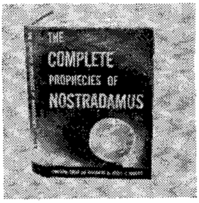
## HEALTHY GUMS . . . SHINY TEETH!



New rubber bristle toothbrush, recommended by dentists is guaranteed to stop bleeding gums. Protects children's teeth & gums by gently massaging gum line instead of cutting & tearing like other types. Makes teeth shine. Will out-last other brushes. $1.00 ea., $3.50 for family set of 4 pst. pd. Erasafilm Co., Box 2002, Alhambra, Calif. (Pat. Pending).

## NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-10, 380 Canal St., NYC.



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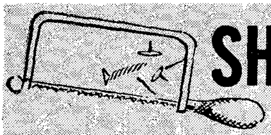
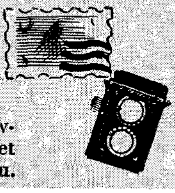


# SHOPPING GUIDE

*Classified*



**The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.**

## RESORTS—MIAMI BEACH

THE beautiful Algiers Hotel, 25th to 26th Streets, Miami Beach, Florida, features pool and cabana club; block-long private beach; luxurious accommodations; exciting activities; fine dining; new free show nightly in Aladdin Room! Write for brochure.

## FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

HOLD cosmetic parties. Earn $25 for 3 hours work. Make 60% profit. Hire others. Everything furnished. Send name for full details and free usable samples. Write Studio Girl Cosmetics, Party Div. 1801R Glendale, Calif.

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

GLAMOUR tips for Beauty; learn how to care for hair; how to stylize hair; home care for hands, skin, face, eyes; "Beauty-Trix" tells all. Instruction manual $1. Sterling, Dept. 77, Corona 68, N. Y.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog and Free list of Baby names! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

BABY stays covered while you sleep! Blankets float up and down, but cannot come off. $1.00 brings "Floaters" and baby cat. of rare personal items. Ppd. money back guar. F. Hill 2101W. 3900S, Roy, Utah.

$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A. & B. Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

AMAZING! Fabulous color prints that "look and feel like canvas"! Famous artists, all subjects. Suitable for framing, 11"x14" appr. Only $2.00 each, ppd. Illustrated catalog, 10¢ (to cover handling). Print Shop, 812-B No. Highland, Hollywood 38, Calif.

LEARN Doll repair and doll making. The ideal spare time money making profession. Free details. Doll Hospital School, Studio N 10 A, 11826 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 49, Calif.

ALLEVIATE money worries. "The Budgeteer"—unique automatic control of household spending. Keeps you out of debt. Takes only 15 mins. once a month. Lasts over 4 yrs. User writes, "We're money ahead without skimping." Send $1.65. Money back guarantee. Alta Put. Co., 3690 Fillmore, San Francisco 23, Calif.

## FOR THE WOMEN

UNWANTED hair? Destroy unsightly hair on face, arms, legs permanently by killing the hair root with famous Mahler Epilator. Send 10¢ pstge. & hndlg. for illus. 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc. Dept. 320A, Providence 15, R. I.

MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C. Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

$15.00 THOUSAND possible, addressing envelopes, postcards at home for advertisers! Longhand, typewriter; Full, sparetime; days, evenings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Further details free. Economy Publishers, Box 2580-W, Greensboro, North Carolina.

## FOR THE PARENTS

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1351, Pleasant Hill. Ohio.

IS Arithmetic hard for your child? It's easy and fun, with exciting card games, to add subtract, multiply, divide. All ages, pre-school up. School board approved. 85¢ Deck ppd. Tell age, type game. Betrick, Dept. 201, 1603 Orrington, Evanston, Ill.

## FOR THE MEN

FREE: new Arrow Shirt catalog showing 24 different collar styles. Shirt sizes 13 to 18. Sleeves 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37. Mail orders filled at once. Send for free catalog. Yorktown Haberdashers, Dept. C1, 126 West 50 St., NY 19, NY.

FAT men—tall men . . . Free new complete style catalog! Fat men sizes 44 to 60, tall men sizes 38 to 50 (6' to 6'11"). Complete apparel selection at low prices. Write Dept. 111, B. R. Page Co., 272 Ferris Ave., Providence 16, R.I.

GAME Warden, Government hunter, Forestry. Park & Wildlife Services announce job openings. All states. Enjoy outdoor work, good pay, real security. Compl. information. Free! Write School of Conservation, Dept. DC-901, 1038 S. LaBrea, Los Angeles, Calif.

## NOVELTIES—HUMOR

GOLD pokes with real gold-Colorado Centennial 25¢ piece sent to you for 25¢ & postage or in official mailer with cent. stamp on orders of 4 or more. Perfect gifts, party favors, etc. Dealers prices. Gold Dust Exchange, Boulder, Colorado.

BUMPER-GAG-STICKERS—printed on 3" x 6" glowing fluorescent self-sticking paper. Put fun into traffic jams with a set of 10 crazy sayings sent ppd. for $1. Let us know your favorite, we'll try to include it. Keynotes, 1506 Republic Street, Cinn. 10, O.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic, Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics, Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Flame Batons, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

## FOR THE FAMILY

GENUINE Feather Bird Picture with carved frame, will be treasured by you and admired by friends. Beautiful gift for all occasions. Send $1 for each picture or $2 for pair, postpaid, to Neusch Imports, 5592 Old Cheney Hwy., Orlando, Florida.

ORIGINAL oil portrait makes ideal gift. Painted on fine canvas from any photo. 9" x 13" only $24; other sizes. Send check with photo; color of features, clothes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Leonardo, Box 201, Great Neck, N. Y.

COBRA-LILY actually eats insects! Beautiful, exotic perennial grows indoors, outdoors; blooms May-June. One-time offer: pkt. seed (reg. 50¢) only 25¢ ppd. Free catalog garden supplies, unusual plants, seeds. Cupboard, Box 61-C, Terre Haute 12, Indiana.

FREE discount catalog! Toys, Christmas Gifts, Appliances, Vitamins, Health Aids, etc. Big savings! Housewares Distributors, 1216-D West 79th Street, Chicago 20, Illinois.

## FOR THE HOME

TORN kitchen and dinette chairs can be made to look like new, from $3.50 per chair; send snapshot of back side of chair and we will send color swatches of newest plastic patterns, or come in. Dinette Seat Ex., Inc. 6202 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

## FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

JOBS in foreign countries for men and women; also fascinating jobs on steamships and yachts traveling foreign countries. Experience not required. Ages 18 to 55. Free information. Davenport Foreign Service, Dept. A-91, G.P.O. New York 1, N. Y.

"THE Florida Digest." $2. Obtain this booklet about Florida industry, employment, real estate, small business opportunities, taxes, over 100 cities described. Contains information very seldom revealed. Louis Mlecka, Box 918, Brooksville, Florida.

## FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth 12, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas," the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FREE—write for Contest Bulletin! Contains winning helps for current contests. Win cash, cars, homes, trips, TV sets. We'll show you how! Our students have won over $5,000,000. Shepherd School, 1015 Chestnut St., Dept. R, Phila. 7, Pa.

## PLASTICS

NEW Liquid casting plastic, clear, colors. Embed real flowers, butterflies, photos, coins. Send 25¢ for two handbooks "How to Cast Liquid Plastics" and "How to Make Extra Money at Home." Castolite, Dept. A-120, Woodstock, Illinois.

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BOOKS! Out-of-print or hard-to-find books supplied. Any author, any subject. Over 1,000,000 on file. You name it—we'll find it. Free search—courteous service—no obligation to buy. Write to Books-on-File, Dept. MM, Union City, New Jersey.

## FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

PUBLISH your book! Join our successful authors: Publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and our detailed booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO-13, 200 Varick Street, N. Y. C. 14.

LOOKING for a Book Publisher? America's largest subsidy publisher offers a tested plan for getting your work published, promoted, distributed. Send for free booklet No. 52. Vantage Press, 120 W. 31 St., New York 1.

AUTHORS: Submit your manuscripts for free editorial evaluation. We publish work by new authors on all subjects: poetry, fiction, non-fiction, juveniles, religious studies. Greenwich Book Publishers, Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

FREE brochure for writers tells how to publish your book in 5 months (fiction, nonfiction, poetry); reveals inside facts about plan which enables new writers to win recognition, publicity, sales. Write: Dept. 12X, Exposition Press, 386 4th Ave., N. Y. 16.

## MUSIC—SONGWRITERS

WRITE Songpoems for profit or hobby. Start without experience. We set music to your poems, make *phonograph records. All subjects welcome.* Send poems for prompt Free examination & details. Crown Music Co., 49 W. 32nd St., Studio 978. New York 1.

## FOR READING PLEASURE

MY Mother, The Message of Life, The Ship of Hope, 21 Stanzas. Lyric Poems of beauty, each elegantly mounted, to grace the home or office. Set of 3 for 75¢ postpaid. Send check or M.O. to Loumos Box 2548, Orlando, Florida.

## FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 200 registered patent attorneys have used my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

INVENTIONS Wanted—Patented or Unpatented! If you want to market or sell invention for cash or royalties, write for Free Booklet! Send no drawings! We have tremendous mfrs. list! Global Marketing Service, 2420-C 77th, Oakland 5, Cal.

IF your invention is adaptable to promoting we will contract for selling on cash or royalty. Free booklet outlines royalty rates, requirements, Kessler Corporation, 261, Fremont, Ohio.

## OPTICS & SCIENCE ITEMS

OPTICAL and science bargains. Request free giant catalog "DM"—144 pages—Astronomical Telescopes, Microscopes, Lenses, Binoculars, Kits, Parts. Amazing war surplus bargains. Edmund Scientific Co., Barrington, New Jersey.

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"HOW to train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1451, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

*(Continued on next page)*

## FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

115 UNUSUAL Stamps from all 5 continents including Airmails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc. Value over $2, all for 10¢ to introduce our superb service of U.S. & Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp Co., 268 4th Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 14A.

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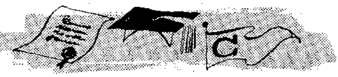

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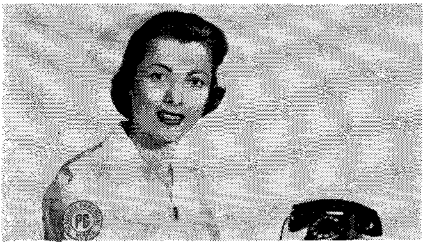

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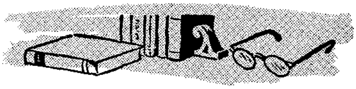

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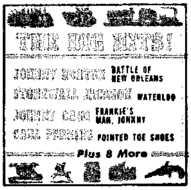
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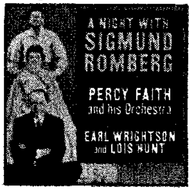
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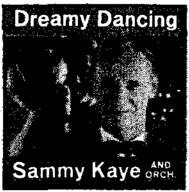
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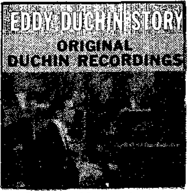
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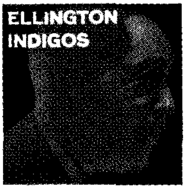
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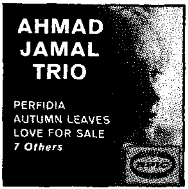
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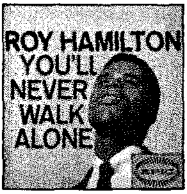
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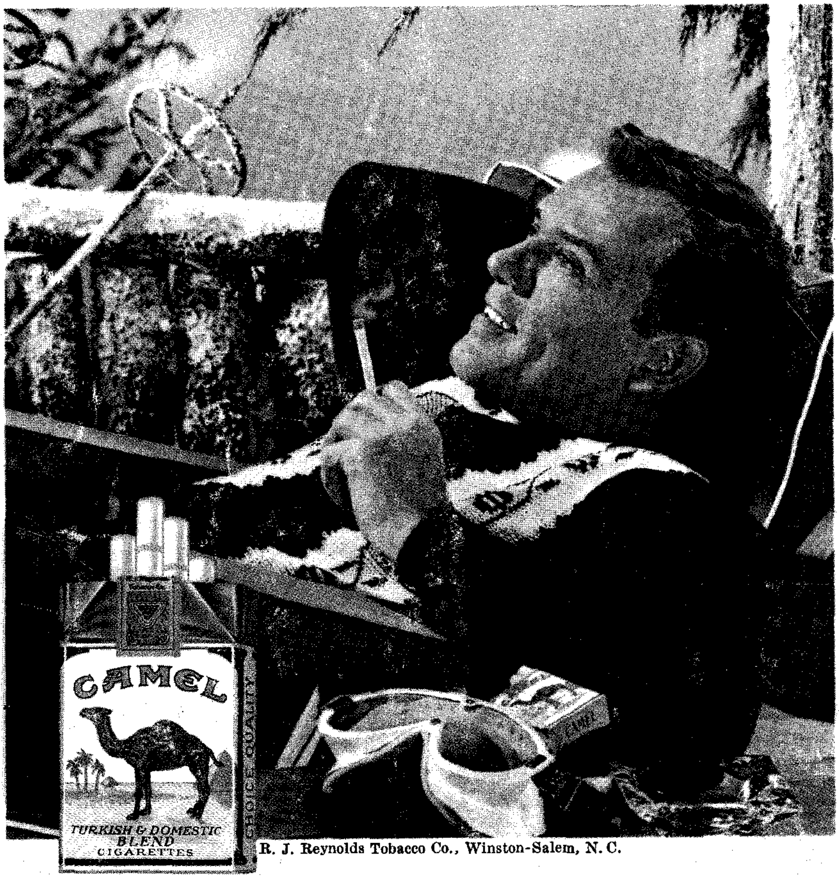

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